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[EXCELSIOR EDITION.]

GOSPEL HYMNS

[CONSOLIDATED]

EMBRACING

Nos. 1, 2, 3, AND 4

WITHOUT DUPLICATES

FOR USE IN

GOSPEL MEETINGS

AND

OTHER RELIGIOUS SERVICES

PUBLISHED BY

BIGLOW & MAIN

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PREFACE.

THIS collection embraces in one volume all the hymns and tunes, as used by D. L. MOODY, and others, found in "Gospel Hymns and Sacred Songs" (Vol. I.), "Gospel Hymns No. 2," compiled by P. P. BLISS and IRA D. SANKEY, "Gospel Hymns No. 3," and "Gospel Hymns No. 4," by IRA D. SANKEY, JAMES McGRANAHAN and GEORGE C. STEBBINS.

The hymns from No. 2, No. 3 and No. 4, have been *renumbered* in consecutive order; all duplicates omitted.

We are sure that "GOSPEL HYMNS CONSOLIDATED" will prove acceptable and helpful to all who desire a large collection of favorite Gospel Songs.

THE PUBLISHERS.

GOSPEL HYMNS

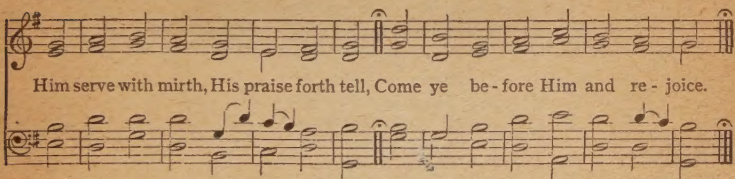
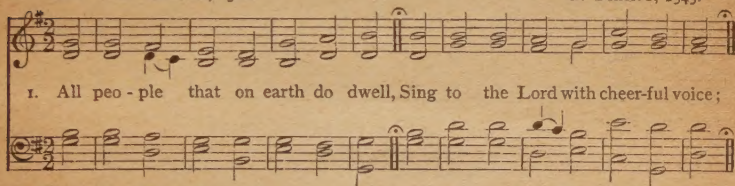
CONSOLIDATED.

No. 1. Old Hundred. L. M.

"Come before His presence with singing." — Psa. 100: 2.

REV. WM. KETHE, 1561.

G. FRANC, 1545.



2 Know that the Lord is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make:
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

4 For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

3 O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto:
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

DOXOLOGY. L. M.
Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

BP. THOS. KEN, 1697.

No. 2.

Hallelujah, 'tis Done!

"For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."—John 3: 16.

P. P. BLISS.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. 'Tis the prom-ise of God, full sal - va - tion to give Un - to him who on
2. Tho' the path - way be lone - ly, and dan - ger - ous too, Sure - ly Je - sus is

Je - sus, His Son, will be - lieve. Hal - le - lu - jah, 'tis done! I be - lieve on the
a - ble to car - ry me through.

Son; I am saved by the blood of the cru - ci - fied One; cru - ci - fied One.

- 3 Many loved ones have I in yon heavenly throng,
They are safe now in glory, and this is their song:
Hallelujah, 'tis done! etc.
- 4 Little children I see standing close by their King,
And He smiles as their song of salvation they sing:
Hallelujah, 'tis done! etc.
- 5 There are prophets and kings in that throng I behold,
And they sing as they march through the streets of pure gold:
Hallelujah, 'tis done! etc.
- 6 There's a part in that chorus for you and for me,
And the theme of our praises forever will be:
Hallelujah, 'tis done! etc.

No. 3.

I Need Thee Every Hour.

"Without Me ye can do nothing."—John 15: 5.

MRS. ANNIE S. HAWKS.

REV. ROBERT LOWRY, by per.

1. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No ten - der voice like
2. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour; Stay Thou near by; Temp - ta - tions lose their
3. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quick - ly and a -

I Need Thee Every Hour.

REFRAIN.

Thine Can peace af - ford. I need Thee, oh! I need Thee; Ev-'ry hour I
power When Thou art nigh.
bide, Or life is vain.

need Thee; O bless me now, my Sav-iour! I come to Thee.

4 I need Thee every hour;
Teach me Thy will;
And Thy rich promises
In me fulfil.—REF.

5 I need Thee every hour,
Most Holy One;
Oh, make me Thine indeed,
Thou blessed Son.—REF.

No. 4. Safe in the Arms of Jesus.

"Underneath are the everlasting arms."—Deut. 33: 27.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE, by per.

1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen-tle breast, There by His love o'er-
CHO.—Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen-tle breast, There by His love o'er-

shad-ed, Sweetly my soul shall rest. Hark! 'tis the voice of an-gels,
shad-ed, Sweetly my soul shall rest.

Borne in a song to me, O-ver the fields of glo-ry, O-ver the Jasper sea.

2 Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe from corroding care,
Safe from the worlds temptations,
Sin cannot harm me there.
Free from the blight of sorrow,
Free from my doubts and fears;
Only a few more trials,
Only a few more tears!—CHO.

3 Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,
Jesus has died for me;
Firm on the Rock of Ages
Ever my trust shall be.
Here let me wait with patience,
Wait till the night is o'er;
Wait till I see the morning
Break on the golden shore.—CHO.

No. 5.

The Lord will Provide.

"Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you."—1 Peter 5: 7.

MRS. M. A. W. COOK.

PHILIP PHILLIPS, by per.

1. In some way or oth - er the Lord will pro - vide: It may not be *my* way, It
 2. At some time or oth - er the Lord will pro - vide: It may not be *my* time, It
 3. Despond then no lon - ger: the Lord will pro - vide; And this be the tok - en—No
 4. March on then right boldly; the sea shall di - vide; The pathway made glorious, With

CHORUS.

may not be *thy* way; And yet, in His *own* way, "The Lord will provide." Then, we'll trust in the
 may not be *thy* time; And yet, in His *own* time, "The Lord will provide."
 word He hath spoken Was ev - er yet broken: "The Lord will provide."
 shoutings vic - torious, We'll join in the chorus, "The Lord will provide."

Lord, And He will pro - vide; Yes, we'll trust in the Lord, And He will pro - vide.

No. 6.

The Ninety and Nine.

"Rejoice with me, for I have found my sheep that was lost."—Luke 15: 6.

ELIZABETH C. CLEPHANE, 1868.

IRA. D. SANKEY, by per.

To be sung only as a Solo.

1. There were ninety and nine that safe - ly lay In the shel - ter of the
 2. "Lord, Thou hast here Thy nine - ty and nine; Are they not e - nough for

fold, But one was out on the hills a - way, Far off from the gates of
 Thee?" But the Shep - herd made answer: "This of mine Has wandered a - way from

The Ninety and Nine.

rit.

gold — A — way on the moun-tains wild and bare, A-way from the ten-der
me. And although the road be rough and steep I go to the desert to

Shep-herd's care, A — way from the ten-der Shep-herd's care.
find my sheep, I go to the desert to find my sheep."

- 3 But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed;
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord
passed through "Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and
torn?"
Ere He found His sheep that was lost. "They are pierced to-night by many a
thorn."
Out in the desert He heard its cry —
Sick and helpless, and ready to die.
- 4 "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all
the way
That mark out the mountain's track?"
"They were shed for one who had gone
astray
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."
- 5 But all thro' the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There arose a glad cry to the gate of
heaven,
"Rejoice! I have found my sheep!"
And the angels echoed around the throne,
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His
own!"

No. 7. We Shall Meet By and By.

"The ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads.—Isaiah 35: 10.

REV. JOHN ATKINSON, D.D.

HUBERT P. MAIN, by per.

ff *sf sf*

1. We shall meet be-yond the riv-er, By and by, by and by;
2. We shall strike the harps of glo-ry, By and by, by and by;
3. We shall see and be like Je-sus, By and by, by and by;
4. There our tears shall all cease flow-ing, By and by, by and by;

ff *sf sf*

And the dark-ness shall be o-ver, By and by, by and by;
We shall sing re-demption's sto-ry, By and by, by and by;
Who a crown of life will give us, By and by, by and by;
And with sweet-est rap-ture know-ing, By and by, by and by;

We Shall Meet By and By.

With the toil-some jour - ney done, And the glo - rious bat - tle won,
 And the strains for ev - er - more Shall re-sound in sweet - ness o'er
 And the an - gels who ful - fil All the man - dates of His will
 All the blest ones who have gone To the land of life and song,—

ff *pp*

We shall shine forth as the sun, By and by, by and by.
 Yon - der ev - er - last - ing shore, By and by, by and by.
 Shall at - tend, and love us still, By and by, by and by.
 We with shout - ings shall re - join, By and by, by and by.

No. 8. Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By.

"He heard that it was Jesus of Nazareth."—Mark 10: 47.

EMMA CAMPBELL.

THEO. E. PERKINS, by per.

1. What means this ea - ger, anxious throng, Which moves with bus - y haste a - long,
 2. Who is this Je - sus? Why should He The ci - ty move so might - i - ly?

These won - drous gatherings day by day? What means this strange commotion pray?
 A pass - ing stran - ger, has He skill To move the mul - ti - tude at will?

In ac - cents hush'd the throng re - ply: "Je - sus of Naz - a - reth pass eth by."
 A - gain the stir - ring notes re - ply: "Je - sus of Naz - a - reth pass eth by."

Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By.

In accents hush'd the throng re-ply: "Je - sus of Naz - a - reth pass-eth by."
A - gain the stir - ring notes re-ply: "Je - sus of Naz - a - reth pass-eth by."

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>3 Jesus! 'tis He who once below
Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and woe;
And burdened ones, where'er He came,
Brought out their sick, and deaf, and lame,
The blind rejoiced to hear the cry:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."</p> | <p>5 Ho! all ye heavy-laden, come!
Here's pardon, comfort, rest, and home.
Ye wanderers from a Father's face,
Return, accept His proffered grace.
Ye tempted ones, there's refuge nigh,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."</p> |
| <p>4 Again He comes! From place to place
His holy footprints we can trace.
He pauseth at our threshold—nay,
He enters—condescends to stay.
Shall we not gladly raise the cry—
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by?"</p> | <p>6 But if you still this call refuse,
And all His wondrous love abuse,
Soon will He sadly from you turn,
Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn.
"Too late! too late!" will be the cry—
"Jesus of Nazareth <i>has passed by.</i>"</p> |

No. 9.

Calling Now.

"To-day if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts."—Heb. 3: 15.

P. P. BLISS.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. This lov - ing Sav - iour Stands pa - tient - ly; Tho' oft re - ject - ed,
2. Oh, bound-less mer - cy, Free, free to all! Stay, child of er - ror,
3. Tho' all un - wor - thy, Come, now, come home—Say, while He's wait - ing,

Calls a - gain for thee. Call - ing now for thee, prod - i - gal, Call - ing now for
Heed the ten - der call. Call - ing, etc.
"Je - sus, dear, I come." Call - ing, etc.

thee; Thou hast wan - dered far a - way, But He's call - ing now for thee.

No. 10.

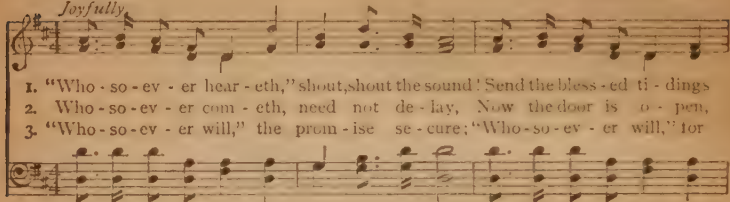
"Whosoever Will."

"Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."—Rev. 22: 17.

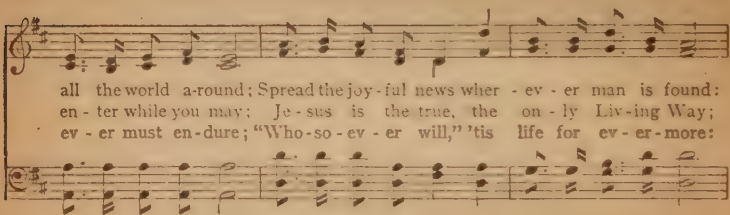
P. P. BLISS.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

Joyfully

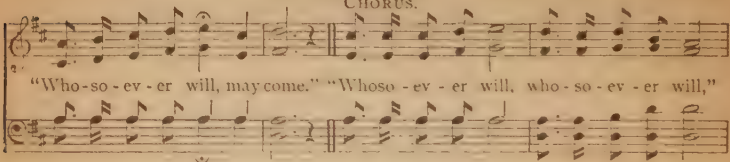


1. "Who - so - ev - er hear - eth," shout, shout the sound! Send the bless - ed ti - dings
 2. Who - so - ev - er com - eth, need not de - lay, Now the door is o - pen,
 3. "Who - so - ev - er will," the prom - ise se - cure; "Who - so - ev - er will," for



all the world a - round; Spread the joy - ful news wher - ev - er man is found:
 en - ter while you may: Je - sus is the true, the on - ly Liv - ing Way;
 ev - er must en - dure; "Who - so - ev - er will," 'tis life for ev - er - more:

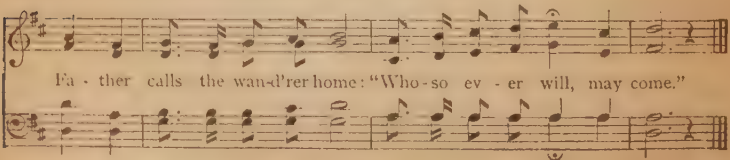
CHORUS.



"Who - so - ev - er will, may come." "Whoso - ev - er will, who - so - ev - er will,"



Send the proc - la - ma - tion o - ver vale and hill; 'Tis a lov - ing

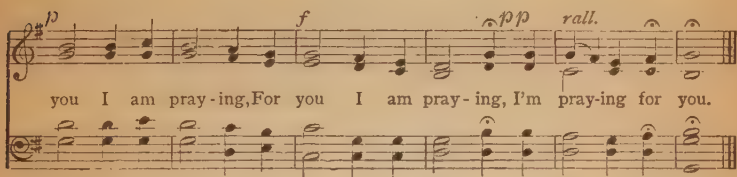
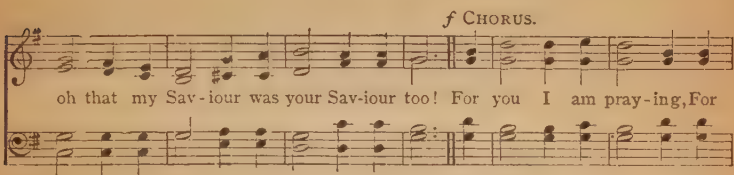
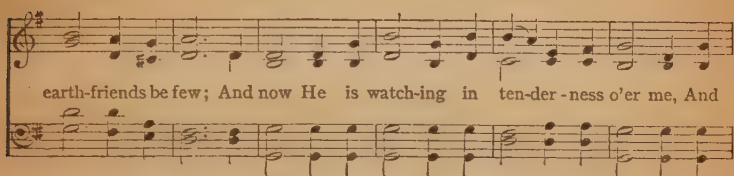
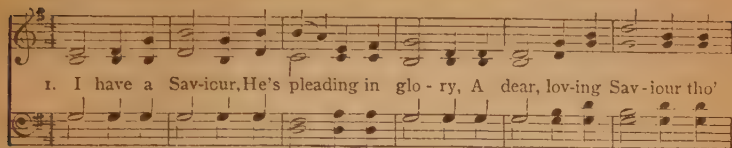


Fa - ther calls the wan - d'r'er home: "Who - so ev - er will, may come."

"Evening, and morning, and at noon, will I pray."—Psa. 55: 17.

S. O'MALEY CLUFF.

IRA D. SANKEY, by per.



2 I have a Father: to me He has given
A hope for eternity, blessed and true;
And soon will He call me to meet Him in
heaven,
But oh that He'd let me bring you with
me too!

4 I have a peace: it is calm as a river—
A peace that the friends of this world
never knew:
My Saviour alone is its Author and Giver,
And oh, could I know it was given to you!

3 I have a robe; 'tis resplendent in whiteness,
Awaiting in glory my wondering view;
Oh, when I receive it all shining in bright-
ness,
Dear friend, could I see you receiving
one too!

5 When Jesus has found you, tell others the
story, [too;
That my loving Saviour is your Saviour
Then pray that your Saviour may bring
them to glory,
And prayer will be answered—'twas
answered for you!

No. 12.

Where Are the Nine?

Read Luke 17: 12-19.

P. P. Bliss.

P. P. Bliss, by per.

Moderato.

1. Wand'ring a-far from the dwellings of men, Here the sad cry of the lep-ers—the ten ;
 2. Loud-ly the stran-gers sang praise to the Lord, Know-ing the cure had been wrought by His word,
 3. "Who is this Nazarene?" Phar-i-sees say: "Is He the Christ? tell us plain-ly, we pray."
 4. Je-sus on tri-al to-day we can see, Thou-sands de-rid-ing-ly ask, "Who is He?"

"Jesus, have mercy!" brings healing divine; One came to worship, but where are the nine?
 Grate-ful-ly own-ing the Healer Di-vine; Je-sus says tender-ly, "Where are the nine?"
 Multitudes follow Him seeking a sign, Show them His mighty works—Where are the nine?
 How they're reject-ing Him, your Lord and mine! Bring in the witnesses—Where are the nine?"

CHORUS.

rit.
 Where are the nine? Where are the nine? Were there not ten cleansed? Where are the nine?

No. 13.

That will be Heaven for Me.

"We know that, when He shall appear, we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is."—1 John 3: 2.

P. P. Bliss.

JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.

1. I know not the hour when my Lord will come To take me away to His own dear home ;
 2. I know not the song that the angels sing, I know not the sound of the harps' glad ring ;
 3. I know not the form of my mansion fair, I know not the name that I then shall bear ;

But I know that His presence will lighten the gloom, And that will be glory for me.
 But I know there'll be mention of Je-sus our King, And that will be music for me.
 But I know that my Sav-iour will welcome me there, And that will be heaven for me.

That will be Heav'n for Me.

CHORUS.

And that will be glo-ry for me, . . . Oh, that will be glo-ry for me.
 And that will be mu-sic for me, . . . Oh, that will be mu-sic for me.
 And that will be heav-en for me, . . . Oh, that will be heav-en for me.

Yes, that will be glo-ry, oh, that will be glo-ry for me.
 Yes, that will be mu-sic, oh, that will be mu-sic for me.
 Yes, that will be heav-en, oh, that will be heav-en for me.

ritard.
 But I know that His presence will lighten the gloom. And that will be glory for me.
 But I know there'll be mention of Je-sus our King, And that will be mu-sic for me.
 But I know that my Saviour will welcome me there, And that will be heaven for me.

No. 14.

Hold the Fort.

"That which ye have, hold fast till I come."—Rev. 2: 25.

P. P. BLISS.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. Ho! my com-rades, see the sig-nal Wav-ing in the sky! Re-in-force-ments
 2. See the migh-ty host ad-vanc-ing, Sa-tan lead-ing on: Migh-ty men a-

CHORUS.

now ap-pear-ing, Vic-to-ry is nigh! "Hold the fort, for I am com-ing,"
 round us fall-ing, Cour-age al-most gone.

Je-sus sig-nals still, Wave the answer back to Heaven.—"By Thy grace we will."

3 See the glorious banner waving,
 Hear the bugle blow;
 In our Leader's name we'll triumph
 Over every foe.—CHO.

4 Fierce and long the battle rages,
 But our Help is near;
 Onward comes our Great Commander,
 Cheer, my comrades, cheer!—CHO.

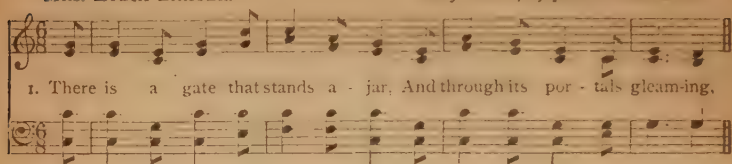
No. 15.

The Gate Ajar for Me.

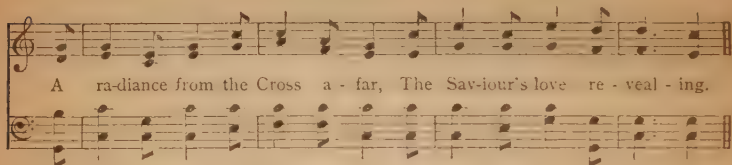
"The gates of it shall not be shut at all by day; for there shall be no night there."—Rev. 21: 25.

MRS. LYDIA BAXTER.

S. J. VAIL, by per. P. PHILLIPS.

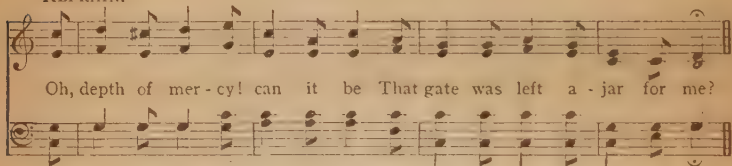


1. There is a gate that stands a - jar, And through its por - tals gleam - ing,

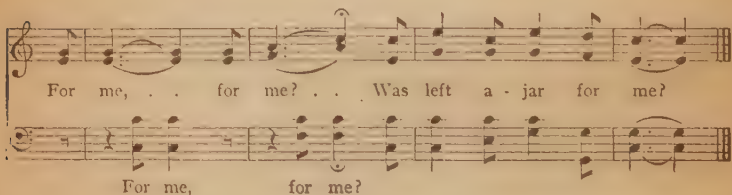


A ra - diance from the Cross a - far, The Sav - iour's love re - veal - ing.

REFRAIN.



Oh, depth of mer - cy! can it be That gate was left a - jar for me?



For me, . . . for me? . . . Was left a - jar for me?
For me, for me?

2 That gate ajar stands free for all
Who seek through it salvation;
The rich and poor, the great and small,
Of every tribe and nation.—REF.

3 Press onward, then, though foes may
While mercy's gate is open; [frown,
Accept the cross, and win the crown,
Love's everlasting token.—REF.

4 Beyond the river's brink we'll lay
The cross that here is given,
And bear the crown of life away,
And love Him more in heaven.—REF.

"Justified by His grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus."—Rom. 3: 24.

P. P. BLISS.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

I. Free from the law, oh, hap-py con-di-tion, Je-sus hath bled, and there is re-

mission, Curs'd by the law and bruis'd by the fall, Grace hath redeemed us once for all.

CHORUS.

Once for all, oh, sin-ner, re-ceive it, Once for all, oh, broth-er, be-

lieve it; Cling to the Cross, the burden will fall, Christ hath redeemed us once for all.

2 Now we are free — there's no condemnation,
Jesus provides a perfect salvation;
"Come unto *Me*," oh, hear His sweet call,
Come, and He saves us once for all.—CHO.

3 "Children of God," oh, glorious calling,
Surely His grace will keep us from falling;
Passing from death to life at His call,
Blessed salvation once for all.—CHO.

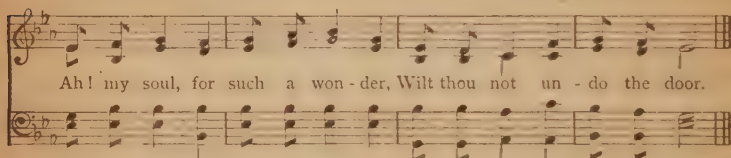
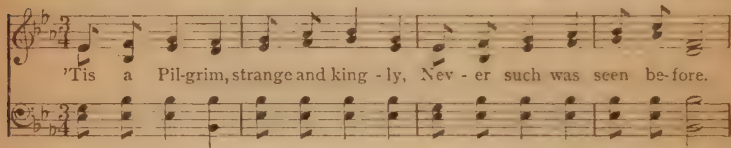
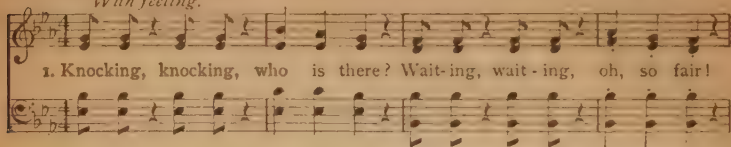
No. 17. Knocking, Knocking, Who is There?

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear My voice and open the door, I will come in to him and will sup with him, and he with Me."—Rev. 3: 20.

MRS. H. B. STOWE, arr.

GEO. F. ROOT, by per.

With feeling.



2 Knocking, knocking, still He's there.
Waiting, waiting, wondrous fair;
But the door is hard to open,
For the weeds and ivy-vine,
With their dark and clinging tendrils,
Ever round the hinges twine.

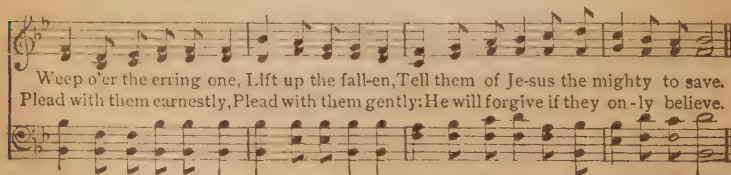
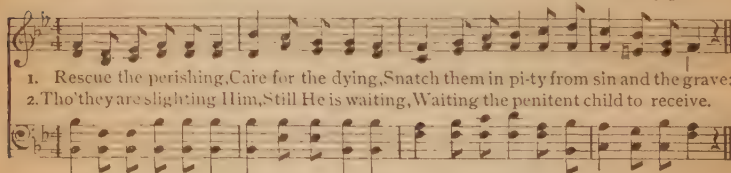
3 Knocking, knocking,—what still there?
Waiting, waiting, grand and fair;
Yes, the pierc'd hand still knocketh,
And beneath the crown'd hair
Beam the patient eyes, so tender,
Of thy Saviour, waiting there.

No. 18. Rescue the Perishing.

"Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled."—Luke 14: 23.

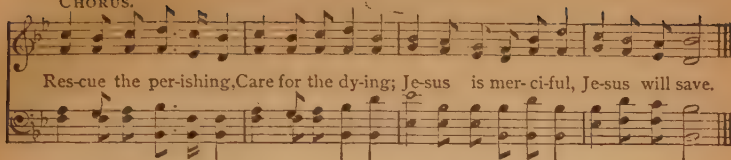
FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE, by per.



Rescue the Perishing.

CHORUS.



Res-cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy-ing; Je-sus is mer-ci-ful, Je-sus will save.

<p>3 Down in the human heart, Crushed by the tempter, Feelings lie buried that grace can restore : Touched by a loving heart, Wakened by kindness,</p>	<p>4 Rescue the perishing, Duty demands it ; Strength for thy labor the Lord will provide : Back to the narrow way [more. Patiently win them ;</p>
--	--

Chords that were broken will vibrate once Tell the poor wanderer a Saviour has died,

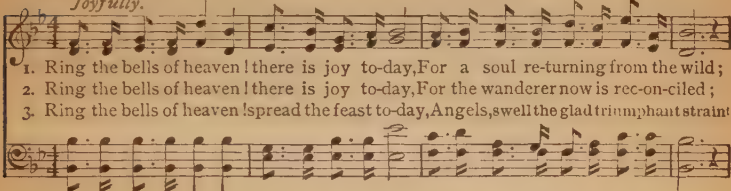
No. 19. Ring the Bells of Heaven.

"There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."—Luke 15: 10.

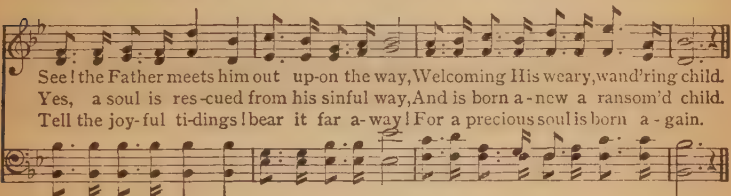
REV. WM. O. CUSHING.

GEO. F. ROOT, by per.

Joyfully.



1. Ring the bells of heaven ! there is joy to-day, For a soul re- turning from the wild ;
2. Ring the bells of heaven ! there is joy to-day, For the wanderer now is rec-on-ciled ;
3. Ring the bells of heaven ! spread the feast to-day, Angels, swell the glad triumphant strain !

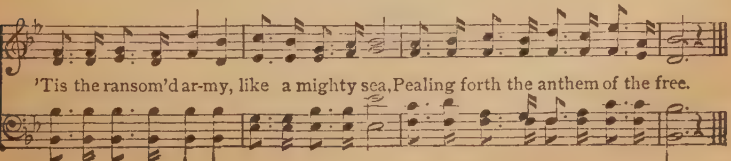


See ! the Father meets him out up-on the way, Welcoming His weary, wand'ring child.
Yes, a soul is res-cued from his sinful way, And is born a-new a ransom'd child.
Tell the joy-ful ti-dings ! bear it far a-way ! For a precious soul is born a - gain.

CHORUS.



Glo - ry ! glo - ry ! how the an - gels sing ; Glo - ry ! glo - ry ! how the loud harps ring ;



'Tis the ransom'd ar-my, like a mighty sea, Pealing forth the anthem of the free.

No. 20.

Home of the Soul.

"In my Father's house are many mansions."—John 14:2.

MRS. ELLEN H. GATES.

PHILIP PHILLIPS, by per.

1. I will sing you a song of that beau-ti-ful land, The far a-way home of the

soul, Where no storms ev-er beat on the glit-ter-ing strand. While the years of e-

ter-ni-ty roll. While the years of e-ter-ni-ty roll; Where no

storms ev-er beat on the glit-ter-ing strand. While the years of e-ter-ni-ty roll.

- 2 Oh, that home of the soul in my visions and dreams,
Its bright, jasper walls I can see;
Till I fancy but thinly the veil intervenes
||: Between the fair city and me. :|| Till I fancy, etc.
- 3 That unchangable home is for you and for me,
Where Jesus of Nazareth stands,
The King of all kingdoms forever, is He,
||: And He holdeth our crowns in His hands. :|| The King of, etc.
- 4 Oh, how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain;
With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands.
||: To meet one another again. :|| With songs on, etc.

No. 21. What Hast Thou Done for Me?

"So Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many."—Heb. 9: 28.

Miss FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

Moderato.

1. I gave My life for thee, My precious blood I shed, That thou might'st ransom'd be, And
2. My Father's house of light.—My glory-circled throne I left, for earth-ly night, For
3. I suffer'd much for thee, More than thy tongue can tell, Of bit-terest ag - o - ny, To
4. And I have bro't to thee, Down from My home above, Sal - va - tion full and free, My

quicken'd from the dead; I gave, I gave My life for thee, What hast thou giv'n for Me?
wand'rings sad and lone; I left, I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for Me?
rescue thee from hell; I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for Me?
par-don and My love; I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee, What hast thou bro't to Me?

No. 22. We're Going Home To-morrow.

"Willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord."—2 Cor. 5:8.

MRS. E. W. GRISWOLD.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. We're going home, No more to roam, No more to sin and sorrow; No more to wear The
2. For wea-ry feet Awaits a street Of wondrous pave and golden; For hearts that ache, The
3. For those who sleep, And those who weep, Above the portals narrow, The mansions rise Be-
4. Oh, joyful song! Oh, ransom'd throng! Where sin no more shall sever: Our King to see, And,

CHORUS.

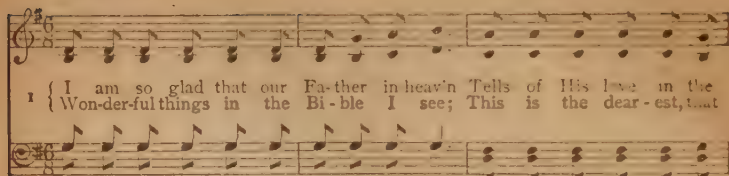
brow of care, We're going home to-morrow. We're go - ing home, we're
an-gels wake The sto-ry, sweet and olden.
yond the skies, We're going home to-morrow
oh, to be With Him at home for - ev - er. We're going home, we're going home, we're

going home to-morrow; We're go - ing home, we're going home to-morrow.
going home to-morrow; We're going home, we're going home, we're going home to-morrow.

"God is love."—1 John 4: 8.

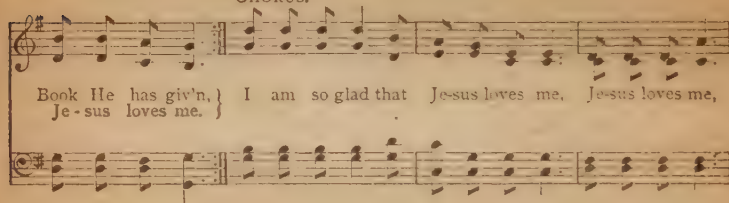
P. P. BLISS.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

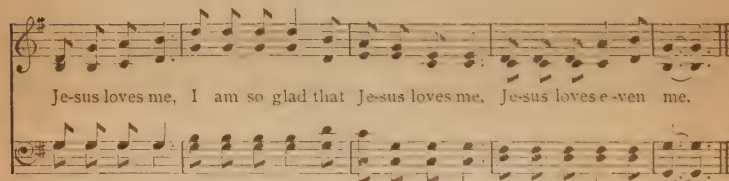


1 { I am so glad that our Fa-ther in heav'n Tells of His love in the
Won-der-ful things in the Bi-ble I see; This is the dear-est, that

CHORUS.



Book He has giv'n, } I am so glad that Je-sus loves me, Je-sus loves me,
Je-sus loves me. }



Je-sus loves me, I am so glad that Je-sus loves me, Je-sus loves e-ven me.

- 2 Though I forget Him and wander away. 3 Oh, if there's only one song I can sing,
Still He doth love me wherever I stray; When in His beauty I see the Great King,
Back to His dear loving arms would I flee, This shall my song in eternity be:
When I remember that Jesus loves me. "Oh, what a wonder that Jesus loves me."
I am so glad, etc. I am so glad, etc.

- 1 Jesus loves me, and I know I love Him. 2 If one should ask of me, how could I
Love brought Him down my poor soul to tell?
redeem: Glory to Jesus, I know very well:
Yes, it was love made Him die on the tree, God's Holy Spirit with mine doth agree,
Oh, I am certain that Jesus loves me. Constantly witnessing—Jesus loves me.
I am so glad, etc. I am so glad, etc.

- 3 In this assurance I find sweetest rest,
Trusting in Jesus, I know I am blest;
Satan dismayed, from my soul now doth flee,
When I just tell Him that Jesus loves me.
I am so glad, etc.

S. W.

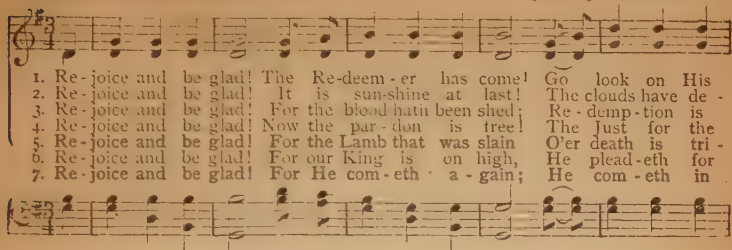
No. 24.

Rejoice and be Glad.

"The poor among men shall rejoice in the Holy One of Israel."—Isa. 29:19.

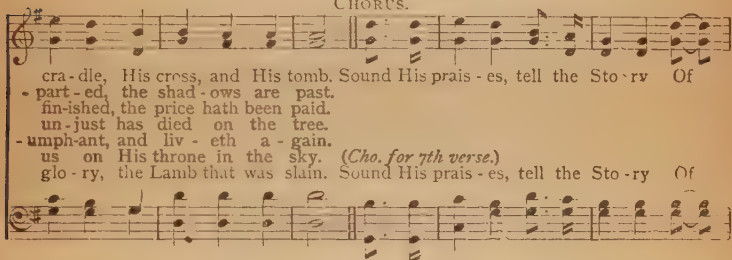
REV. HORATIUS BONAR. 1874.

JOHN J. HUSBAND.

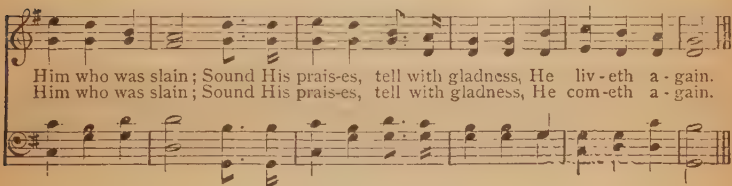


1. Re-joice and be glad! The Re-deem-er has come! Go look on His
 2. Re-joice and be glad! It is sun-shine at last! The clouds have de-
 3. Re-joice and be glad! For the blood hath been shed; Re-demp-tion is
 4. Re-joice and be glad! Now the par-don is free! The Just for the
 5. Re-joice and be glad! For the Lamb that was slain O'er death is tri-
 6. Re-joice and be glad! For our King is on high, He plead-eth for
 7. Re-joice and be glad! For He com-eth a-gain; He com-eth in

CHORUS.



cra-dle, His cross, and His tomb. Sound His prais-es, tell the Sto-ry Of
 -part-ed, the shad-ows are past.
 fin-ished, the price hath been paid.
 un-just has died on the tree.
 -umph-ant, and liv-eth a-gain.
 us on His throne in the sky. (Cho. for 7th verse.)
 glo-ry, the Lamb that was slain. Sound His prais-es, tell the Sto-ry Of



Him who was slain; Sound His prais-es, tell with gladness, He liv-eth a-gain.
 Him who was slain; Sound His prais-es, tell with gladness, He com-eth a-gain.

No. 25.

Revive Us Again.

(Tune, Rejoice and be glad.)

"O Lord, revive Thy work."—Hab. 3:2.

1 We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love,
 For Jesus who died, and is now gone above.

CHO.—Hallelujah! Thine the glory, Hallelujah! amen.
 Hallelujah! Thine the glory, revive us again.

2 We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spirit of light,
 Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night.—CHO

3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
 Who has borne all our sins, and hath cleansed every stain.—CHO

4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
 Who has bought us; and sought us, and guided our ways.—CHO.

5 Revive us again; fill each heart with Thy love;
 May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.—CHO.

REV. WM. PATON MACKAY, 1866.

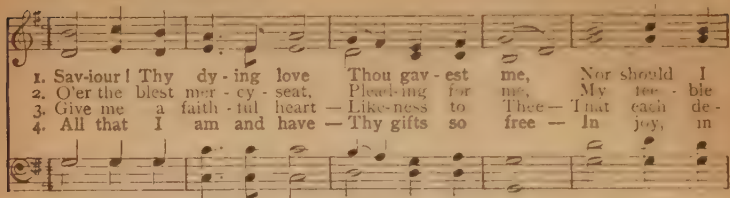
No. 26.

Something for Jesus.

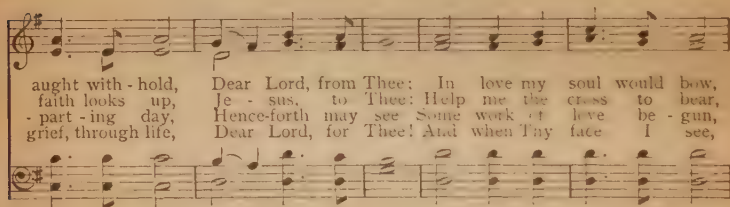
"Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"—Acts 9: 6.

REV. S. D. PHELPS, D. D.

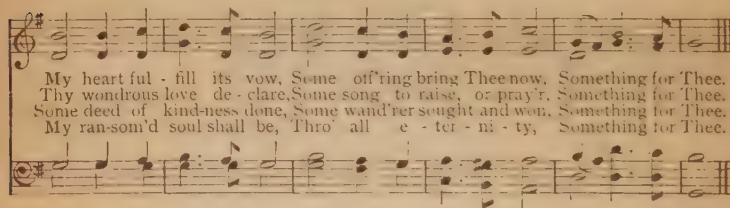
REV. R. LOWRY, by per.



1. Sav-iour! Thy dy-ing love Thou gav-est me, Nor should I
 2. O'er the blest mer-cy seat, Plea-ding for me, My tee-ble
 3. Give me a faith-ful heart—Like-ness to Thee—That each de-
 4. All that I am and have—Thy gifts so free—In joy, in



ought with-hold, Dear Lord, from Thee: In love my soul would bow,
 faith looks up, Je-sus, to Thee: Help me the cross to bear,
 -part-ing day, Hence-forth may see Some work of love be-gun,
 grief, through life, Dear Lord, for Thee! And when Thy face I see,



My heart ful-fill its vow, Some off-ring bring Thee now, Something for Thee.
 Thy wondrous love de-clare, Some song to raise, or pray'r, Something for Thee.
 Some deed of kind-ness done, Some wand'ring sought and won, Something for Thee.
 My ran-som'd soul shall be, Thro' all e-ter-ni-ty, Something for Thee.

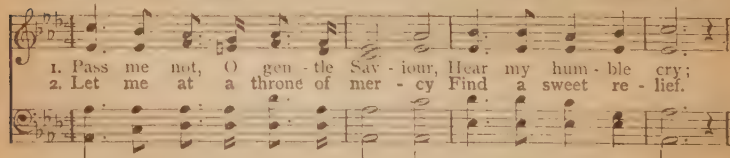
No. 27.

Pass Me Not.

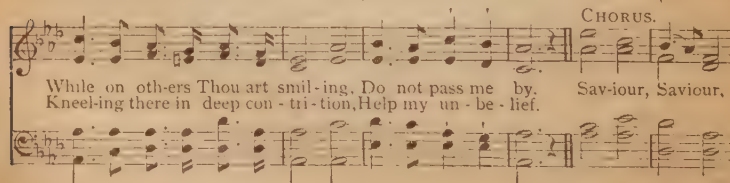
"Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved."—Acts 2: 21.

FANNY J. CROSBY, 1868.

W. H. DOANE, by per.

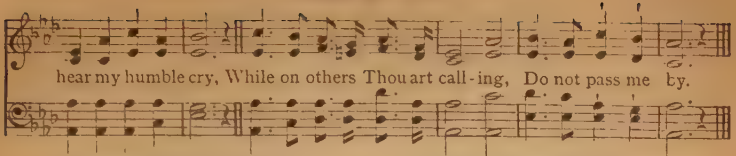


1. Pass me not, O gen-tle Sav-iour, Hear my hum-ble cry;
 2. Let me at a throne of mer-cy Find a sweet re-lief.



CHORUS.
 While on oth-ers Thou art smil-ing, Do not pass me by. Sav-iour, Saviour,
 Kneel-ing there in deep con-tri-tion, Help my un-be-lief.

Pass Me Not.



hear my humble cry, While on others Thou art call-ing, Do not pass me by.

3 Trusting only in Thy merit,
Would I seek Thy face;
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by Thy grace.—CHO.

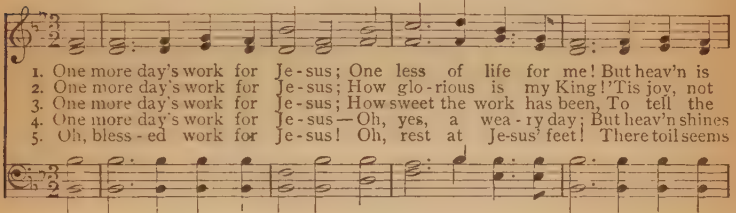
4 Thou the Spring of all my comfort
More than life to me.
Whom have I on earth beside Thee?
Whom in Heaven but Thee?—CHO.

No. 28. One More Day's Work for Jesus.

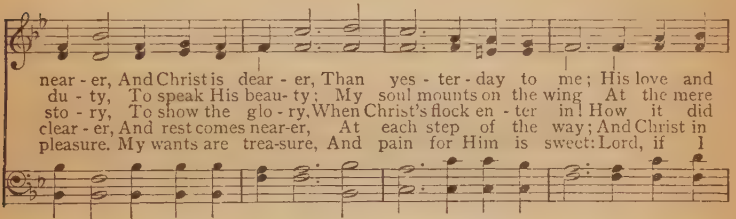
"I must work the works of HIM that sent Me, while it is day."—John 9: 4.

MISS ANNA WARNER.

REV. ROBERT LOWRY, by per.

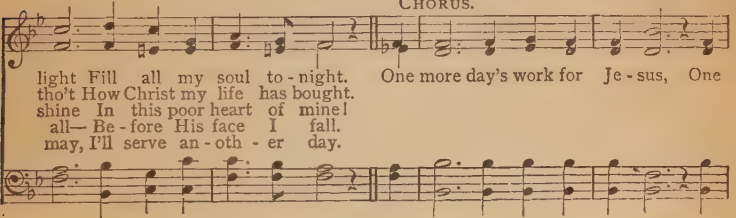


1. One more day's work for Je-sus; One less of life for me! But heav'n is
2. One more day's work for Je-sus; How glo-rious is my King! 'Tis joy, not
3. One more day's work for Je-sus; How sweet the work has been, To tell the
4. One more day's work for Je-sus—Oh, yes, a wea-ry day; But heav'n shines
5. Oh, bless-ed work for Je-sus! Oh, rest at Je-sus' feet! There toil seems

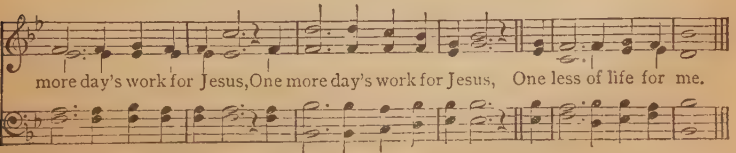


near-er, And Christ is dear-er, Than yes-ter-day to me; His love and
du-ty, To speak His beau-ty: My soul mounts on the wing At the mere
sto-ry, To show the glo-ry. When Christ's flock en-ter in! How it did
clear-er, And rest comes near-er, At each step of the way; And Christ in
pleasure. My wants are trea-sure, And pain for Him is sweet: Lord, if I

CHORUS.



light Fill all my soul to-night. One more day's work for Je-sus, One
tho't How Christ my life has bought.
shine In this poor heart of mine!
all—Be-fore His face I fall.
may, I'll serve an-oth-er day.



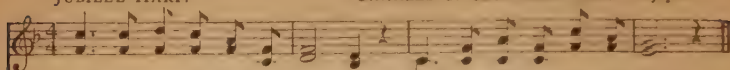
more day's work for Jesus, One more day's work for Jesus, One less of life for me.

No. 29. What a Friend We have in Jesus.

"There is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother."—Prov. 18: 24.

"JUBILEE HARP."

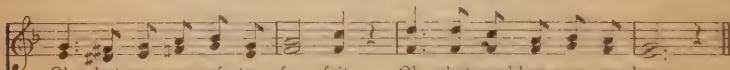
CHARLES C. CONVERSE. 1868. By per



1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear;
2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there trou - ble an - y - where?
3. Are we weak and heav - y la - den, Cumbered with a load of care?



What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev' - ry thing to God in prayer.
We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Pre - cious Sav - iour, still our ref - uge, — Take it to the Lord in prayer.



Oh, what peace we of - ten for - feit, Oh, what need - less pain we bear —
Can we find a Friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sor - rows share?
Do thy friends despise, for - sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;



All be - cause we do not car - ry Ev' - ry thing to God in prayer.
Je - sus knows our ev' - ry weak - ness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.



No. 30.

Wonderous Love.

"God so loved the world."—John 3: 16.

MRS. MARTHA M. STOCKTON.

WM. G. FISCHER, by per.

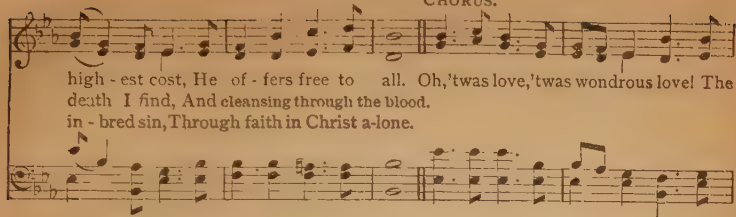


1. God loved the world of sin - ners lost And ruined by the fall; Sal - va - tion full, at
2. E'en now by faith I claim Him mine, The risen Son of God; Redemption by His
3. Love brings the glorious fulness in, And to His saints makes known The blessed rest from

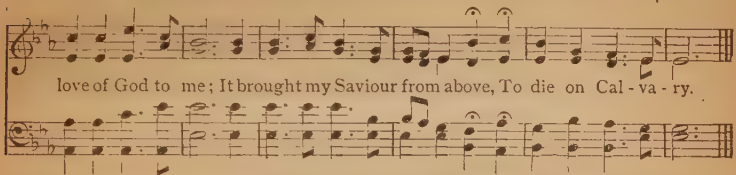


Wondrous Love

CHORUS.



high - est cost, He of - fers free to all. Oh, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love! The death I find, And cleansing through the blood. in - bred sin, Through faith in Christ a-lone.



love of God to me; It brought my Saviour from above, To die on Cal - va - ry.

4 Believing souls, rejoicing go;
There shall to you be given
A glorious foretaste, here below,
Of endless life in heaven.

5 Of victory now o'er Satan's power
Let all the ransomed sing,
And triumph in the dying hour,
Through Christ the Lord our King.

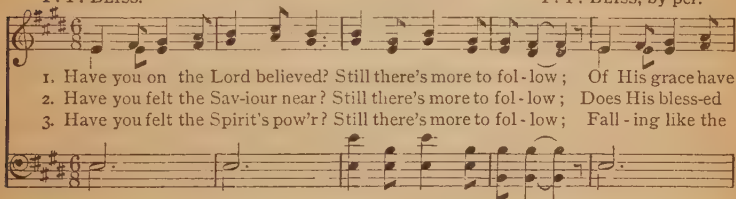
No. 31.

"More to Follow."

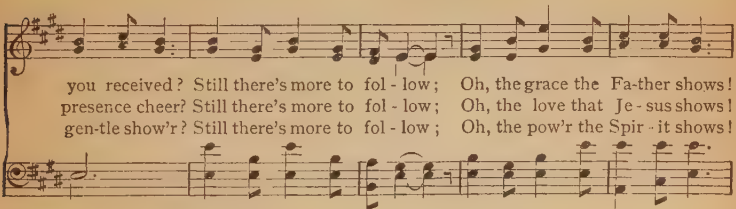
P. P. BLISS.

"Bring me yet a vessel."—2 Kings 4: 6.

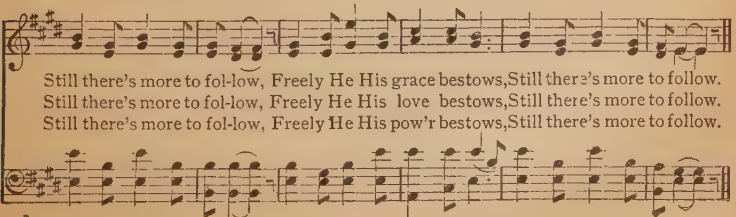
P. P. BLISS, by per.



1. Have you on the Lord believed? Still there's more to fol - low; Of His grace have
2. Have you felt the Sav-iour near? Still there's more to fol - low; Does His bless-ed
3. Have you felt the Spirit's pow'r? Still there's more to fol - low; Fall - ing like the



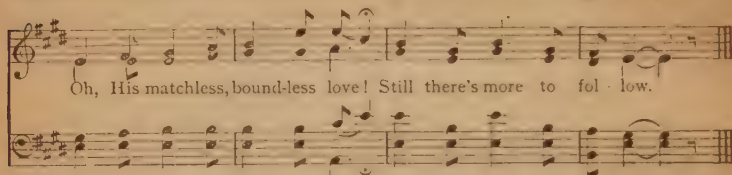
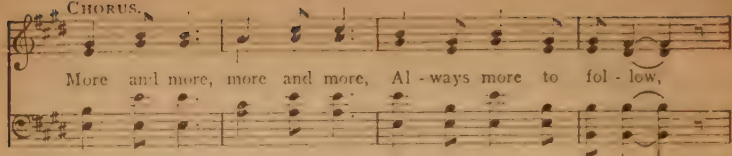
you received? Still there's more to fol - low; Oh, the grace the Fa-ther shows!
presence cheer? Still there's more to fol - low; Oh, the love that Je - sus shows!
gen-tle show'r? Still there's more to fol - low; Oh, the pow'r the Spir - it shows!



Still there's more to fol-low, Freely He His grace bestows, Still there's more to follow.
Still there's more to fol-low, Freely He His love bestows, Still there's more to follow.
Still there's more to fol-low, Freely He His pow'r bestows, Still there's more to follow.

"More to Follow."

CHORUS.



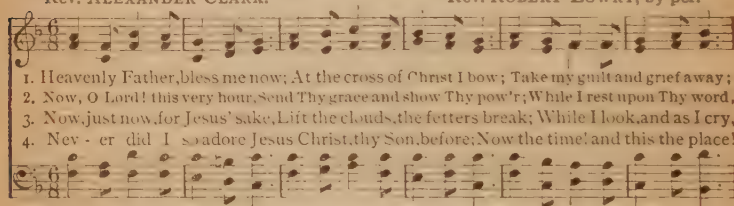
No. 32.

Bless Me Now.

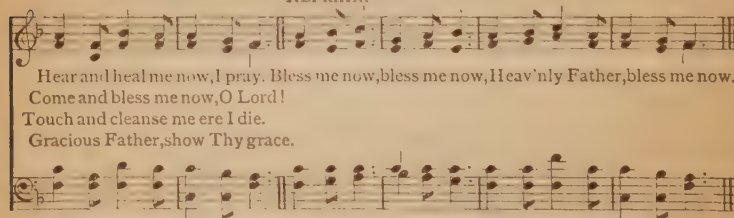
"Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation."—2 Cor. 6: 2.

Rev. ALEXANDER CLARK.

Rev. ROBERT LOWRY, by per.



REFRAIN.



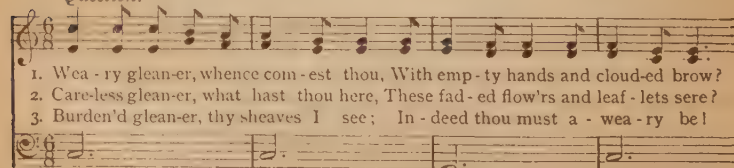
No. 33. Where Hast Thou Gleaned To-day?

"The field is the world * * * and the reapers are the angels."—Matt. 13: 38.

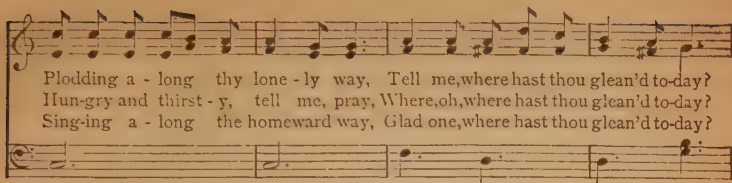
P. P. BLISS.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

Question.

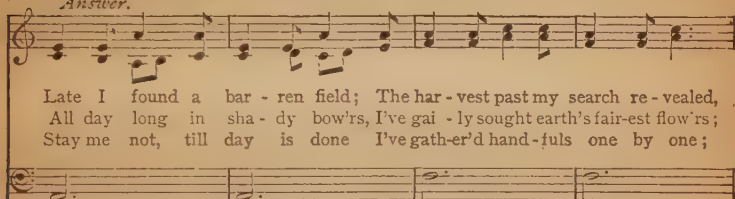


Where Hast Thou Glean'd To-day!

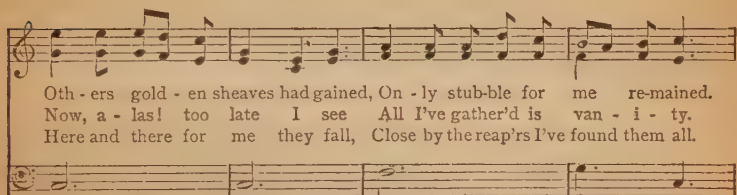


Plodding a - long thy lone - ly way, Tell me, where hast thou glean'd to-day?
 Hun-gry and thirst - y, tell me, pray, Where, oh, where hast thou glean'd to-day?
 Sing-ing a - long the homeward way, Glad one, where hast thou glean'd to-day?

Answer.

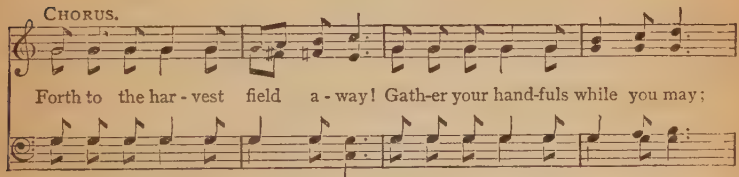


Late I found a bar - ren field; The har - vest past my search re - vealed,
 All day long in sha - dy bow'rs, I've gai - ly sought earth's fair - est flow'rs;
 Stay me not, till day is done I've gath - er'd hand - fuls one by one;

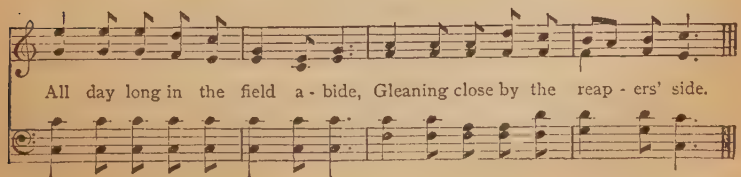


Oth - ers gold - en sheaves had gained, On - ly stub - ble for me re - mained.
 Now, a - las! too late I see All I've gather'd is van - i - ty.
 Here and there for me they fall, Close by the reap'rs I've found them all.

CHORUS.



Forth to the har - vest field a - way! Gath - er your hand - fuls while you may;



All day long in the field a - bide, Gleaning close by the reap - ers' side.

No. 34.

Ah, My Heart.

"Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden."—Matt. 11: 28.

TR. JOHN M. NEALE.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

1st SOLO.

2d SOLO.

1. Ah, my heart is heav-y la-den, Weary and oppressed! "Come to Me," saith One, "and

CHORUS. Repeat last two lines of each verse.

com-ing, Be at rest!" "Come to Me," saith One, "and coming, Be at rest!"

2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my Guide?

"In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side."—CHO.

3 Is there diadem, as monarch,
That His brow adorns?
"Yes, a crown in very surety,
But of thorns!"—CHO.

4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What's my portion here?

"Many a sorrow, many a conflict,
Many a tear."—CHO.

5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What have I at last?

"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan past!"—CHO.

6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?

"Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away!"—CHO.

No. 35.

All to Christ I Owe.

"Who His own self bare our sins."—1 Peter 2: 24.

MRS. ELVINA M. HALL.

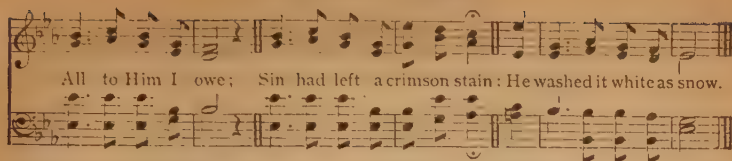
JOHN T. GRAPE, by per.

1. I hear the Saviour say, Thy strength indeed is small; Child of weakness, watch and

CHORUS.

pray, Find in Me thine all in all. Je-sus paid it all,

All to Christ I Owe.



2 Lord, now indeed I find
Thy power, and Thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone.—CHO.

3 For nothing good have I
Whereby Thy grace to claim—
I'll wash my garment white
In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.—CHO.

4 When from my dying bed
My ransomed soul shall rise,
Then "Jesus paid it all"
Shall rend the vaulted skies.—CHO.

5 And when before the throne
I stand in Him complete,
I'll lay my trophies down,
All down at Jesus' feet.—CHO.

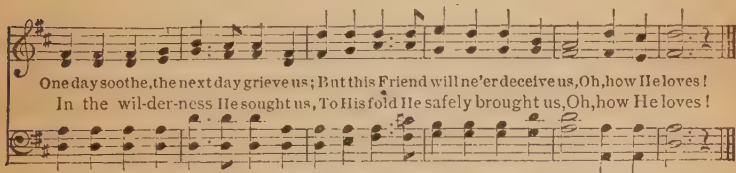
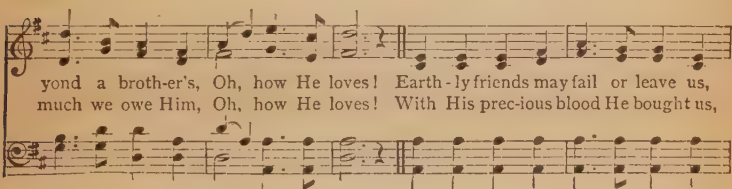
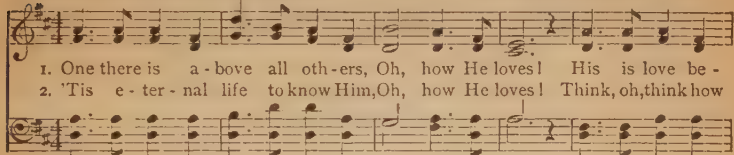
No. 36.

Oh, how He Loves.

"A Friend that sticketh closer than a brother."—Prov. 18: 24.

Adp. by MISS MARIANNE NUNN.

HUBERT P. MAIN, by per.



3 Blessed Jesus! would you know Him,
Oh, how He loves!
Give yourselves entirely to Him,
Oh, how He loves!
Think no longer of the morrow,
From the past new courage borrow,
Jesus carries all your sorrow,
Oh, how He loves!

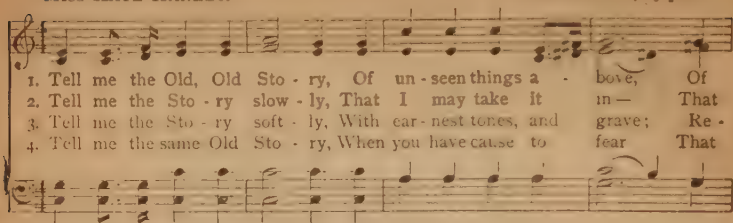
4 All your sins shall be forgiven,
Oh, how He loves!
Backward shall your foes be driven,
Oh, how He loves!
Best of blessings He'll provide you,
Nought but good shall e'er betide you,
Safe to glory He will guide you,
Oh, how He loves!

No. 37. Tell Me the Old, Old Story.

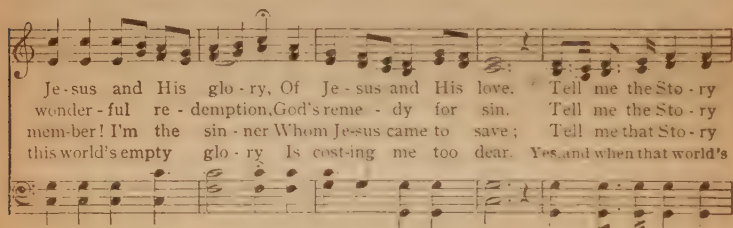
"Tell them how great things the Lord hath done."—Mark 5: 19.

MISS KATE HANKEY.

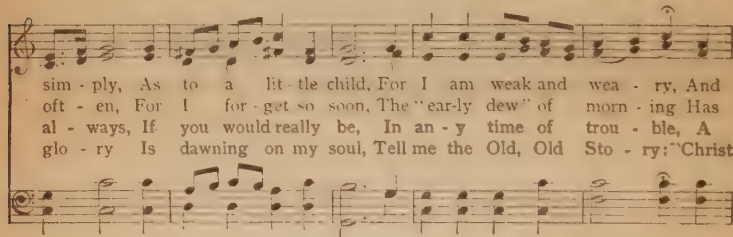
W. H. DOANE, by per.



1. Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Of un - seen things a - bove, Of
 2. Tell me the Sto - ry slow - ly, That I may take it in — That
 3. Tell me the Sto - ry soft - ly, With ear - nest tones, and grave; Re -
 4. Tell me the same Old Sto - ry, When you have cause to fear That

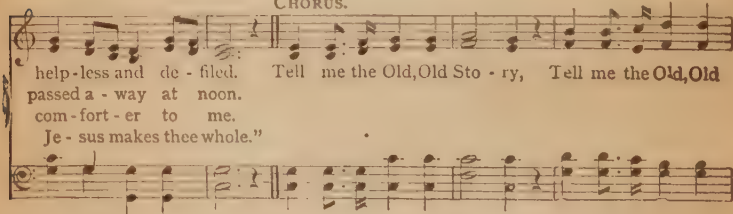


Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. Tell me the Sto - ry
 won - der - ful re - demp - tion, God's reme - dy for sin. Tell me the Sto - ry
 mem - ber! I'm the sin - ner Whom Je - sus came to save; Tell me that Sto - ry
 this world's empty glo - ry Is cost - ing me too dear. Yes, and when that world's

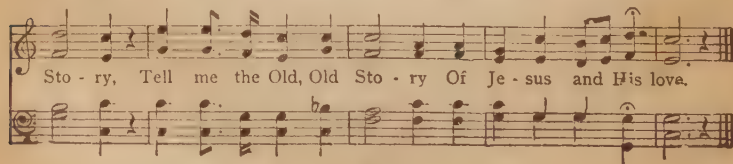


sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child, For I am weak and wea - ry, And
 oft - en, For I for - get so soon, The "ear - ly dew" of morn - ing Has
 al - ways, If you would really be, In an - y time of trou - ble, A
 glo - ry Is dawning on my soul, Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry: "Christ

CHORUS.



help - less and de - filed. Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Tell me the Old, Old
 passed a - way at noon.
 com - fort - er to me.
 Je - sus makes thee whole."



Sto - ry, Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

No. 38.

The Prodigal Child.

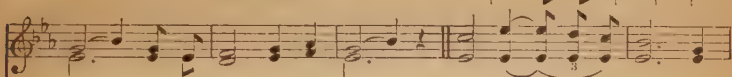
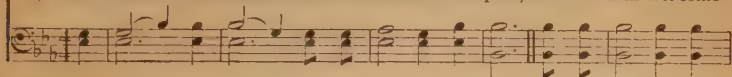
"I will arise, and go to my father."—Luke 15: 18.

MRS. ELLEN M. H. GATES.

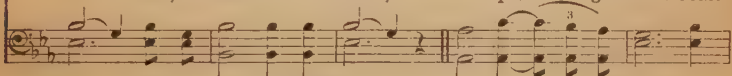
W. H. DOANE, by per.



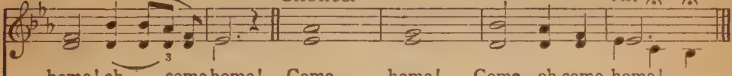
1. Come home! come home! You are wea-ry at heart, For the way has been
2. Come home! come home! For we watch and we wait, And we stand at the
3. Come home! come home! From the sor-row and blame, From the sin and the
4. Come home! come home! There is bread and to spare, And a warm wel-come



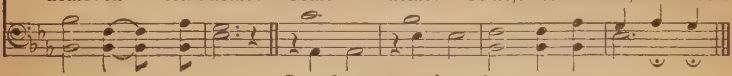
dark, And so lone-ly and wild. O prod-i-gal child! Come
gate, While the shad-ows are piled. O prod-i-gal child! Come
shame, And the tempt-er that smiled, O prod-i-gal child! Come
there: Then, to friends rec-on-ciled, O prod-i-gal child! Come



CHORUS.



home! oh come home! Come home! Come, oh come home!
home! oh come home! Come home! Come, oh come home, come home!



Come home, come home!

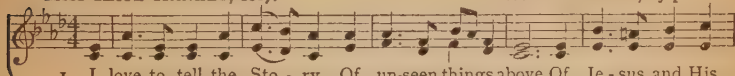
No. 39.

I Love to Tell the Story.

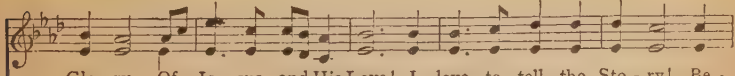
"I will speak of Thy wondrous work."—Psal. 145: 5.

MISS KATE HANKEY, 1867.

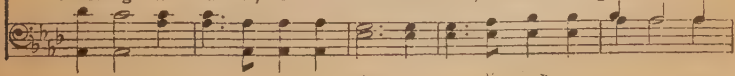
W. G. FISCHER, by per.



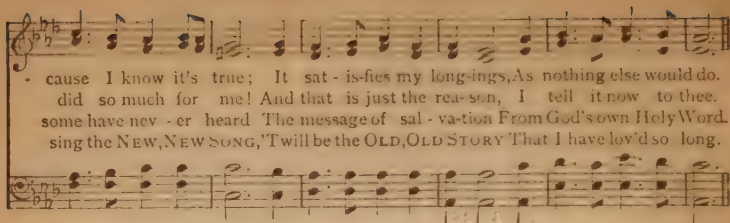
1. I love to tell the Sto-ry Of un-seen things above, Of Je-sus and His
2. I love to tell the Sto-ry! More wonder-ful it seems, Than all the gold-en
3. I love to tell the Sto-ry! 'Tis pleas-ant to repeat What seems, each time I
4. I love to tell the Sto-ry! For those who know it best Seem hungering and



Glo-ry, Of Je-sus and His Love! I love to tell the Sto-ry! Be-
fan-cies Of all our golden dreams. I love to tell the Sto-ry! It
tell it, More wonder-ful-ly sweet. I love to tell the Sto-ry; For
thirst-ing To hear it, like the rest. And when, in scenes of glo-ry, I

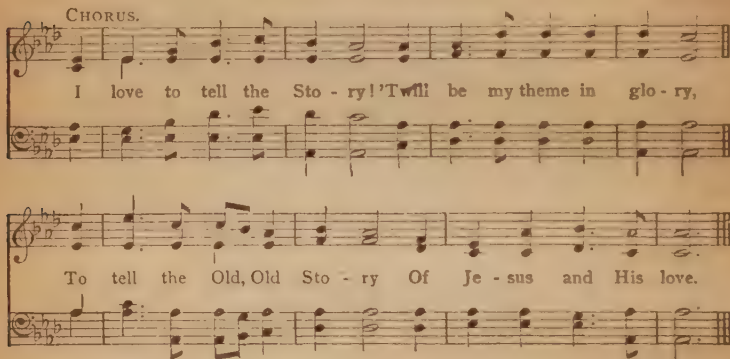


I Love to Tell the Story.



- cause I know it's true; It sat - is - fies my long - ings, As nothing else would do.
did so much for me! And that is just the rea - son, I tell it now to thee.
some have nev - er heard The message of sal - va - tion From God's own Holy Word.
sing the NEW, NEW SONG, 'Twill be the OLD, OLD STORY That I have lov'd so long.

CHORUS.



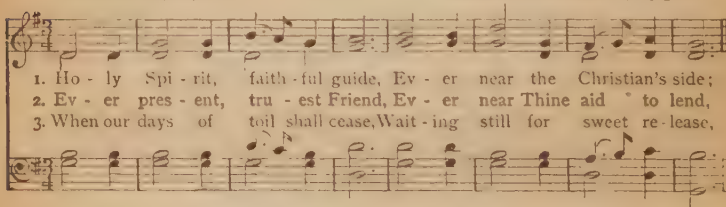
I love to tell the Sto - ry! 'Twill be my theme in glo - ry,
To tell the Old, Old Sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

No. 40. Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

"I will guide thee with mine eye."—Psalm 32: 8.

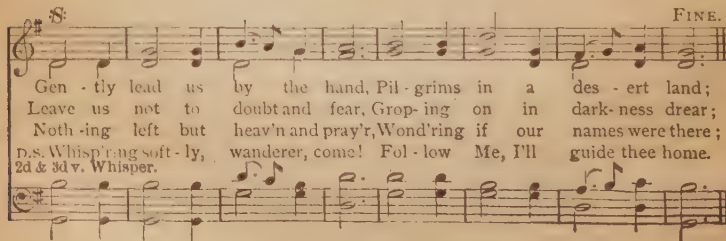
M. M. WELLS, 1858.

MARCUS M. WELLS, by per.



1. Ho - ly Spi - rit, faith - ful guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side;
2. Ev - er pres - ent, tru - est Friend, Ev - er near Thine aid * to lend,
3. When our days of toil shall cease, Wait - ing still for sweet re - lease,

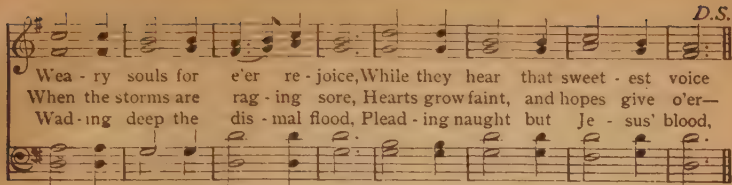
FINE.



Gen - tly lead us by the hand, Pil - grims in a des - ert land;
Leave us not to doubt and fear, Grop - ing on in dark - ness drear;
Noth - ing left but heav'n and pray'r, Wond'ring if our names were there;
D.S. Whisp'ring soft - ly, wanderer, come! Fol - low Me, I'll guide thee home.

2d & 3d v. Whisper.

D.S.



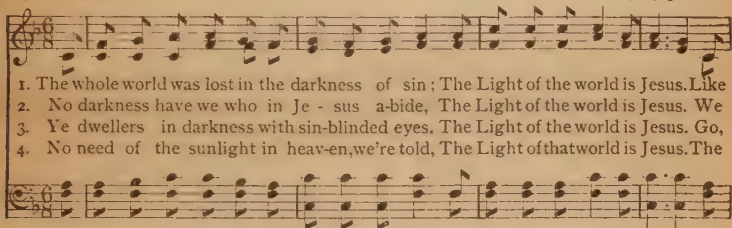
Wea - ry souls for e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweet - est voice
When the storms are rag - ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er—
Wad - ing deep the dis - mal flood, Plead - ing naught but Je - sus' blood,

No. 41. The Light of the World is Jesus.

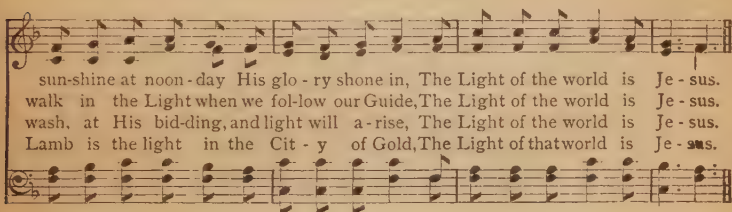
"I am the light of the world."—John 9: 5.

P. P. BLISS.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

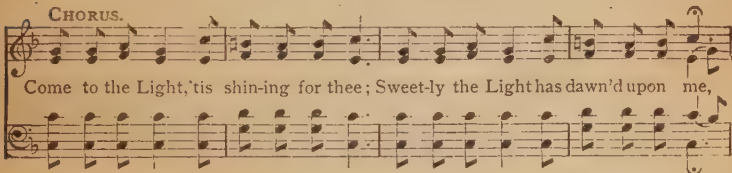


1. The whole world was lost in the darkness of sin; The Light of the world is Jesus. Like
2. No darkness have we who in Je - sus a-bide, The Light of the world is Jesus. We
3. Ye dwellers in darkness with sin-blinded eyes, The Light of the world is Jesus. Go,
4. No need of the sunlight in heav-en, we're told, The Light of that world is Jesus. The

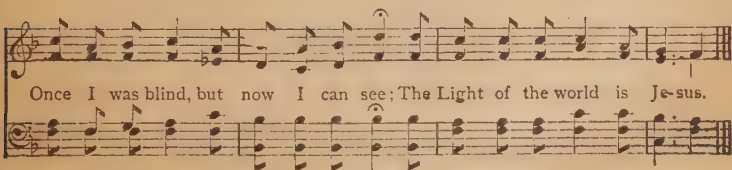


sun-shine at noon-day His glo - ry shone in, The Light of the world is Je - sus.
walk in the Light when we fol-low our Guide, The Light of the world is Je - sus.
wash, at His bid-ding, and light will a-rise, The Light of the world is Je - sus.
Lamb is the light in the Cit - y of Gold, The Light of that world is Je - sus.

CHORUS.



Come to the Light, 'tis shin-ing for thee; Sweet-ly the Light has dawn'd upon me,



Once I was blind, but now I can see; The Light of the world is Je - sus.

No. 42.

The Holy Spirit.

Three warnings: Resist not, Grieve not, Quench not.

P. P. BLISS.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. The Spir - it, oh, sin - ner, In mer - cy doth move. Thy heart, so long
 2. Oh, child of the king - dom, From sin - ser - vice cease: Be filled with the
 3. De - filed is the tem - ple, Its beau - ty laid low, On God's ho - ly

hard - ened, Of sin to re - prove; *Re - sist* not the Spir - it, Nor
 Spir - it, With com - fort and peace. *Oh, grieve* not the Spir - it, Thy
 al - tar The em - bers faint glow. By love yet re - kin - dled, A

lon - ger de - lay; God's gracious en - trea - ties May end with to - day.
 Teach - er is He, That Je - sus, thy Sav - iour, May glo - ri - fied be.
 flame may be fanned; Oh, *quench* not the Spir - it, *The Lord is at hand.*

No. 43.

The Cross of Jesus.

"His children shall have a place of refuge."—Prov. 14: 26.

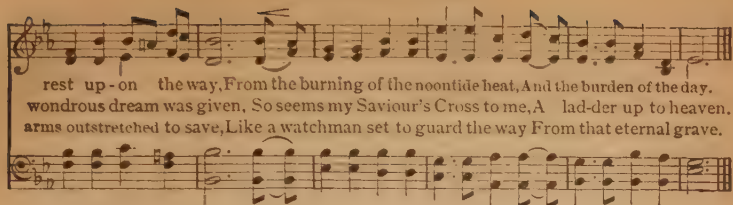
MISS E. C. CLEPHANE.

IRA D. SANKEY, by per.

1. Beneath the Cross of Je - sus I fain would take my stand,—The shadow of a
 2. O safe and hap - py shel - ter, O ref - uge tried and sweet, O trys - ting - place where
 3. There lies beneath its sha - dow, But on the fur - ther side, The darkness of an

might - y Rock, With - in a wea - ry land. A home with - in the wil - der - ness, A
 Heav - en's love And Heaven's justice meet! As to the Ho - ly Pa - tri - arch That
 aw - ful grave That gapes both deep and wide; And there between us stands the Cross, Two

The Cross of Jesus.



4 Upon that Cross of Jesus,
Mine eye at times can see
The very dying form of One,
Who suffered there for me;
And from my smitten heart with tears,
Two wonders I confess,—
The wonders of His glorious love,
And my own worthlessness.

5 I take, O Cross, Thy shadow,
For my abiding place;
I ask no other sunshine
Than the sunshine of His face:
Content to let the world go by,
To know no gain nor loss,—
My sinful self, my only shame,—
My glory all the Cross.

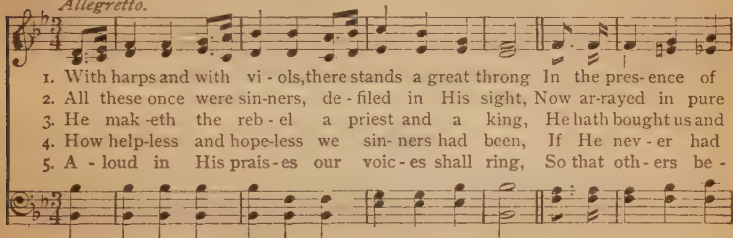
No. 44.

The New Song.

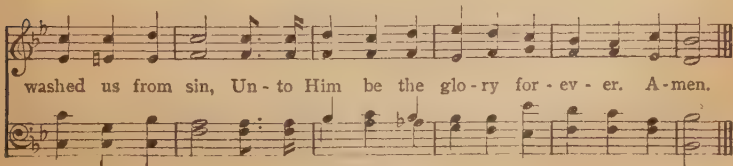
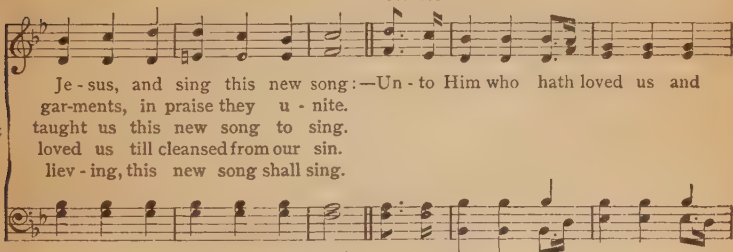
"And they sung as it were a new song before the throne."—Rev. 14:3.

REV. A. T. PIERSON.
Allegretto.

P. P. BLISS, by per.



CHORUS.



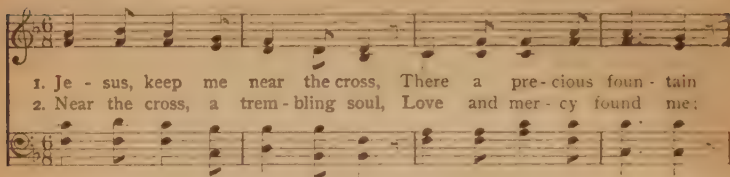
No. 45.

Near the Cross.

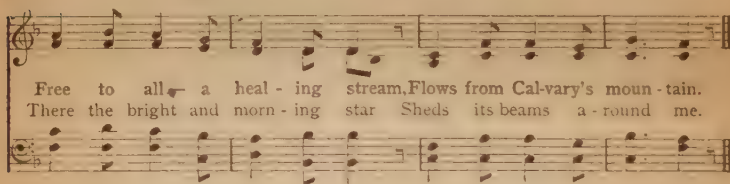
"Peace through the blood of His cross."—Coll. 1: 29.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE, by per.

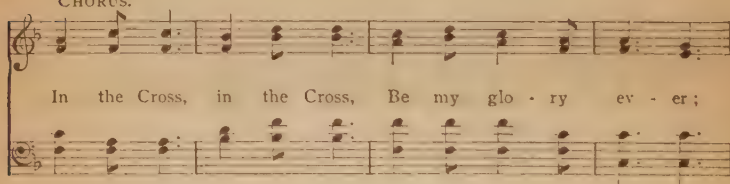


1. Je - sus, keep me near the cross, There a pre - cious foun - tain
2. Near the cross, a trem - bling soul, Love and mer - cy found me:

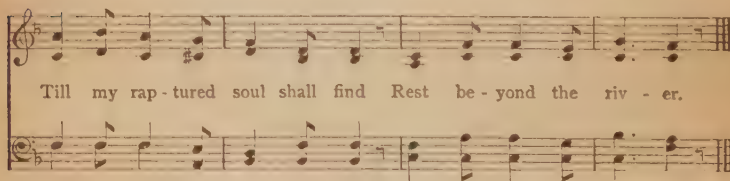


Free to all— a heal - ing stream, Flows from Cal - vary's moun - tain.
There the bright and morn - ing star Sheds its beams a - round me.

CHORUS.



In the Cross, in the Cross, Be my glo - ry ev - er;



Till my rap - tured soul shall find Rest be - yond the riv - er.

3 Near the Cross! O Lamb of God,
Bring its scenes before me;
Help me walk from day to day,
With its shadows o'er me.—CHO.

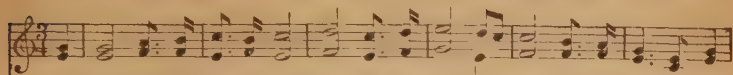
4 Near the Cross I'll watch and wait,
Hoping, trusting ever,
Till I reach the golden strand,
Just beyond the river.—CHO.

No. 46. Oh, Sing of His Mighty Love.

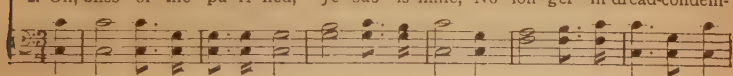

"Mighty to save."—Isaiah 63: 1.

REV. FRANK BOTTOME, D. D. 1869.

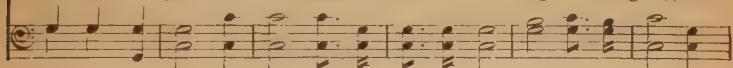
WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.



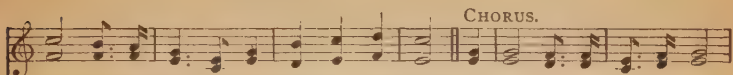
1. Oh, bliss of the pu-ri-fied, bliss of the free, I plunge in the crimson tide
2. Oh, bliss of the pu-ri-fied, Je-sus is mine, No lon-ger in dread-condem-

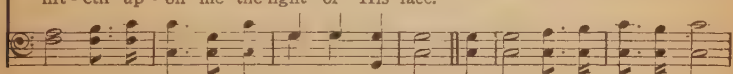
o-pen'd for me; O'er sin and un-clean-ness ex - ult-ing I stand, And
- na - tion I pine; In con-sci-ous sal - va - tion I sing of His grace, Who



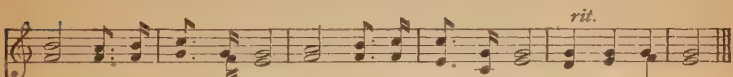
CHORUS.



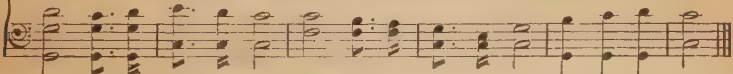
point to the print of the nails in His hand. Oh, sing of His might-y love,
lift - eth up - on me the light of His face.



rit.



Sing of His might - y love, sing of His might - y love, Might - y to save.



3 Oh, bliss of the purified ! bliss of the pure !
No wound hath the soul that His blood cannot cure ;
No sorrow-bowed head but may sweetly find rest,
No tears but may dry them on Jesus' breast.—CHO.

4 O Jesus the crucified ! Thee will I sing,
My blessed Redeemer, my God and my King ;
My soul, filled with rapture, shall shout o'er the grave,
And triumph in death in the "Mighty to save."—CHO.

No. 47.

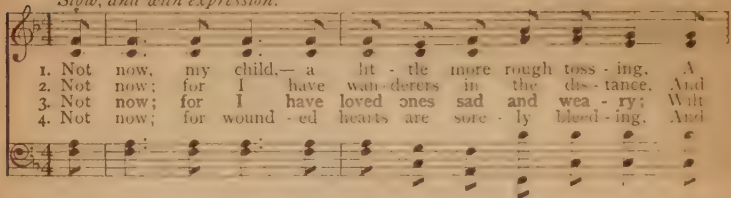
Not Now, My Child.

"Oh, that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away, and be at rest."—Psalm 4: 6.

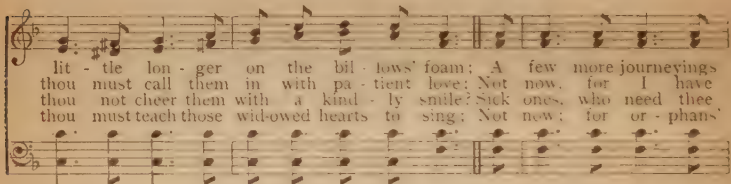
MRS. CATHERINE PENNEFATHER. 1863.

IRA D. SANKEY, by per.

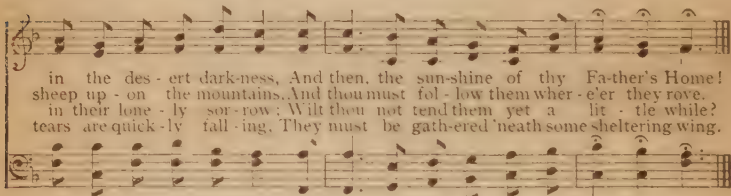
Slow, and with expression.



1. Not now, my child,— a lit - tle more rough toss - ing. A
 2. Not now; for I have wan - derers in the dis - tance. And
 3. Not now; for I have loved ones sad and wea - ry; Wilt
 4. Not now; for wound - ed hearts are sore - ly bleed - ing. And



lit - tle lon - ger on the bil - lows' foam; A few more journeyings
 thou must call them in with pa - tient love; Not now, for I have
 thou not cheer them with a kind - ly smile; Sick ones, who need thee
 thou must teach those wid - owed hearts to sing; Not now; for or - phans'



in the des - ert dark - ness, And then, the sun - shine of thy Fa - ther's Home!
 sheep up - on the mountains. And thou must fol - low them wher - e'er they rove.
 in their lone - ly sor - row; Wilt thou not tend them yet a lit - tle while?
 tears are quick - ly fall - ing, They must be gath - ered 'neath some shel - tering wing.

- 5 Go, with the name of Jesus, to the dying,
 And speak that Name in all its living power;
 Why should thy fainting heart grow chill and weary?
 Canst thou not watch with Me one little hour?
- 6 One little hour! and then the glorious crowning,
 The golden harp-strings, and the victor's palm;
 One little hour! and then the hallelujah!
 Eternity's long, deep, thanksgiving psalm!

No. 48.

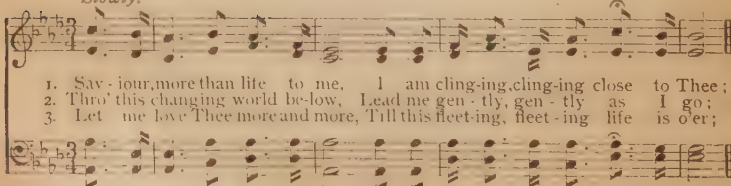
Every Day and Hour.

"Cleanse me from my sin."—Ps. 51: 2.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE, by per.

Slowly.



1. Sav - iour, more than life to me, I am cling - ing, cling - ing close to Thee;
 2. Thro' this changing world be - low, Lead me gen - tly, gen - tly as I go;
 3. Let me love Thee more and more, Till this fleet - ing, fleet - ing life is o'er;

Every Day and Hour.

Let Thy pre-cious blood ap-plied, Keep me ev - er, ev - er near Thy side.
Trust-ing Thee, I can - not stray, I can nev - er, nev - er lose my way.
Till my soul is lost in love, In a bright-er, bright-er world a - bove.

REFRAIN.

Ev - ery day, ev - ery hour, Let me feel Thy cleansing
Ev - ery day and hour, ev - ery day and hour,

power; May Thy ten - der love to me Bind me clos - er, clos - er, Lord, to Thee.

No. 49.

The Wondrous Gift.

"By grace are ye saved."—Eph. 2: 8.

DR. PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

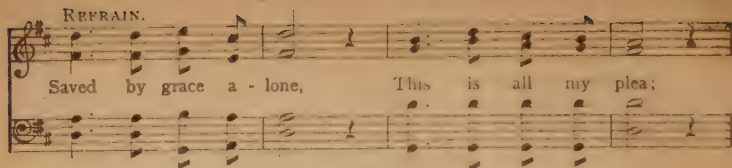
IRA D. SANKEY, by per.

1. Grace! 'tis a charm-ing sound, Har - mo - nious to the ear; Heaven
2. Grace first con-trived a way To save re - bel - lious man; And
3. Grace taught my rov - ing feet To tread the heavenly road; And
4. Grace all the work shall crown, Throughev - er - last - ing days; It

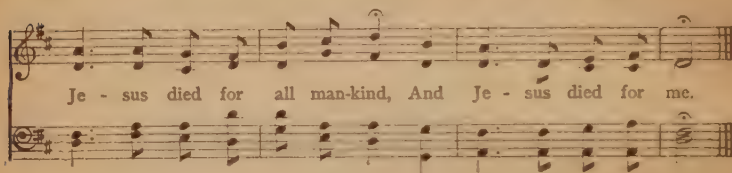
with the ech - o shall re - sound, And all the earth shall hear.
all the steps that grace dis - play, Which drew the won-drous plan.
new sup - plies each hour I meet, While press - ing on to God.
lays in heaven the top - most stone, And well de - serves our praise.

The Wondrous Gift.

REFRAIN.



Saved by grace a - lone, This is all my plea;



Je - sus died for all man-kind, And Je - sus died for me.

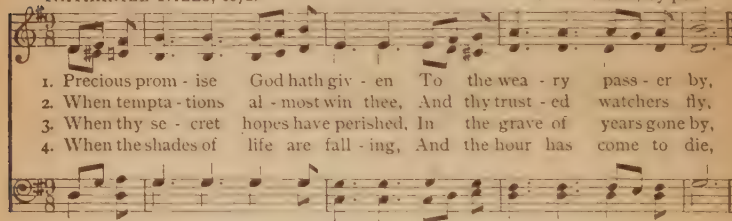
No. 50.

Precious Promise.

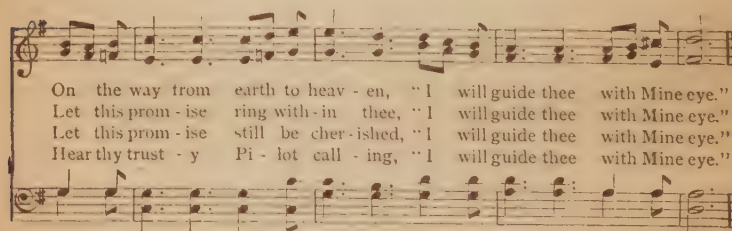
"Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises."—2 Pet. 1: 4.

NATHANIEL NILES, 1872.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

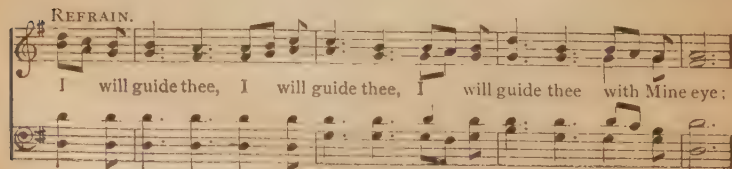


1. Precious prom - ise God hath giv - en To the wea - ry pass - er by,
2. When tempta - tions al - most win thee, And thy trust - ed watchers fly,
3. When thy se - cret hopes have perished, In the grave of years gone by,
4. When the shades of life are fall - ing, And the hour has come to die,



On the way from earth to heav - en, "I will guide thee with Mine eye."
 Let this prom - ise ring with - in thee, "I will guide thee with Mine eye."
 Let this prom - ise still be cher - ished, "I will guide thee with Mine eye."
 Hear thy trust - y Pi - lot call - ing, "I will guide thee with Mine eye."

REFRAIN.



I will guide thee, I will guide thee, I will guide thee with Mine eye;

Precious Promise.

On the way from earth to heav-en, I will guide thee with Mine eye.

No. 51.

He Leadeth Me.

"He leadeth me by the still waters."—Psalm 23: 2.

REV. JOS. H. GILMORE, 1861.

WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.

1. He lead-eth me! oh! blessed thought, Oh! words with heav'nly comfort fraught;
 2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deep-est gloom, Sometimes where E-den's bow-ers bloom,
 3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev-er mur-mur nor re-pine—
 4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vic-tory's won,

What-e'er I do, where'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
 By wa-ters still, o'er trou-bled sea, Still 'tis His hand that lead-eth me.
 Con-tent, what-ev-er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead-eth me.
 E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God through Jor-dan lead-eth me.

REFRAIN.

He lead-eth me! He lead-eth me! By His own hand He lead-eth me;

His faith-ful follower I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me.


No. 52.

When Jesus Comes.

"Unto them that look for Him shall He appear the second time, without sin, unto salvation."—Heb. 9: 28.


P. P. BLISS.

P. P. Bliss, by per.




1. Down life's dark vale we wander, Till Je-sus comes; We watch and wait and won-der,
2. Oh, let my lamp be burning When Jesus comes; For Him my soul be yearning,


CHORUS.



Till Je - sus comes. All joy His loved ones bringing, When Je - sus comes;
When Je - sus comes.



All praise thro' heaven ringing, When Je-sus comes. All beau-ty bright and ver-nal,



When Je sus comes; All glo - ry, grand, e - ter - nal, When Je - sus comes.

3 No more heart pangs nor sadness,
When Jesus comes;
All peace and joy and gladness,
When Jesus comes.—CHO.

5 He'll know the way was dreary,
When Jesus comes;
He'll know the feet grew weary,
When Jesus comes.—CHO.

4 All doubts and fears will vanish,
When Jesus comes;
All gloom His face will banish,
When Jesus comes.—CHO.

6 He'll know what griefs oppressed me,
When Jesus comes;
Oh, how His arms will rest me!
When Jesus comes.—CHO.

No. 53.

White as Snow.

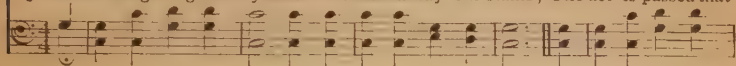
"Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow."—Isa. i: 18.

H. BONAR.

P. P. BLISS, by per.



1. What! "lay my sins on Je-sus?" God's well-be-lov-ed Son! No! 'tis a truth most
2. Yes, 'tis a truth most pre-cious, To all who do be-lieve, God laid our sins on
3. What! "bring our guilt to Je-sus?" To wash a-way our stains; The act is passed that



CHORUS.



pre-cious, That God e'en *that* has done. Hal-le-lu - jah, Je-sus saves me, He
Je-sus, Who did the load re-ceive.
freed us, And nought to do re-mains.



makes me "white as snow." Hal-le-lu - jah, Jesus saves me, He makes me "white as snow."



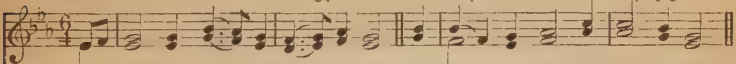
No. 54.

Just as I Am. L. M.

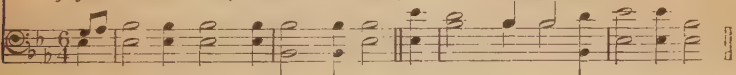
"Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out."—John 6: 37.

Miss CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. 1834.

WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.



1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am, though tossed about, With many a con-flict, many a doubt,
4. Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind, Sight, rich-es, heal-ing of the mind.
5. Just as I am; Thou wilt re-ceive, Wilt wel-come, par-don, cleanse, relieve



And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
Fight-ings and fears with-in, with-out, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
Be-cause Thy prom-ise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!



No. 55.

To-Day. 6s & 4s.

"To-day if ye will hear His voice."—Psa. 95: 7.

Rev. S. F. SMITH.

Dr. L. MASON, 1831.

1. To - day the Sav - iour calls: Ye wan - d'ers come;
 2. To - day the Sav - iour calls: Oh, lis - ten now;
 3. To - day the Sav - iour calls: For ref - uge fly;
 4. The Spir - it calls to - day: Yield to His power;

O, ye be - night - ed souls, Why lon - ger roam?
 With - in these sa - cred walls, To Je - sus bow.
 The storm of jus - tice falls, And death is nigh.
 Oh, grieve Him not a - way, 'Tis mer - cy's hour.

No. 56.

The Great Physician.

"Is there no balm in Gilead; is there no physician there?"—JER. 8: 22.

Rev. WM. HUNTER, 1842.

Arr. by Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. The great Physician now is near, The sym - pa - thiz - ing Je - sus: He speaks the drooping
 2. Your man - y sins are all forgiven, Oh, hear the voice of Je - sus: Go on your way in
 3. All glo - ry to the dy - ing Lamb! I now believe in Je - sus; I love the bless - ed

CHORUS.

heart to cheer, Oh, hear the voice of Je - sus. "Sweetest note in ser - aph song,
 peace to heaven, And wear a crown with Je - sus.
 Saviour's name, I love the name of Je - sus.

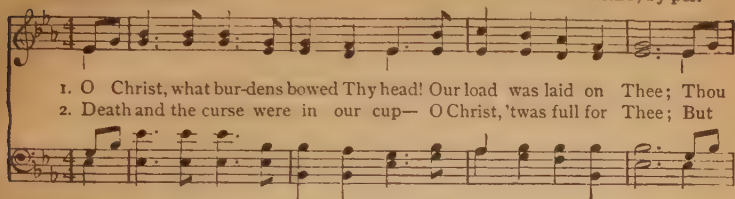
Sweetest name on mortal tongue, Sweetest car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus."

- 4 "The children too, both great and small, 6 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
 Who love the name of Jesus, No other name but Jesus:
 May now accept the gracious call Oh, how my soul delights to hear
 To work and live for Jesus. The precious name of Jesus.
- 5 Come, brethren, help me sing His praise, 7 And when to that bright world above,
 Oh, praise the name of Jesus; We rise to see our Jesus,
 Come, sisters, all your voices raise, We'll sing around the throne of love
 "Oh, bless the name of Jesus. His name, the name of Jesus.

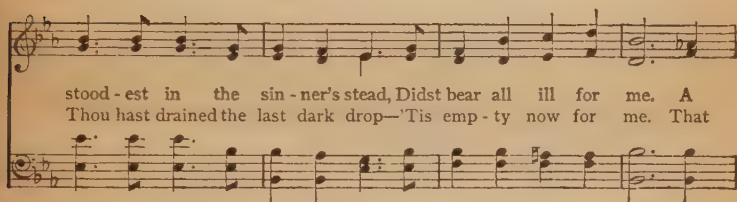
"He was wounded for our transgressions."—Isaiah 53: 5.

Mrs. A. R. COUSIN.

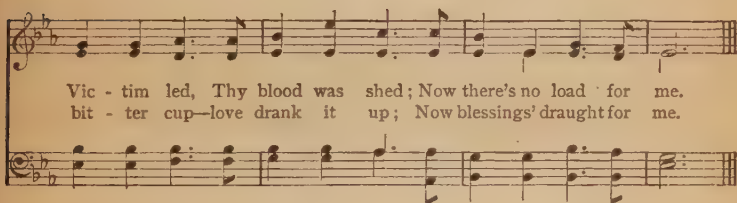
IRA D. SANKEY, by per.



1. O Christ, what bur-dens bowed Thy head! Our load was laid on Thee; Thou
2. Death and the curse were in our cup— O Christ, 'twas full for Thee; But



stood - est in the sin - ner's stead, Didst bear all ill for me. A
Thou hast drained the last dark drop—'Tis emp - ty now for me. That



Vic - tim led, Thy blood was shed; Now there's no load for me.
bit - ter cup—love drank it up; Now blessings' draught for me.

3 Jehovah lifted up His rod—
O Christ it fell on Thee!
Thou wast sore stricken of Thy God;
There's not one stroke for me.
Thy tears, Thy blood, beneath it flowed;
Thy bruising healeth me.

5 Jehovah bade His sword awake—
O Christ, it woke 'gainst Thee!
Thy blood the flaming blade must slake;
Thy heart its sheath must be—
All for my sake, my peace to make;
Now sleeps that sword for me.

4 The tempest's awful voice was heard—
O Christ, it broke on Thee!
Thy open bosom was my ward
It braved the storm for me.
Thy form was scarred, Thy visage marred;
Now cloudless peace for me.

6 For me, Lord Jesus, Thou hast died,
And I have died in Thee;
Thou'rt risen: my bands are all untied,
And now Thou liv'st in me.
When purified, made white, and tried,
Thy GLORY then for me!

No. 58.

In the Presence of the King.

"In Thy presence is fulness of joy: at Thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore." Psalm 16: 11.

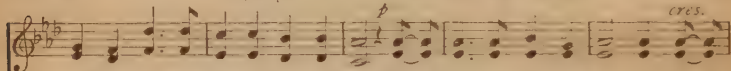
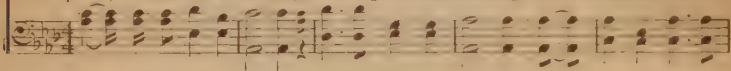
MISS FLORENCE C. ARMSTRONG, 1864.

English.

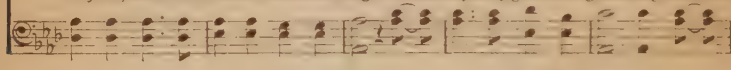
Moderato.



1. Oh, to be o-ver yonder! In that world of wonder, Where the an-gel voic-es
2. Oh, to be o-ver yonder! My yearning heart grows fonder Of looking to the
3. Oh, to be o-ver yonder! A-las! I sigh and wonder Why chills my poor, weak,
4. Oh, when shall I be dwelling Where angel voices, swelling In tri-umphant hal-le-



min-gle, and the an-gel har-pers ring; To be free from pain and sor-row, And the east, to see the blessed day-star bring Some tid-ings of the wak-ing. The sin-ful heart to a-ny earth-ly thing; Each tie of earth must sev-er, And lu-jahs, make the vaulted hea-vens ring? Where the pearly gates are gleaming, And the



anxious, dread to-morrow, To rest in light and sunshine in the presence of the King. cloudless, pure day breaking; My heart is yearning-yearning for the presence of the King. pass a-way for ev-er; But there's no more sepa-ration in the presence of the King. morning star is beaming? Oh, when shall I be yonder in the presence of the King?



5 Oh, when shall I be yonder?
The longing groweth stronger

6 Oh, I shall soon be yonder,
And lonely as I wander,

To join in all the praises the redeemed Yearning for the welcome summer—long-ones do sing ing for the bird's fleet wing,

Within those heavenly places,

The midnight may be dreary,

Where the angels veil their faces,

And the heart be worn and weary,

In awe and adoration in the presence of the But there's no more shadow yonder, in the King. presence of the King.

No. 59.

I am Coming to the Cross.

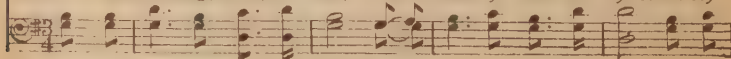
"Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out."—John 6: 37.

REV. WM. McDONALD.

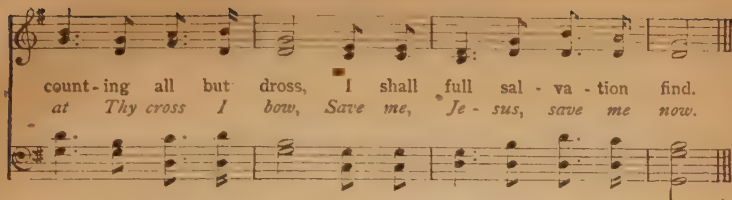
WM. G. FISCHER, by per.



1. I am com-ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind; I am
CHO.—I am trust-ing, Lord, in Thee, Blest Lamb of Cal-va-ry: Hum-bly



I am Coming to the Cross.



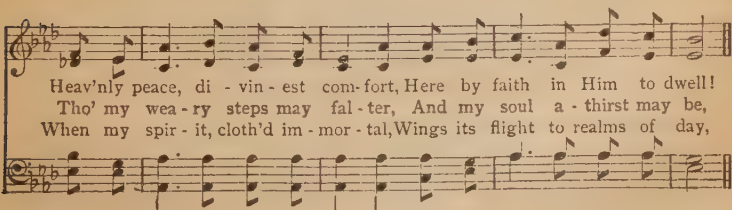
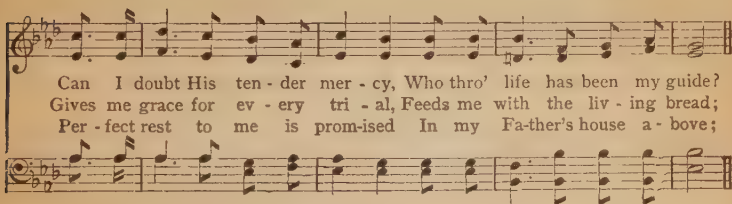
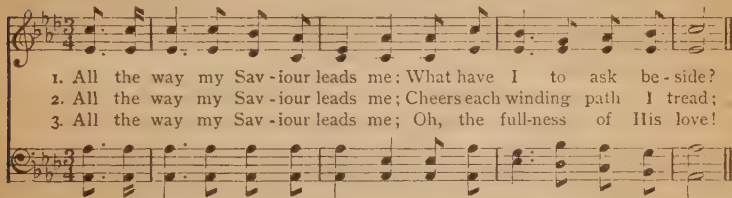
- | | |
|--|--|
| 2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee,
Long has evil reigned within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,—
"I will cleanse you from all sin."—CHO. | 4 In Thy promises I trust,
Now I feel the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified.—CHO. |
| 3 Here I give my all to Thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store;
Soul and body Thine to be,—
Wholly Thine for evermore.—CHO. | 5 Jesus comes! He fills my soul!
Perfect in Him I am;
I am every whit made whole:
Glory, glory to the Lamb.—CHO. |

No. 60. All the Way My Saviour Leads Me.

"The Lord alone did lead him."—Deut. 32: 12.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

REV. R. LOWRY, by per.



All the Way My Saviour Leads Me.

For I know what-e'er be-fall me, Je-sus do-eth all things
Gush-ing from the Rock be-fore me, Lo! a spring of joy I see.
This my song thro' end-less a-ges—Je-sus led me all the

well; For I know, what-e'er be-fall me, Je-sus do-eth all things well.
see; Gush-ing from the Rock be-fore me, Lo! a spring of joy I see.
way; This my song thro' end-less a-ges—Je-sus led me all the way.

No. 61. Go Bury thy Sorrow.

"They shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."—Isaiah 35: 10.

MRS. BULLOCK.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. Go bu-ry thy sor-row, The world hath its share;
2. Go tell it to Je-sus, He know-eth thy grief;
3. Hearts grow-ing a-wea-ry With heav-i-er woe,

Go bu-ry it deep-ly, Go hide it with care, Go think of it calm-ly,
Go tell it to Je-sus, He'll send thee re-lief, Go gath-er the sun-shine
Now droop' mid the darkness—Go com-fort them, go! Go bu-ry thy sor-rows,

rit.
When curtain'd by night, Go tell it to Je-sus, And all will be right.
He sheds on the way; He'll light-en thy bur-den, Go, wea-ry one, pray.
Let oth-ers be blest; Go give them the sunshine; Tell Je-sus the rest.

"Make a joyful noise unto God, all ye lands."—Psalm 66: 1.

GEO. F. ROOT.

GEO. F. ROOT, by per.

Earnestly.

1. Come to the Sav-iour, make no de-lay; Here in His word He's

shown us the way; Here in our midst He's standing to-day, Tender-ly saying, "Come!"

CHORUS.

Joy ful, joy-ful will the meeting be, When from sin our hearts are pure and free,

And we shall gath-er, Sav-iour, with Thee, In our e-ter-nal home.

2

3

"Suffer the children!" Oh, hear His voice, Think once again, He's with us to-day;
 Let ev'ry heart leap forth and rejoice, Heed now His blest commands, and obey;
 And let us freely make Him our choice; Hear now His accents tenderly say,
 Do not de-lay, but come.—CHO. "Will you, my children, come?"—CHO.

No. 63. I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.

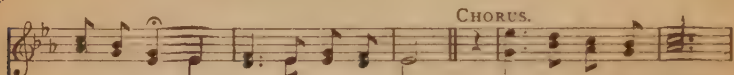
"Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest."—Matt. 11: 28.

Rev. L. HARTSOUGH.

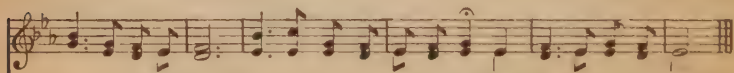
Rev. LEWIS HARTSOUGH, by per. P. PHILLIPS.



1. I hear Thy welcome voice That calls me, Lord, to Thee For cleansing in Thy
2. Tho' coming weak and vile, Thou dost my strength assure; Thou dost my vileness



precious blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry. I am coming Lord!
ful - ly cleanse, Till spot - less all and pure.



Coming now to Thee! Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry.



- 3 'Tis Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,
For earth and heaven above.

- 5 And He the witness gives
To loyal hearts and free,
That every promise is fulfilled,
If faith but brings the plea.

- 4 'Tis Jesus who confirms
The blessed work within,
By adding grace to welcomed grace,
Where reigned the power of sin.

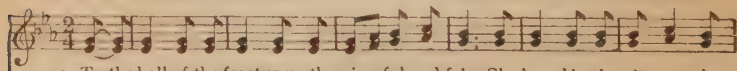
- 6 All hail, atoning blood!
All hail, redeeming grace!
All hail, the Gift of Christ, our Lord.
Our Strength and Righteousness!

No. 64. A Sinner Forgiben.

"He said unto her, thy sins are forgiven."—Luke 7: 48.

JEREMIAH JOSEPH CALLAHAN.

Arr. from I. B. WOODBURY.



1. To the hall of the feast came the sin - ful and fair; She heard in the cit - y that
2. The frown and the murmur went round thro' them all, That one so unhallowed should



A Sinner Forgiven.

Je-sus was there; Unheeding the splendor that blazed on the board, She si-lent-ly tread in that hall; And some said the poor would be objects more meet, As the wealth of her

knelt at the feet of the Lord, She si-lent-ly knelt at the feet of the Lord. perfume she shower'd on His feet, As the wealth of her perfume she shower'd on His feet.

- 3 She heard but the Saviour; she spoke but with sighs;
She dare not look up to the heaven of His eyes;
And the hot tears gush'd forth at each heave of her breast,
As her lips to His sandals were throbbing pressed.
- 4 In the sky, after tempest, as shineth the bow,—
In the glance of the sunbeam, as melteth the snow
He looked on that lost one: "her sins were forgiven,"
And the sinner went forth in the beauty of heaven.

No. 65. Let the Tower Lights be Burning.

"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."—Matt. 5: 16.

P. P. BLISS.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. Brightly beams our Father's mercy From His light-house evermore, But to us He gives the
2. Dark the night of sin has settled, Loud the angry billows roar: Eager eyes are watching,
3. Trim your feeble lamp, my brother: Some poor sailor, tempest-tost, Trying now to make the

CHORUS.

keep-ing Of the lights a-long the shore. Let the low - er lights be burning! Send a
long-ing For the lights a-long the shore.
har - bor, In the darkness *may be lost.*

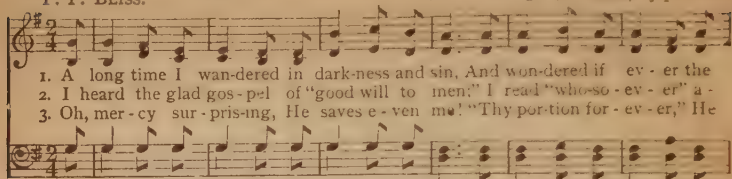
gleam across the wave! Some poor fainting, struggling seaman; You may rescue, you may save.

No. 66. Delighting, Hoping, Knowing.

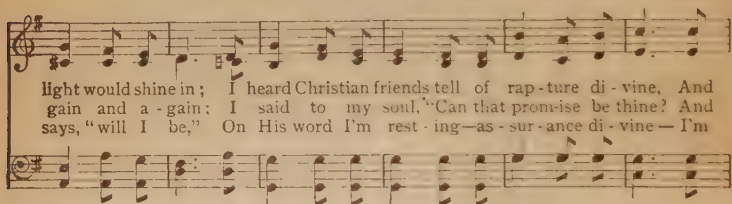
"My beloved is mine, and I am His."—Songs of Solomon 2: 16.

P. P. BLISS.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

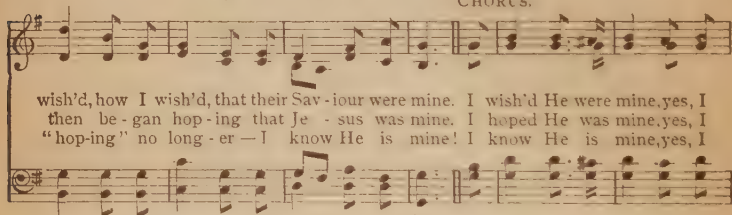


1. A long time I wan-dered in dark-ness and sin, And won-dered if ev-er the
2. I heard the glad gos-pel of "good will to men;" I read "who-so-ev-er" a-
3. Oh, mer-cy sur-pris-ing, He saves e-ven me! "Thy por-tion for-ev-er," He

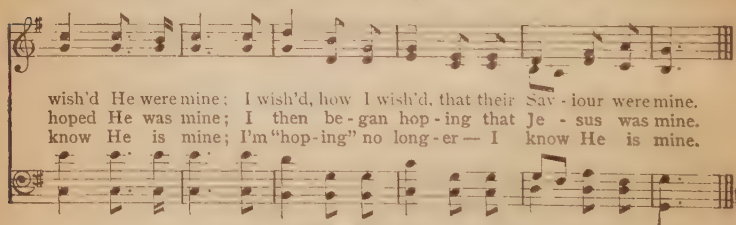


light would shine in; I heard Christian friends tell of rap-ture di-vine, And
gain and a-gain; I said to my soul, "Can that prom-ise be thine? And
says, "will I be," On His word I'm rest-ing—as-sur-ance di-vine—I'm

CHORUS.



wish'd, how I wish'd, that their Sav-iour were mine. I wish'd He were mine, yes, I
then be-gan hop-ing that Je-sus was mine. I hoped He was mine, yes, I
"hop-ing" no long-er—I know He is mine! I know He is mine, yes, I



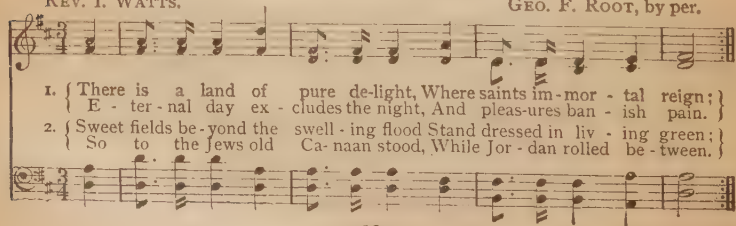
wish'd He were mine; I wish'd, how I wish'd, that their Sav-iour were mine.
hoped He was mine; I then be-gan hop-ing that Je-sus was mine.
know He is mine; I'm "hop-ing" no long-er—I know He is mine.

No. 67. Varina. C. M. D.

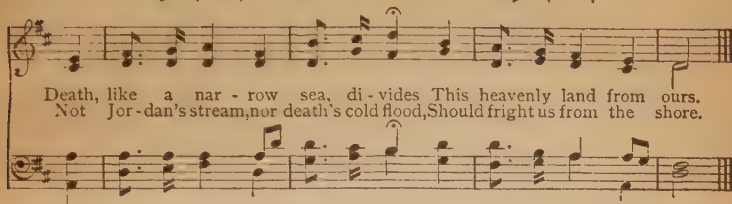
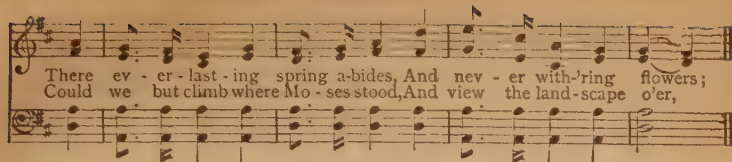
"Thine eyes shall behold the land that is very far off."—Isa. 33: 17.

REV. I. WATTS.

GEO. F. ROOT, by per.



1. { There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mor-tal reign; }
E-ter-nal day ex-cludes the night, And pleas-ures ban-ish pain. }
2. { Sweet fields be-yond the swell-ing flood Stand dressed in liv-ing green; }
So to the jews old Ca-naan stood, While Jor-dan rolled be-tween. }



No. 68. RATHBUN. 8s & 7s.
Key C.

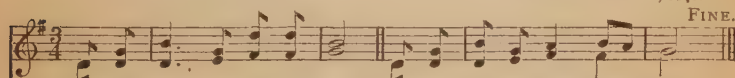
- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story,
Gathers round its head sublime.</p> <p>2 When the woes of life o'er take me,
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.</p> | <p>3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming,
Adds new lustre to the day.</p> <p>4 Bain and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.</p> |
|--|--|

No. 69. Till He Come.

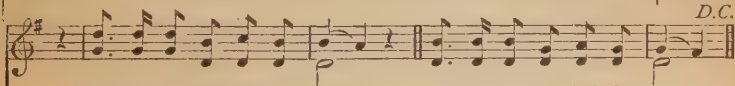
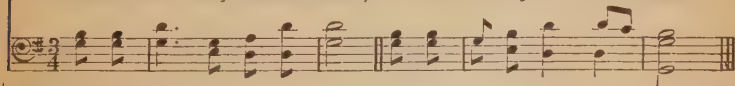
"For yet a little while and He that shall come will come, and will not tarry."—Heb. 10: 37.

REV. ED. H. BICKERSTETH.

DR. LOWELL MASON, 1840.



- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1. "Till He come!"—Oh, let the words
D. C. Let us think, how heav'n and home</p> <p>2. When the wea - ry ones we love
D. C. Hush! be ev - ery mur-mur dumb,</p> | <p>Linger on the trem - bling chords;
Lie be - yond that "Till He come!"</p> <p>En - ter on that rest a - bove,
It is on - ly "Till He come!"</p> |
|--|---|



Let the "lit-tle while" be - tween
When the words of love and cheer

In their gold-en light be seen;
Fall no lon-ger on our ear,



- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>3 Clouds and darkness round us press;
Would we have one sorrow less?
All the sharpness of the cross,
All that tells the world is loss.
Death, and darkness, and the tomb,
Pain us only "Till He come!"</p> | <p>4 See the feast of love is spread,
Drink the wine and eat the bread;
Sweet memorials, till the Lord
Calls us round His heavenly board,
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only "Till He come!"</p> |
|---|--|

No. 70.

DENNIS. S. M.
Key F.

- 1 How solemn are the words,
And yet to faith how plain,
Which Jesus uttered while on earth—
"Ye must be born again!"
- 2 "Ye must be born again!"
For so hath God decreed;
No reformation will suffice—
'Tis life poor sinners need.
- 3 "Ye must be born again!"
And life in Christ must have;
In vain the soul may elsewhere go—
'Tis He alone can save.
- 4 "Ye must be born again!"
Or never enter heaven;
'Tis only blood-washed ones are there,
The ransomed and forgiven.

ANON.

No. 71.

ORTONVILLE. C. M.
Key B♭.

- 1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear;
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.
- 3 Dear Name, the Rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasure, filled
With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 Jesus my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.
- 5 I would Thy boundless love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
So shall the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

REV. JOHN NEWTON.

No. 72.

The Precious Name.

"And blessed be His glorious name for ever."—Psa. 72: 19.

MRS. LYDIA BAXTER.

W. H. DOANE, by per.

1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor - row and of woe—
2. Take the name of Je - sus ev - er, As a shield from ev - ery snare;
3. Oh! the pre - cious name of Je - sus; How it thrills our souls with joy.
4. At the name of Je - sus bow - ing, Fall - ing pros - trate at His feet,

It will joy and com - fort give you, Take it then where'er you go.
If temp - ta - tions 'round you gath - er, Breathe that ho - ly name in pray'r.
When His lov - ing arms re - ceive us, And His songs our tongues employ!
King of kings in heav'n we'll crown Him, When our jour - ney is com - plete.

CHORUS.

Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of

Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.
Precious name, O how sweet— Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.

Precious name, O how sweet, how sweet,

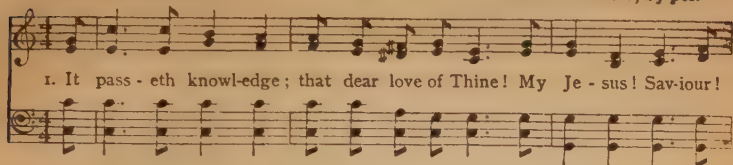
No. 73.

"It Passeth Knowledge."

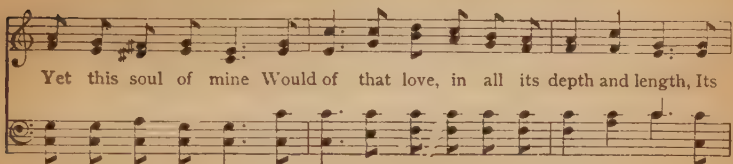
"The love of Christ, which passeth knowledge."—Eph. 3: 19.

MARY SHEKLETON.

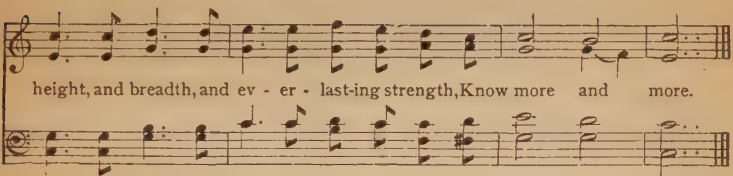
IRA D. SANKEY, by per.



1. It pass - eth knowl - edge; that dear love of Thine! My Je - sus! Sav-iour!



Yet this soul of mine Would of that love, in all its depth and length, Its



height, and breadth, and ev - er - last-ing strength, Know more and more.

2

5

It passeth *telling* ' that dear love of Thine, I *am* an empty vessel! scarce one thought
My Jesus! Saviour! Yet these lips of mine Or look of love to Thee I've ever brought,
Would fain proclaim to sinners far and Yet, I *may* come, and come again to Thee
near With this—the contrite sinner's truthful
A love which can remove all guilty fear, plea—
And love beget, "Thou lovest me!"

3

6

It passeth *praises*! that dear love of Thine,
My Jesus! Saviour! Yet this heart of mine
Would sing a love so rich, so full, so free,
Which brought an undone sinner, such as
me,

Oh! *fill* me, Jesus! Saviour! with Thy love!
May woes but drive me to the fount above.
Thither may I in childlike faith draw nigh,
And never to another fountain fly
But unto Thee!

Right home to God.

7

4
But ah! I cannot tell, or sing, or know
The fulness of that love, whilst here below
Yet my poor vessel I may freely bring,
O Thou who art of love the living spring,
My vessel fill.

And when, my Jesus! Thy dear face I see,
When at Thy lofty throne I bend the knee,
Then of Thy love—in all its breadth and
length,
Its height, and depth, and everlasting
strength—
My soul shall sing.

No. 74.

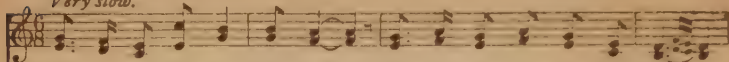
Oh, to be Nothing.

"Neither is he that planteth anything, neither he that watereth."—1 Cor. 3: 7.

GEORGIANA M. TAYLOR, 1869.

R. GEO. HALLS. Arr. by P. P. BLISS.

Very slow.



1. Oh, to be noth-ing, noth-ing, On-ly to lie at His feet;
2. Oh, to be noth-ing, noth-ing, On-ly as led by His hand;
3. Oh, to be noth-ing, noth-ing, Pain-ful the hum-bling may be.



CHO. Oh, to be noth-ing, noth-ing, On-ly to lie at His feet.

FINE.



A bro-ken and emp-tied ves-sel, For the Mas-ter's use made meet.
A mes-sen-ger at His gate-way, On-ly wait-ing for His com-mand,
Yet low in the dust I'd lay me That the world might my Sav-iour see.



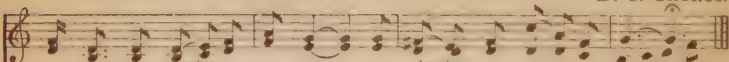
A bro-ken and emp-tied ves-sel, For the Mas-ter's use made meet.



Emptied that He might fill me As forth to His ser-vice I go;
On-ly an in-stru-ment read-y His prais-es to sound at His will,
Rath-er be noth-ing, noth-ing, To Him let our voic-es be raised,



D. C. CHORUS.



Bro-ken, that so un-hin-dered, His life through me might flow.
Will-ing, should He re-quire me, In si-lence to wait on Him still.
He is the Foun-tain of bless-ing, He on-ly is meet to be praised.



No. 75.

Almost Persuaded.

"Almost Thou persuadest me to be a Christian."—Acts 26: 28.

P. P. BLISS.

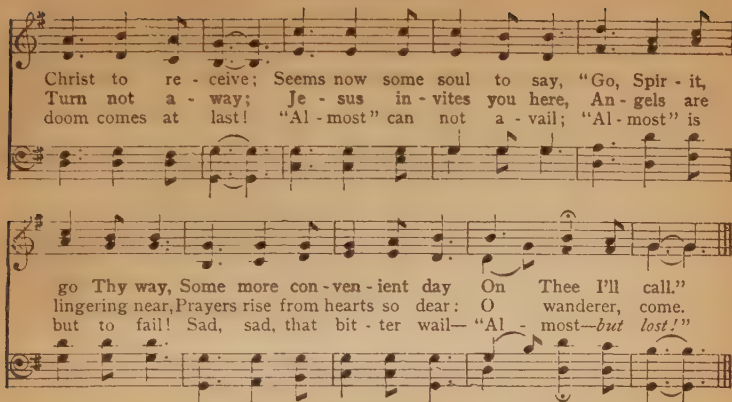
P. P. BLISS, by per.



1. "Al-most per-suad-ed" Now to be-lieve; "Al-most per-suad-ed"
2. "Al-most per-suad-ed" Come, come to-day; "Al-most per-suad-ed"
3. "Al-most per-suad-ed," har-vest is past! "Al-most per-suad-ed,"



Almost Persuaded.



Christ to re - ceive; Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spir - it,
Turn not a - way; Je - sus in - vites you here, An - gels are
doom comes at last! "Al - most" can not a - vail; "Al - most" is

go Thy way, Some more con - ven - ient day On Thee I'll call."
lingering near, Prayers rise from hearts so dear: O wanderer, come.
but to fail! Sad, sad, that bit - ter wail— "Al - most—*but* lost!"

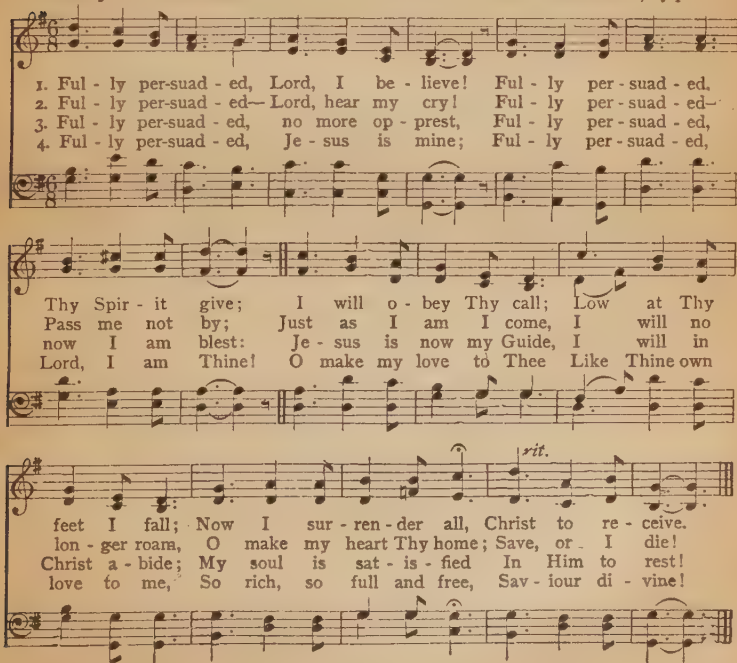
No. 76.

Fully Persuaded.

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."—Acts 16: 31.

REV. J. B. ATCHINSON.

WM. F. SHERWIN, by per.



1. Ful - ly per - suad - ed, Lord, I be - lieve! Ful - ly per - suad - ed.
2. Ful - ly per - suad - ed—Lord, hear my cry! Ful - ly per - suad - ed—
3. Ful - ly per - suad - ed, no more op - prest, Ful - ly per - suad - ed,
4. Ful - ly per - suad - ed, Je - sus is mine; Ful - ly per - suad - ed,

Thy Spir - it give; I will o - bey Thy call; Low at Thy
Pass me not by; Just as I am I come, I will no
now I am blest: Je - sus is now my Guide, I will in
Lord, I am Thine! O make my love to Thee Like Thine own

feet I fall; Now I sur - ren - der all, Christ to re - ceive.
lon - ger roars, O make my heart Thy home; Save, or I die!
Christ a - bide; My soul is sat - is - fied In Him to rest!
love to me, So rich, so full and free, Sav - iour di - vine!

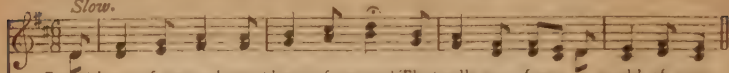
No. 77. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

"Evening, and morning, and at noon will I pray."—Psalm 55 : 17.

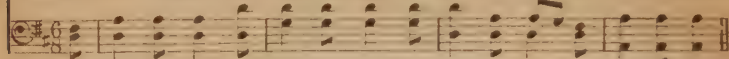
REV. W. W. WALFORD, 1846.

WM. B. BRADBURY, 1859.

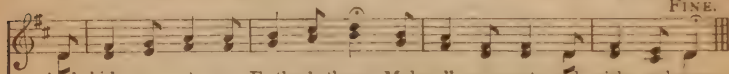
Slow.



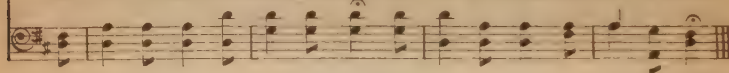
1. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! That calls me from a world of care,
D.C. And oft es-caped the tempter's snare, By thy re - turn, sweet hour of prayer.



FINE.



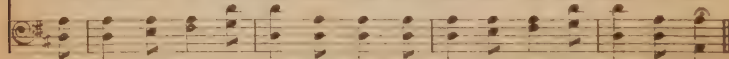
And bids me at my Fa-ther's throne Make all my wants and wish - es known:
And oft escaped the tempter's snare, By thy re - turn, sweet hour of prayer!



D.C.



In sea - sons of dis - tress and grief, My soul has of - ten found re - lief;



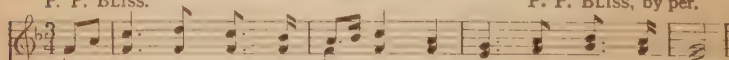
<p>2. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! Thy wings shall my petition bear To Him whose truth and faithfulness Engage the waiting soul to bless. And since He bids me seek His face, Believe His word, and trust His grace, I'll cast on Him my every care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer! </p>	<p>3. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! May I thy consolation share, Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height, I view my home and take my flight; This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise To seize the everlasting prize; And shout, while passing through the air, Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer! </p>
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No. 78. No Other Name.

"Neither is there salvation in any other."—Acts 4: 12.

P. P. BLISS.

P. P. BLISS, by per.



1. One of - fer of sal - va - tion, To all the world make known;
2. One on - ly door of heav - en Stands o - pen wide to - day,
3. My on - ly song and sto - ry Is — Je - sus died for me;



The on - ly sure foun - da - tion Is Christ, the Cor - ner - Stone.
One sac - ri - fice is giv - en, 'Tis Christ, the liv - ing way.
My on - ly hope of glo - ry, The Cross of Cal - va - ry.



No Other Name.

CHORUS.

No oth - er name is giv - en, No oth - er way is known, 'Tis
Je - sus Christ, the First and Last, He saves, and He a - lone.

No. 79. What Shall the Harvest Be?

"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."—Gal. 6: 7.

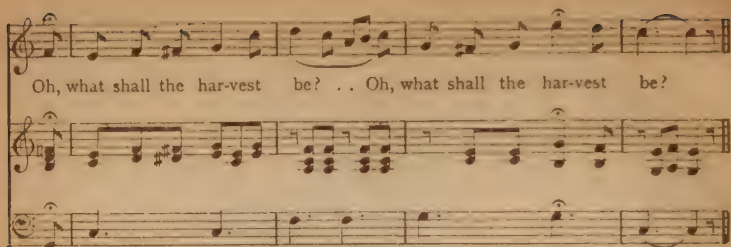
MISS EMILY S. OAKEY, 1850. *Alt.*

P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. Sowing the seed by the daylight fair, Sow-ing the seed by the noonday glare,
2. Sowing the seed by the wayside high, Sow-ing the seed on the rocks to die,
3. Sowing the seed of a lingering pain, Sow-ing the seed of a maddened brain,
4. Sowing the seed with an ach-ing heart, Sow-ing the seed while the tear-drops start,

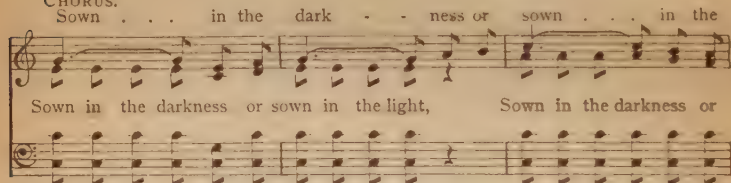
Sowing the seed by the fa - ding light, Sow-ing the seed in the sol-emn night;
Sowing the seed where the thorns will spoil, Sow-ing the seed in the fer - tile soil;
Sowing the seed of a tarnished name, Sow-ing the seed of e - ter - nal shame;
Sowing in hope till the reap - ers come, Glad-ly to gath - er the har-vest home;

What Shall the Harvest Be?

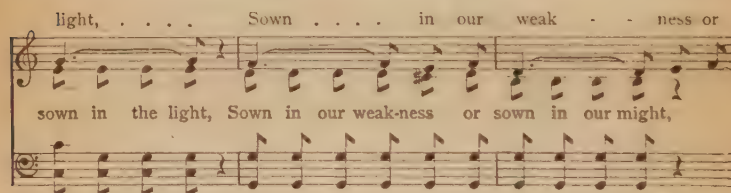


Oh, what shall the har-vest be? . . Oh, what shall the har-vest be?

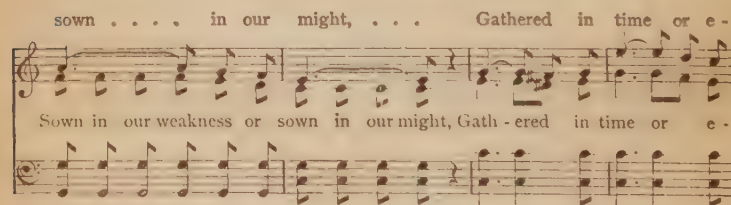
CHORUS.



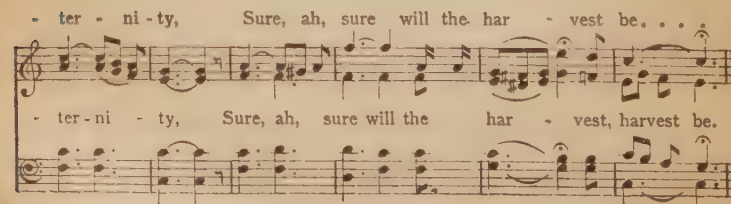
Sown . . . in the dark - - ness or sown . . . in the



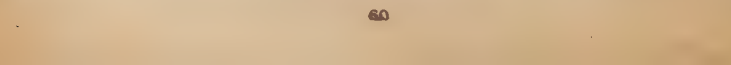
Sown in the darkness or sown in the light, Sown in the darkness or



light, Sown in our weak - - ness or



sown in the light, Sown in our weak-ness or sown in our might,

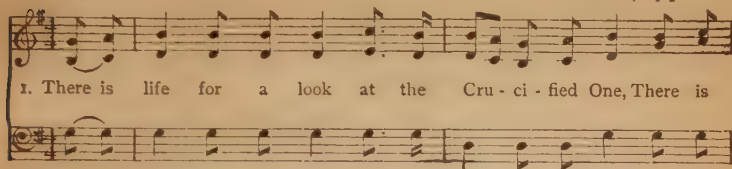


sown in our might, . . . Gathered in time or e -

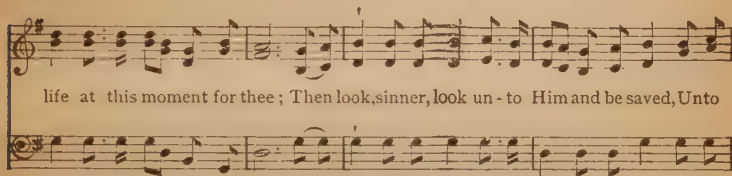
"Look unto Me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth."—Isaiah 45: 22.

AMELIA M. HULL.

REV. E. G. TAYLOR, by per.



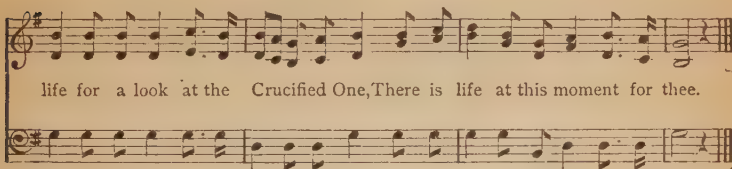
1. There is life for a look at the Cru - ci - fied One, There is



life at this moment for thee; Then look, sinner, look un - to Him and be saved, Unto



Him who was nailed to the tree. Look! look! look and live! There is



life for a look at the Crucified One, There is life at this moment for thee.

- 2 Oh, why was He there as the bearer of 4 Then doubt not thy welcome, since God
sin, has declared
If on Jesus thy guilt was not laid? There remaineth no more to be done;
Oh, why from His side flowed the sin- That once in the end of the world He
cleansing blood, appeared,
If His dying thy debt has not paid? And completed the work He begun.
- 3 It is not thy tears of repentance and 5 Then take with rejoicing from Jesus at
prayers, once,
But the *Blood*, that atones for the soul; The life everlasting He gives;
On Him, then, who shed it, thou mayest And know with assurance thou never
at once canst die,
Thy weight of iniquities roll. Since Jesus thy righteousness, lives.

No. 81.

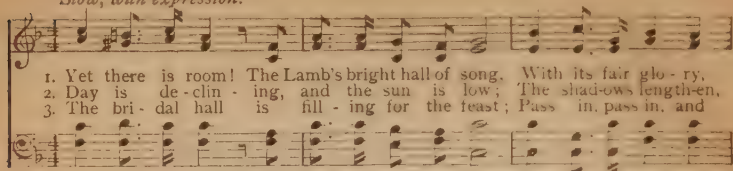
Yet There is Room.

"Yet there is room."—Luke 14: 22.

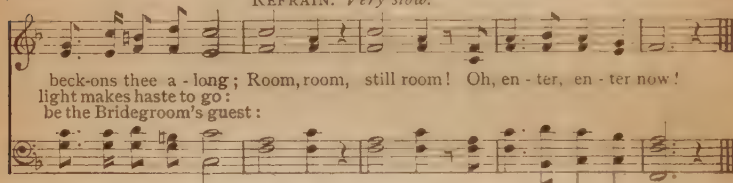
HORATIUS BONAR, D.D., 1873.

IRA D. SANKEY, by per.

Slow, with expression.



REFRAIN. *Very slow.*



- 4 It fills, it fills, that hall of jubilee!
 Make haste, make haste; 'tis not too full for thee:
 Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!
- 5 Yet there is room! Still open stands the gate,
 The gate of love; it is not yet too late:
 Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!
- 6 Pass in, pass in! That banquet is for thee;
 That cup of everlasting love is free;
 Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!
- 7 All heaven is there, all joy! Go in, go in;
 The angels beckon thee the prize to win:
 Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!
- 8 Louder and sweeter sounds the loving call:
 Come, lingerer, come; enter that festal hall:
 Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!
- 9 Ere night that gate may close, and seal thy doom,
 Then the last, low, long cry:—"No room, no room!"
 No room, no room,—oh, woful cry, "No room!"

No. 82.

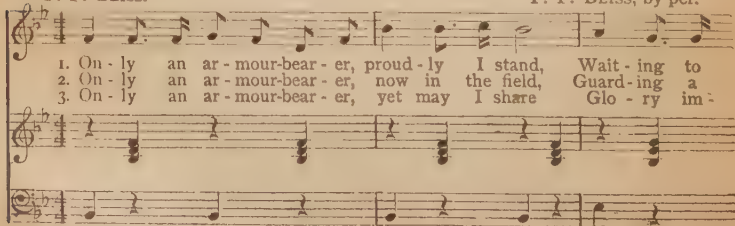
Only an Armour-Bearer.

"Now it came to pass upon a day, that Jonathan the son of Saul said unto the young man that bare his armour, Come, and let us go over to the Philistines' garrison that is on the other side; it may be that the Lord will work for us: for there is no restraint to the Lord to save by many or by few. And his armour-bearer said unto him, Do all that is in thine heart: turn thee, behold, I am with thee according to thine heart. And Jonathan climbed up upon his hands and upon his feet, and his armour-bearer after him: and they fell before Jonathan; and his armour-bearer slew after him. So the Lord saved Israel that day, and the battle passed over unto Beth-aven."—1 Sam.

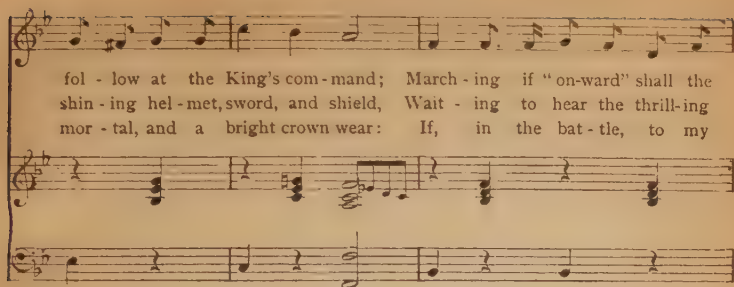
14: 1, 6, 7, 13, 23.

P. P. BLISS.

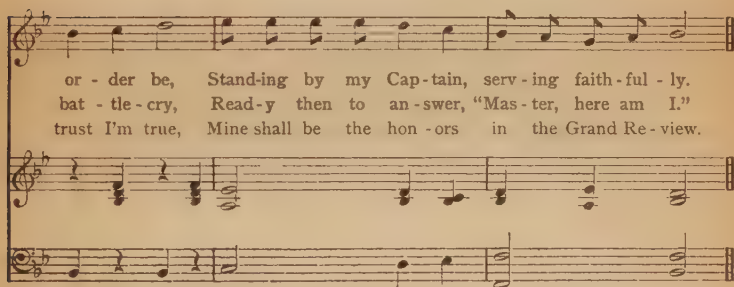
P. P. BLISS, by per.



Only an Armour-Beaver.

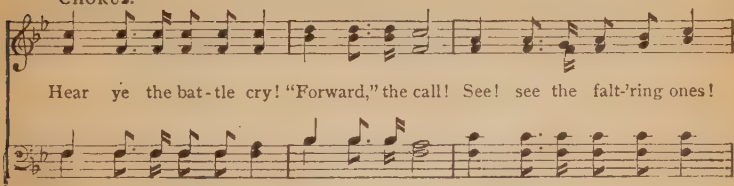


fol - low at the King's com-mand; March-ing if "on-ward" shall the
shin-ing hel-met, sword, and shield, Wait-ing to hear the thrill-ing
mor-tal, and a bright crown wear: If, in the bat-tle, to my

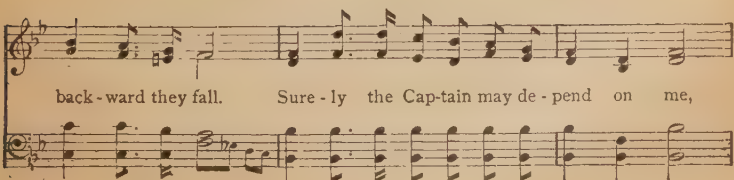


or - der be, Stand-ing by my Cap-tain, serv-ing faith-ful-ly.
bat-tle-cry, Read-y then to an-swer, "Mas-ter, here am I."
trust I'm true, Mine shall be the hon-ors in the Grand Re-view.

CHORUS.

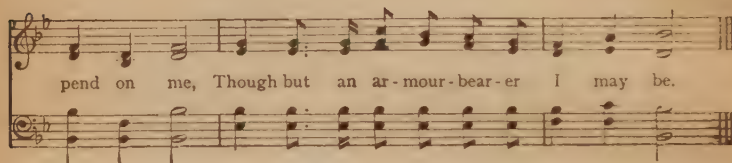
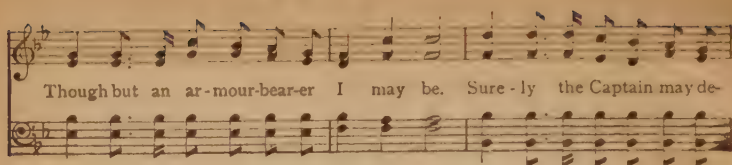


Hear ye the bat-tle cry! "Forward," the call! See! see the falt-ring ones!



back-ward they fall. Sure-ly the Cap-tain may de-pend on me,

Only an Armour-Bearer.



No. 83.

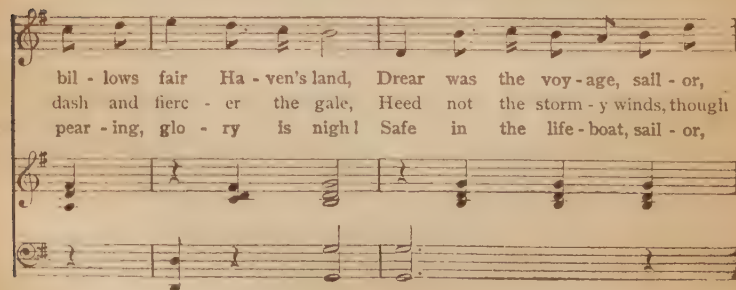
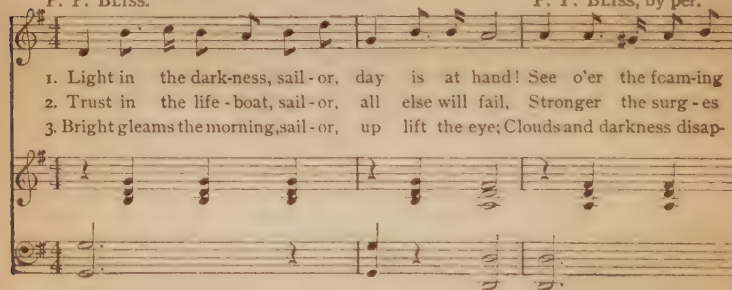
Pull for the Shore.

"Therefore, if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things are passed away, behold, all things are become new."—2 Cor. 5: 17.

"Therefore, my beloved, * * * work out your own salvation with fear and trembling."—Phil. 2: 12.

P. P. BLISS.

P. P. BLISS, by per.



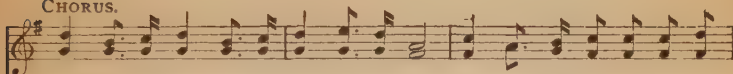
Pull for the Shore.



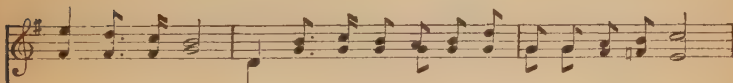
now al-most o'er, Safe with-in the life-boat, sail - or, pull for the shore.
loud - ly they roar; Watch the "bright and morning star," and pull for the shore.
sing ev - er-more; "Glo-ry, glo-ry, hal - le - lu - jah!" pull for the shore.



CHORUS.



Pull for the shore, sail-or, pull for the shore! Heed not the roll-ing waves, but



bend to the oar, Safe in the life-boat, sail-or, cling to self no more!



Leave the poor old strand-ed wreck, and pull for the shore.



No. 84.

Sun of My Soul.

"The Lord God is a sun."—Psalm 84 : 11.

JOHN KEBLE, 1827.

German. Arr. by W. H. MONK.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav-our dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
2. When the soft dews of kind-ly sleep My wearied eye has gen-tly steep.

Oh, may no earth-born cloud a-rise. To hide Thee from Thy ser-vant's eyes.
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Sav-our's breast.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.</p> <p>4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine—
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.</p> | <p>5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.</p> <p>6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.</p> |
|---|---|

No. 85.

Jesus, Rober of My Soul.

"The Lord will be a refuge in times of trouble."—Psalm 9: 9.

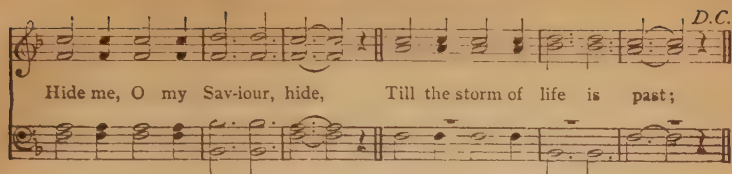
REV. CH. WESLEY, 1740.

SIMEON B. MARSH, 1834.

1. { Je-sus, lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo-som fly, }
While the near-er wa-ters roll, While the tem-pest still is high; }
D.C. Safe in- to the ha-ven guide, Oh, re-ceive my soul at last.

FINE.

Jesus, Lover of My Soul.



2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, oh, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.

Just and holy is Thy Name,
I am all unrighteousness:
Vile, and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found—
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound;
Make me keep me, pure within.
Thou of life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

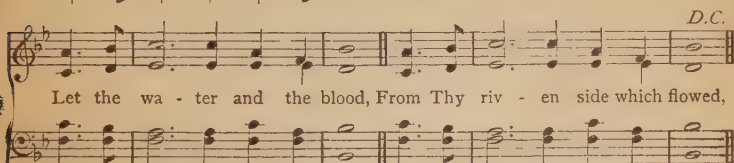
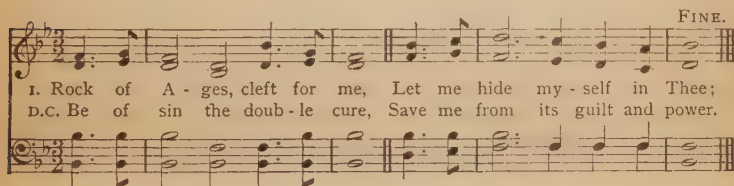
No. 86.

Rock of Ages.

"The Lord is my defence, and my God is the Rock of my refuge."—Psalm 94: 22

REV. A. M. TOPLADY, 1776.

DR. THOS. HASTINGS, 1830.



2 Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress,

Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyes shall close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

No. 87.

Even Me.

"Bless me, even me also, O my Father."—Gen. 27: 38.

MRS. ELIZABETH CODNER.

WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.

1. Lord, I hear of showers of bless-ing Thou art scatter-ing full and free—
Showers, the thirst-y land re-fresh-ing; Let some drow-ings fall on me—
2. Pass me not, O gra-cious Fa-ther! Sin-ful tho' my heart may be:
Thou might'st leave me, but the rath-er Let Thy mer-cy fall on me—

E - ven me, E - ven me, Let Thy bless-ing fall on me.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour!
Let me love and cling to Thee;
I am longing for Thy favor;
Whilst Thou'rt calling, oh, call me.—Even | 5 Love of God, so pure and changeless;
Blood of Christ, so rich and free;
Grace of God, so strong and boundless;
Magnify them all in me.—Even me. |
| 4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me.—Even me. | 6 Pass me not! Thy lost one bringing,
Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee;
While the streams of life are springing,
Blessing others, oh, bless me.—Even me. |

No. 88. Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

"For Thy name's sake, lead me, and guide me."—Psalm 31: 3.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS, 1771.

WM. L. VINER.

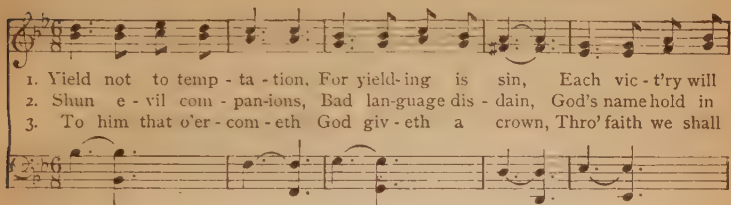
1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim thro' this bar - ren land:
d. c.—Bread of hea-ven, Bread of hea-ven, Feed me till I want no more.
2. O - pen now the crys - tal fountain, Whence the heal-ing wa - ters flow;
d. c.—Strong De - liv-er, Strong De - liv-er, Be Thou still my strength and shield.
3. When I tread the verge of Jor-dan, Bid my anx-i-ous fears sub-side:
d. c.—Songs of praises, Songs of praises, I will ev-er give to Thee.

I am weak, but Thou art might-y; Hold me with Thy power-ful hand:
Let the fie-ry, cloud-y pil-lar Lead me all my jour-ney through:
Bear me through the swelling cur-rent, Land me safe on Canaan's side:

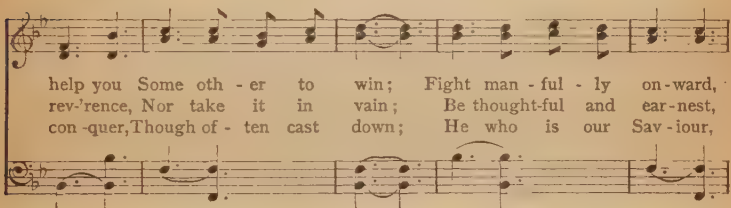
"God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able."—1 Cor. 10: 13.

H. R. PALMER.

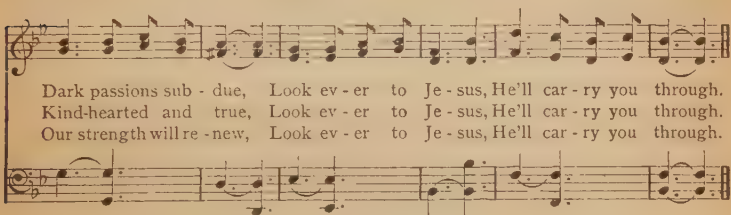
H. R. PALMER, by per.



1. Yield not to temp - ta - tion, For yield - ing is sin, Each vic - t'ry will
2. Shun e - vil com - pan - ions, Bad lan - guage dis - dain, God's name hold in
3. To him that o'er - com - eth God giv - eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall

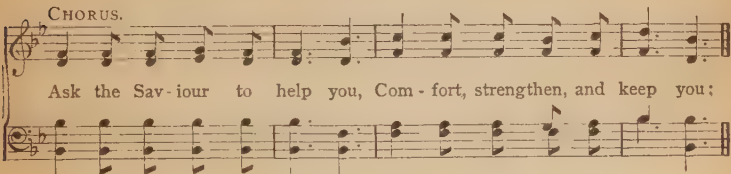


help you Some oth - er to win; Fight man - ful - ly on - ward,
rev - rence, Nor take it in vain; Be thought - ful and ear - nest,
con - quer, Though of - ten cast down; He who is our Sav - iour,

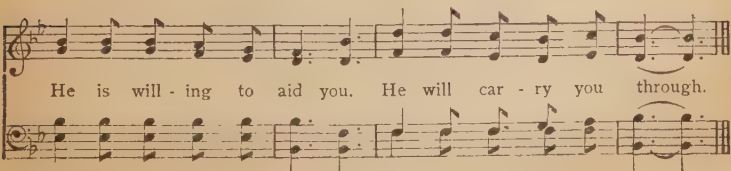


Dark passions sub - due, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you through.
Kind - hearted and true, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you through.
Our strength will re - new, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you through.

CHORUS.



Ask the Sav - iour to help you, Com - fort, strengthen, and keep you;

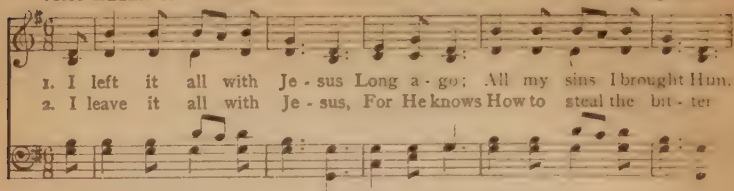


He is will - ing to aid you. He will car - ry you through.

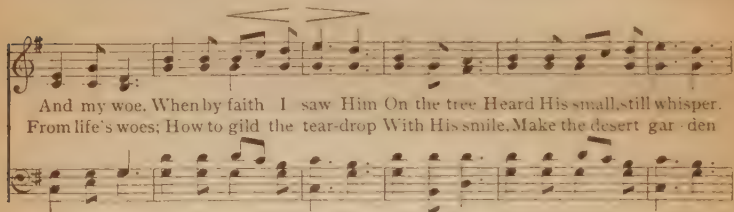
"Casting all your care upon Him; for He careth for you."—1 Peter 5: 7.

MISS ELLEN H. WILLIS.

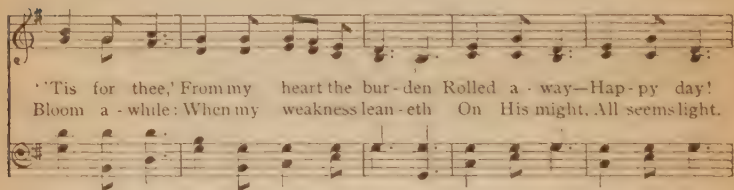
English.



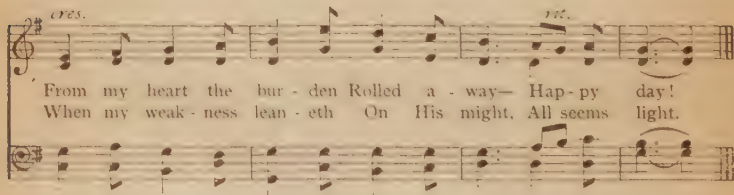
1. I left it all with Je - sus Long a - go; All my sins I brought Him.
2. I leave it all with Je - sus, For He knows How to steal the bit - ter



And my woe, When by faith I saw Him On the tree Heard His small, still whisper.
From life's woes; How to gild the tear-drop With His smile. Make the desert gar - den



'Tis for thee, From my heart the bur - den Rolled a - way—Hap - py day!
Bloom a - while: When my weakness lean - eth On His might, All seems light.



From my heart the bur - den Rolled a - way—Hap - py day!
When my weak - ness lean - eth On His might, All seems light.

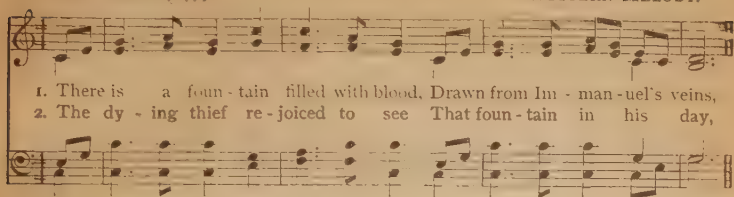
3 I leave it all with Jesus
Day by day;
Faith can firmly trust Him
Come what may.
Hope has dropped her anchor,
Found her rest
In the calm, sure haven
Of His breast:
Love esteems it heaven
To abide
At His side.

4. Oh, leave it *all* with Jesus,
Drooping soul!
Tell not *half* thy story,
But the whole.
Worlds on worlds are hanging
On His hand,
Life and death are waiting
His command;
Yet His tender bosom
Makes *thee* room—
Oh, come home!

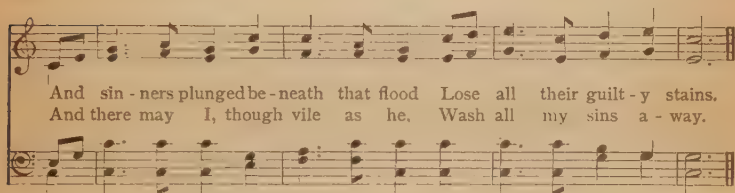
"A Fountain opened for sin."—Zech. 13: 1.

WM. COWPER, 1779.

WESTERN MELODY.

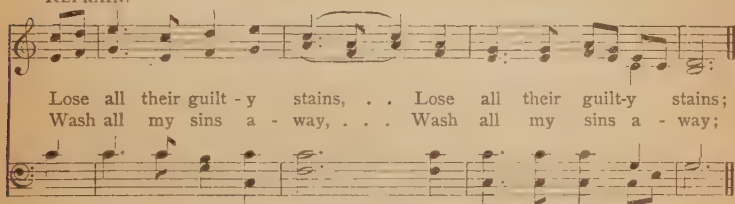


1. There is a foun - tain filled with blood, Drawn from Im - man - uel's veins,
2. The dy - ing thief re - joiced to see That foun - tain in his day,

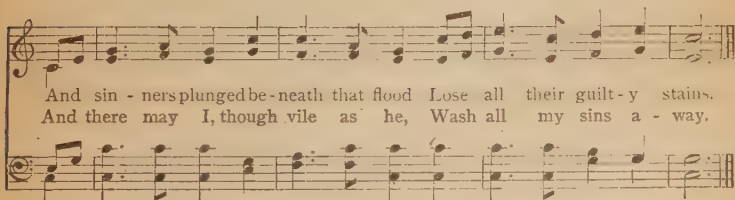


And sin - ners plunged be - neath that flood Lose all their guilt - y stains.
And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.

REFRAIN.



Lose all their guilt - y stains, . . . Lose all their guilt - y stains;
Wash all my sins a - way, . . . Wash all my sins a - way;



And sin - ners plunged be - neath that flood Lose all their guilt - y stains.
And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.

3

E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme.
And shall be till I die.—REF.

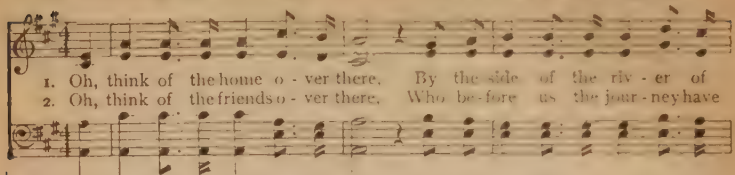
4

Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor, lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.—REF.

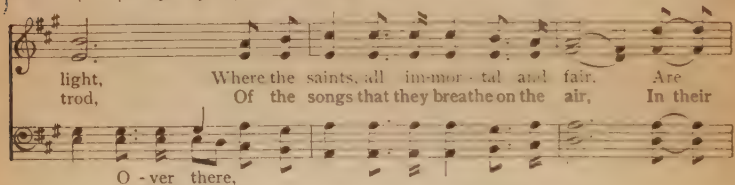
"Oh that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away and
be at rest."—Psalm 55: 6.

REV. D. W. C. HUNTINGTON.

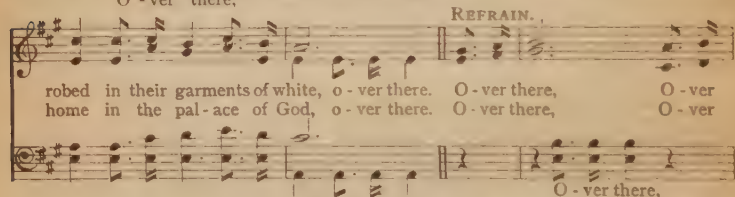
TULLIUS C. O'KANE, by per.



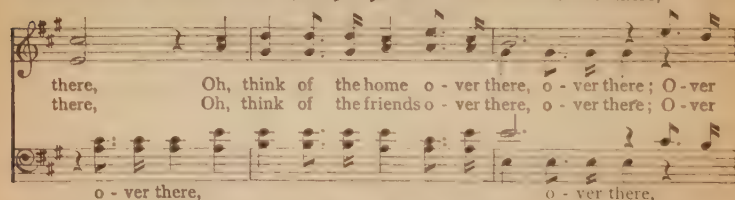
1. Oh, think of the home o - ver there, By the side of the riv - er of
2. Oh, think of the friends o - ver there, Who be - fore us the jour - ney have



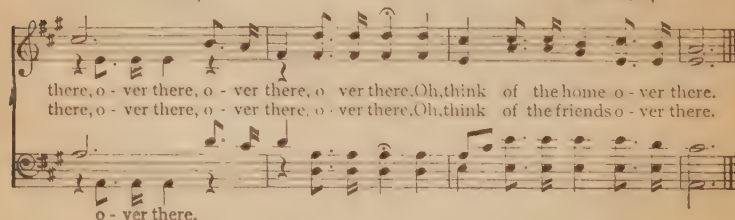
light, Where the saints, all im - mor - tal and fair, Are
trod, Of the songs that they breathe on the air, In their
O - ver there,



robed in their garments of white, o - ver there. O - ver there, O - ver
home in the pal - ace of God, o - ver there. O - ver there, O - ver
O - ver there,



there, Oh, think of the home o - ver there, o - ver there; O - ver
there, Oh, think of the friends o - ver there, o - ver there; O - ver
o - ver there, o - ver there,



there, o - ver there, o - ver there, o - ver there. Oh, think of the home o - ver there.
there, o - ver there, o - ver there, o - ver there. Oh, think of the friends o - ver there.
o - ver there,

3 My Saviour is now over there,

There my kindred and friends are at rest;

Then away from my sorrow and care,

Let me fly to the land of the blest.

Over there, over there,

My Saviour is now over there.

4 I'll soon be at home over there,

For the end of the journey I see;

Many dear to my heart, over there,

Are watching and waiting for me.

Over there, over there,

I'll soon be at home over there.

No. 93.

My Prayer.

"Be ye therefore perfect."—Matt 5: 48.

P. P. BLISS.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. More ho-li-ness give me, More striv-ings with-in;
 2. More grat-i-tude give me, More trust in the Lord;
 3. More pu-ri-ty give me, More strength to o'er-come;
 More patience in suff'ring, More sor-row for sin; More faith in my Sav-iour,
 More pride in His glo-ry, More hope in His word; More tears for his sor-rows,
 More freedom from earth-stains, More longings for home; More fit for the king-dom,
 More sense of His care; More joy in His ser-vice, More pur-pose in prayer.
 More pain at His grief; More meekness in tri-al, More praise for re-lief.
 More used would I be; More bless-ed and ho-ly, More, Sav-iour, like Thee.

No. 94.

Only Trust Him.

"Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me; and ye shall find rest unto your souls."—Matt. 11: 29.

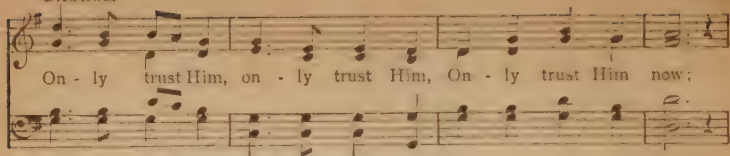
REV. J. H. S.

REV. J. H. STOCKTON, by per.

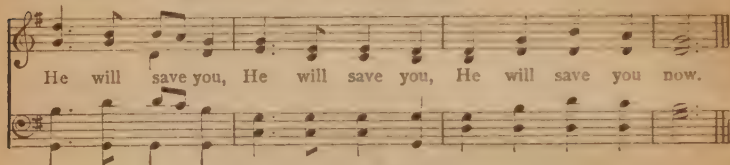
1. Come, ev-ery soul by sin oppressed, There's mer-cy with the Lord,
 2. For Je-sus shed His pre-cious blood Rich bless-ings to be-stow;
 3. Yes, Je-sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in-to rest;
 4. Come then, and join this ho-ly band, And on to glo-ry go,
 And He will sure-ly give you rest, By trust-ing in His word.
 Plunge now in-to the crim-son flood That wash-es white as snow.
 Be-lieve in Him with-out de-lay, And you are ful-ly blest.
 To dwell in that ce-les-tial land, Where joys im-mor-tal flow.

Only Trust Him.

CHORUS.



On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, On - ly trust Him now;



He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.

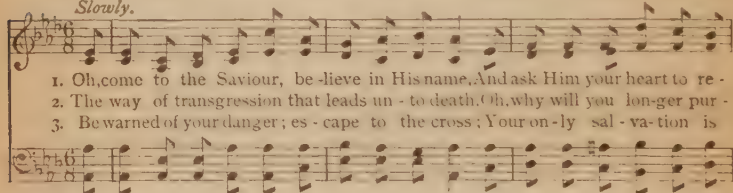
No. 95. Yes, There is Pardon for You.

"He will abundantly pardon."—Isa. 55 : 7.

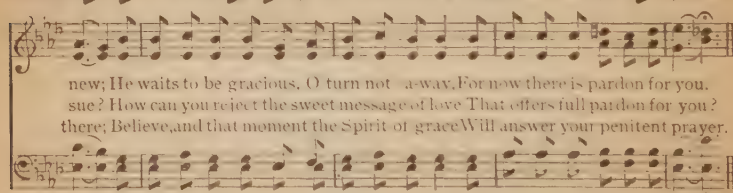
FANNY J. CROSBY.

HUBERT P. MAIN, by per.

Slowly.

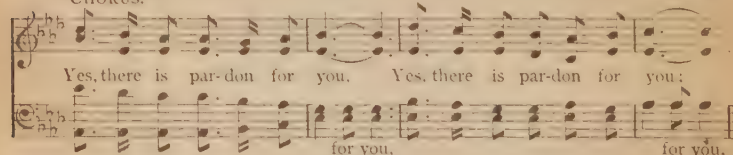


1. Oh, come to the Saviour, be-lieve in His name, And ask Him your heart to re-
2. The way of transgression that leads un - to death, Oh, why will you lon-ger pur -
3. Bewarned of your danger; es - cape to the cross; Your on-ly sal - va-tion is

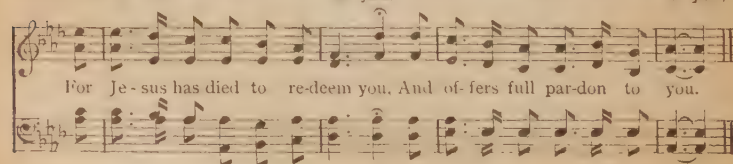


new; He waits to be gracious, O turn not a-way, For now there is pardon for you.
 sue? How can you reject the sweet message of love That offers full pardon for you?
 there; Believe, and that moment the Spirit of grace Will answer your penitent prayer.

CHORUS.



Yes, there is par-don for you. Yes, there is par-don for you;
 for you, for you,



For Je - sus has died to re-deem you, And of-fers full par-don to you.

No. 96.

Nothing but Leaves.

"And when He came to it He found nothing but leaves."—Mark 11: 13.

LUCY EVELINA AKERMAN.

SILAS J. VAIL, by per.

1. Noth- ing but leaves! The Spir- it grieves O'er years of wast- ed life; O'er
 2. Noth- ing but leaves! No gath-ered sheaves, Of life's fair ripening grain. We
 3. Noth- ing but leaves! Sad mem-ry weaves No veil to hide the past: And
 4. Ah, who shall thus the Mas- ter meet, And bring but with-ered leaves? Ah,

sins in-dulged while conscience slept, O'er vows and prom- is- es un-kept, And
 sow our seeds; lo! tares and weeds,—Words, i- dle words, for earnest deeds—Then
 as we trace our wea- ry way, And count each lost and mis-spent day, We
 who shall at the Sav- iour's feet, Be- fore the aw- ful judgment-seat Lay

reap from years of strife — Noth- ing but leaves! Noth- ing but leaves!
 reap, with toil and pain, Noth- ing but leaves! Noth- ing but leaves!
 sad- ly find at last— Noth- ing but leaves! Noth- ing but leaves!
 down for gold- en sheaves, Noth- ing but leaves! Noth- ing but leaves!

No. 97.

Jewels.

"And they shall be Mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when
 I make up My jewels."—Malachi 3: 17.

REV. W. O. CUSHING.

GEO. F. ROOT, by per.

Moderato.

1. When He com-eth, when He com-eth To make up His jew-els, All His
 2. He will gath-er, He will gath-er The gems for His kingdom: All the
 3. Lit- tle chil- dren, lit- tle chil- dren, Who love their Re- deem- er, Are the

CHORUS.

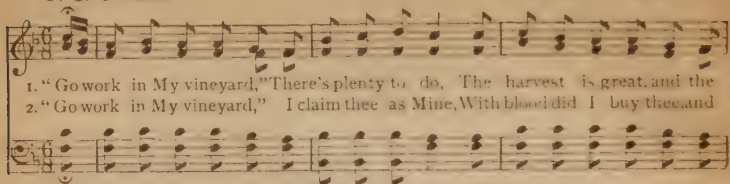
jew-els, pre- cious jew-els, His loved and His own. Like the stars of the
 pure ones, all the bright ones, His loved and His own.
 jew-els, pre- cious jew-els, His loved and His own.

morning, His bright crown adorning, They shall shine in their beauty, Bright gems for His crown.

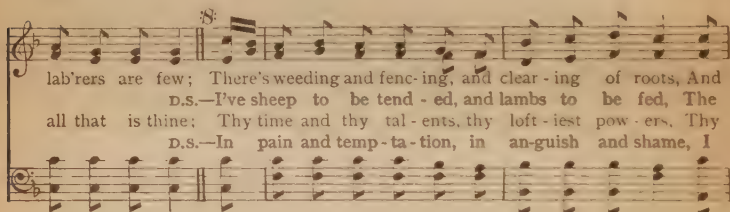
"Go work to-day in My vineyard."—Matt. 21: 28.

T. C. O'KANE.

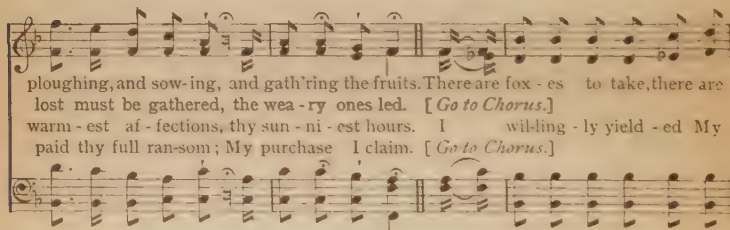
T. C. O'KANE, by per.



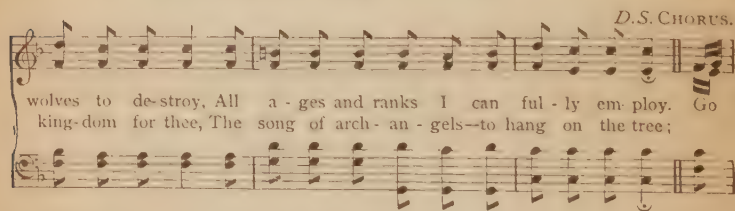
1. "Go work in My vineyard," There's plenty to do, The harvest is great, and the
2. "Go work in My vineyard," I claim thee as Mine, With blood did I buy thee, and



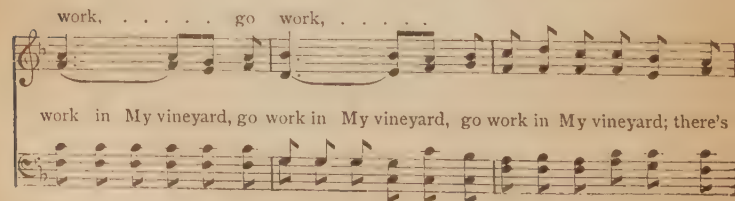
lab'ers are few; There's weeding and fenc-ing, and clear-ing of roots, And
D.S.—I've sheep to be tend-ed, and lambs to be fed, The
all that is thine: Thy time and thy tal-ents, thy loft-iest pow-ers, Thy
D.S.—In pain and temp-tation, in an-guish and shame, I



ploughing, and sow-ing, and gath'ring the fruits. There are fox-es to take, there are
lost must be gathered, the wea-ry ones led. [Go to Chorus.]
warm-est af-fections, thy sun-ni-est hours. I wil-ling-ly yield-ed My
paid thy full ran-som; My purchase I claim. [Go to Chorus.]



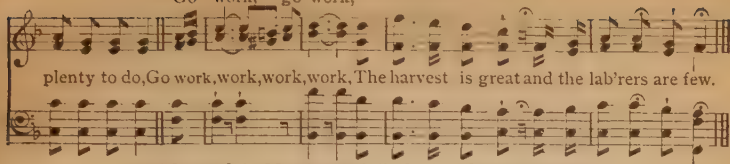
D.S. CHORUS.
wolves to de-destroy, All a-ges and ranks I can ful-ly em-ploy. Go
king-dom for thee, The song of arch-an-gels—to hang on the tree;



work, go work,
work in My vineyard, go work in My vineyard, go work in My vineyard; there's

Go Work in My Vineyard.

Go work, go work,



- 3 "Go work in My vineyard;" oh, "work while 'tis day,"
 The bright hours of sunshine are hastening away;
 And night's gloomy shadows are gathering fast;
 Then the time for our labor shall ever be past.
 Begin in the morning, and toil all the day.
 Thy strength I'll supply and thy wages I'll pay;
 And blessed, thrice blessed the diligent few,
 Who finish the labor I've given them to do.

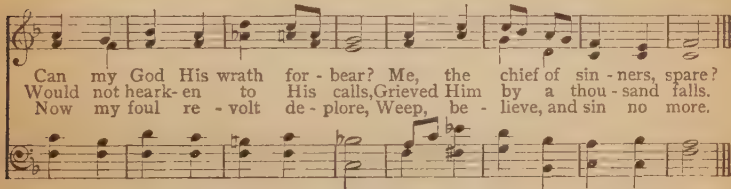
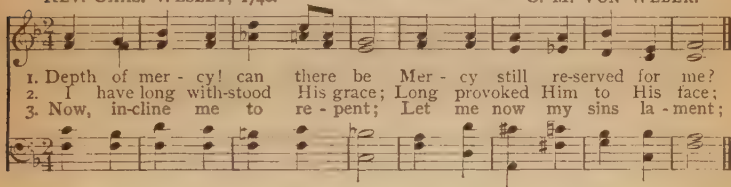
No. 99.

Seymour. 7s.

"A broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise."—Psalm 51: 17.

REV. CHAS. WESLEY, 1740.

C. M. VON WEBER.



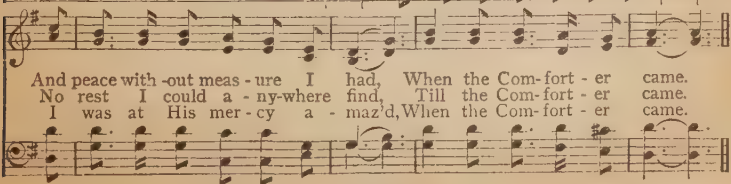
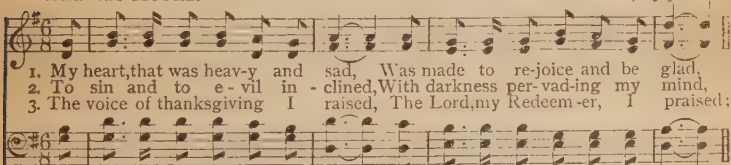
No. 100.

When the Comforter Came.

"He shall give you another Comforter."—John 14: 16.

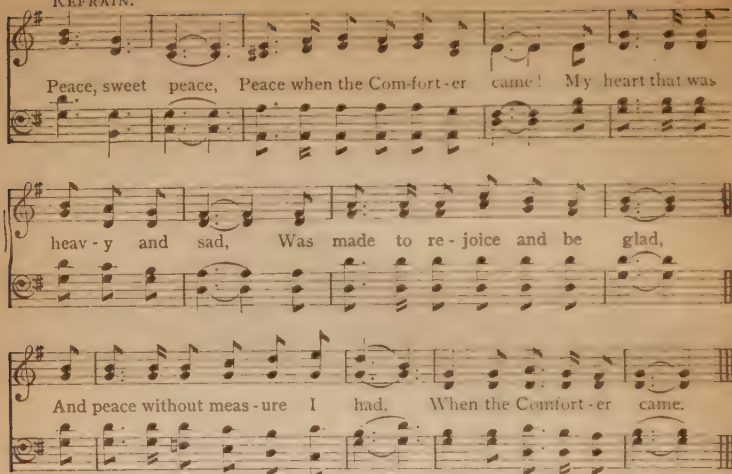
WILLIAM MOORE.

REV. R. LOWRY, by per.



When the Comforter Came.

REFRAIN.



Peace, sweet peace, Peace when the Com-fort-er came! My heart that was
heav-y and sad, Was made to re-joice and be glad,
And peace without meas-ure I had, When the Com-fort-er came.

No. 101.

Coronation. C. M.

REV. E. PERRONET, 1780.

O. HOLDEN, 1793.



1. All hail the power of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels pros-trate fall;
2. Let ev-ery kin-dred, ev-ery tribe, On this ter-res-trial ball,
3. Oh, that with yon-der sa-cred throng We at His feet may fall;
Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
To Him all maj-es-ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all;
We'll join the ev-er-last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

No. 102.

- 1 O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace.
- 2 My gracious Master, and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,—
To spread, through all the earth abroad,
The honors of Thy Name.

- 3 Jesus!—the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
He sets the pris'ner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood avail'd for me.

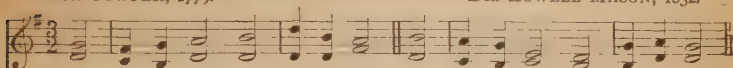
REV. CHAS. WESLEY, 1740.

No. 103.

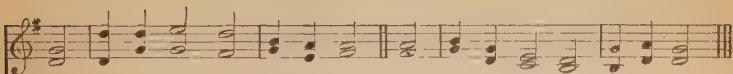
Rockingham. L. M.

WM. COWPER, 1779.

DR. LOWELL MASON, 1832.



1. What va-rious hin - dran - ces we meet, In com-ing to the mer-cy-seat!
2. Prayer makes the darkened clouds withdraw, Prayer climbs the lad - der Ja - cob saw,
3. Re-strain-ing prayer, we cease to fight; Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright:



Yet who that knows the worth of prayer, But wish-es to be of-ten there?
Gives ex-er-cise to faith and love, Brings ev-ery blessing from a - bove.
And Sa-tan trem-bles when he sees The weakest saint up - on his knees.



No. 104.

L. M.

- 1 So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine;
To prove the doctrine all divine.
- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God;
When His salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.
- 3 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,—
The bright appearance of the Lord:
And faith stands leaning on His word.

REV. I. WATTS, 1709.

No. 105.

RETREAT. L. M.
Key C.

- 1 From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.
- 2 There is a place, where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all besides more sweet,—
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.
- 3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sunder'd far, by faith we meet,
Around one common mercy-seat.

REV. HUGH STOWELL, 1827.

No. 106. BENEVENTO. 7s. 8 lines.
Key F.

- 1 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you why?
God, who did your being give,
Made you with Himself to live;
He the fatal cause demands;
Asks the work of His own hands,—
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross His love, and die?
- 2 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why?
He, who did your souls retrieve,
Died Himself, that ye might live.

- Will ye let Him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
Will ye slight His grace and die?
- 3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why?
He who all your lives hath strove,
Urged you to embrace His love.
Will ye not His grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
O ye dying sinners, why,
Why will ye forever die?

REV. CHAS. WESLEY, 1745.

No. 107. Eban. C. M.

"Rous' Version," 1643.

PSALM. 23.

WM. H. HAVERGAL, 1847.

1. The Lord's my shep-herd, I'll not want, He makes me down to lie
In pas-tures green; He lead-eth me The qui-et wa-ters by.

- 2 My soul He doth restore again,
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
Ev'n for His own name's sake.
- 3 Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear none ill;
For Thou art with me; and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still.
- 4 My table Thou hast furnished
In presence of my foes;
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.
- 5 Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house for evermore,
My dwelling place shall be.

We'll taste, e'en here, the hallow'd bliss
Of an eternal home.

REV. W. H. BATHURST, 1831.

No. 109. AZMON. C. M.
Key A.

- 1 Salvation! O the joyful sound!
What pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.
- 3 Salvation! O Thou bleeding Lamb!
To Thee the praise belongs:
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

REV. I. WATTS, 1709.

No. 108. C. M.

- 1 O for a faith that will not shrink,
Though press'd by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe;
- 2 That will not murmur or complain
Beneath the chast'ning rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;
- 3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;—
- 4 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,

No. 110. ANTIOCH.
Key E \flat .

- 1 Joy to the world, the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And heaven and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the world, the Saviour reigns,
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and
Repeat the sounding joy. [plains,
- 3 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

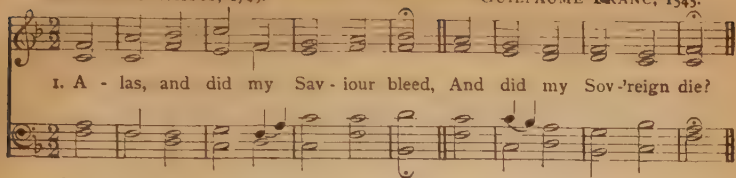
REV. I. WATTS, 1719.

No. 111.

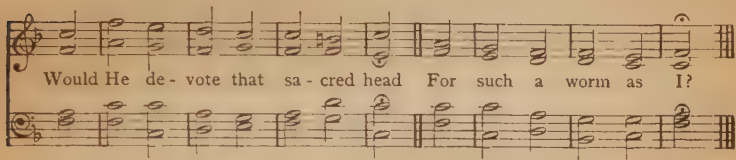
Dundee. C. M.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

GUILIAUME BRANC, 1545.



1. A - las, and did my Sav - iour bleed, And did my Sov'-reign die?



Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While His dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker died,
For man, the creature's sin.

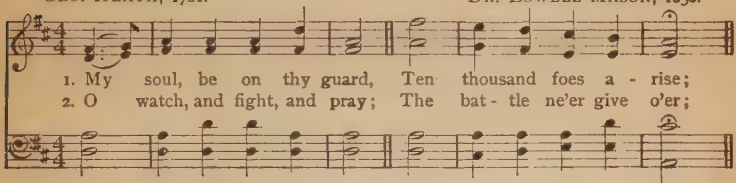
5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
'Tis all that I can do.

No. 112.

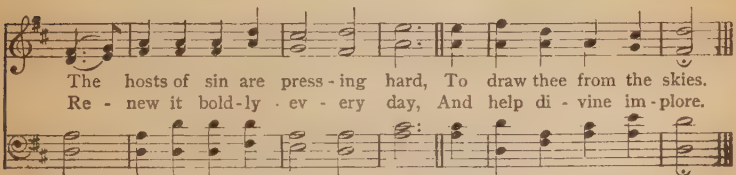
Laban. S. M.

GEO. HEATH, 1781.

DR. LOWELL MASON, 1830.



1. My soul, be on thy guard, Ten thousand foes a - rise;
2. O watch, and fight, and pray; The bat - tle ne'er give o'er;



The hosts of sin are press - ing hard, To draw thee from the skies.
Re - new it bold - ly - ev - ery day, And help di - vine im - plore.

3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor lay thine armor down:
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.

4 Then persevere till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To His divine abode.

No. 113.

Doyleston, S. M.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, 1791.

DR. EDWARD MASON, 1832.

1. Not all the blood of beasts On low-ly al-tars sham,
 2. But Christ, the heav'n-ly Lamb, Takes all our sins a-way;
 3. My faith would lay her hand On that great head of thine;
 4. My soul looks back to see The bur-den Thou did'st bear,

Could give the guilt-y conscience peace, Or wash a-way the stain.
 A sac-ri-fice of no-bler name And rich-er blood than they.
 While like a pen-i-tent I stand, And there con-fess my sin.
 While hang-ing on the curs-ed tree, And knows her guilt was there.

No. 114.

Dennis, S. M.

REV. JOHN FAWCETT, 1772.

From H. G. NAGELI.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love;
 2. Be-fore our Fa-ther's throne, We pour our ar-dent prayers;
 3. We share our mut-ual woes; Our bur-dens bear;
 4. When we a-sund-er part, It gives us in-ward pain;

The fel-low-ship of kin-dred minds Is like to that a-bove.
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com-forts and our cares.
 And oft-en for each oth-er flows The sym-pa-thiz-ing tear.
 But we shall still be join'd in heart, And hope to meet a-gain.

No. 115.

Arlington, C. M.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, 1720.

THOS. A. ARNE, 1762.

1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross— A sold-ier of the Lamb,—
 2. Must I be car-ried to the skies On flow-ery beds of ease;
 3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
 4. Since I must fight if I would reign, In-crease my cour-age. Lord;

Arlington. C. M.

And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sail'd thro' blood - y seas?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup - port - ed by Thy word.

No. 116. Nettleton. Ss & 7s.

REV. R. ROBINSON, 1758.

JOHN WYETH, 1824.

FIN.

1. Come, Thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise;
D.C. Praise the mount, - I'm fixed up - on it! Mount of Thy re - deem - ing love.

Teach me some mel - o - dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove;

2 Her. I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God!
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness as a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,
Seal it for Thy courts above.

No. 117. New Haven. Gs & 4s.

REV. RAY PALMER, D.D., 1830.

DR. THOS. HASTINGS, 1833.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary; Sav-iour di-vine; Now hear me
2. May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart; My zeal in-spire; As Thou hast
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be Thou my guide; Bid darkness
4. When ends life's transient dream; When death's cold, sullen stream Shall o'er me roll; Blest Sav-iour,

while I pray; Take all my guilt a - way; O, let me, from this day, Be whol - ly Thine.
died for me, O may my love to Thee Pure, warm, and changeless be—A living fire.
turn to day; Wipe sorrow's tears away, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
then in love, Fear and dis - trust re - move; O bear me safe a - bove, —A ransom'd soul.

No. 118. BETHANY. 6s & 4s. Key G.

- 1 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be—
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!
- 2 Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be—
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!
- 3 There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,

In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

- 4 Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!
- 5 Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be—
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

MRS. SARAH F. ADAMS, 1840.

No. 119. Lenox. 6s & 8s.

REV. CH. WESLEY, 1742.

LEWIS EDSON, 1782.

1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise; Shake off thy guilt - y fears. The bleeding sac - ri - fice
2. He ev - er lives a - bove, For me to in - ter - cede, His all re - deem - ing love,

In my be - half ap - pears; Be - fore the throne my Sure - ty stands,
His pre - cious blood to plead; His blood a - toned for all our race,

Be - fore the throne my Sure - ty stands. My name is writ - ten on His hands.
His blood a - toned for all our race, And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

- 3 Five bleeding wounds He bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly plead for me;
Forgive him, oh, forgive, they cry,
Nor let that ransomed sinner die.

- 4 My God is reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for His child;
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

No. 120.

YOUR MISSION.
Key F.

- 1 Hark! the voice of Jesus crying,—
"Who will go and work today?
Fields are white and harvest waiting,
Who will bear the sheaves away?"
Loud and strong the Master calleth,
Rich reward He offers thee:
Who will answer, gladly saying,
"Here am I; send me, send me!"
- 2 If you cannot cross the ocean,
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door.
If you cannot give your thousands,
You can give the widow's mite;
And the least you do for Jesus,
Will be precious in His sight.
- 3 If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say He died for all.
If you cannot rouse the wicked
With the judgment's dread alarms,
You can lead the little children
To the Saviour's waiting arms.
- 4 If you cannot be the watchman,
Standing high on Zion's wall,
Pointing out the path to heaven,
Offering life and peace to all;
With your prayers and with your bounties
You can do what heaven demands;
You can be like faithful Aaron,
Holding up the prophet's hands.
- 5 If among the older people,
You may not be apt to teach; [herd,
"Feed my lambs," said Christ, our Shep-
"Place the food within their reach."
And it may be that the children
You have led with trembling hand,
Will be found among your jewels,
When you reach the better land.
- 6 Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do,"
While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you.
Take the task He gives you gladly,
Let His work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when He calleth,
"Here am I; send me, send me!"

REV. DAN'L MARCH, 1869.

No. 121.

WEBB. 7s & 6s.
Key Bb.

- 1 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss;
From victory unto victory
His army He shall lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.
- 2 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you—
Ye dare not trust your own;
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

- 3 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song;
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally.

REV. GEO. DUFFIELD, JR., 1852

No. 122. TUNE—WORK, FOR THE NIGHT. Key F.

- 1 Work, for the night is coming;
Work through the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling;
Work, 'mid springing flowers;
Work, when the day grows brighter,
Work, in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.
- 2 Work, for the night is coming;
Work through the sunny noon;]
Fill brightest hours with labor;
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.
- 3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work, till the last beam fadeeth,
Fadeeth to shine no more;
Work, while the night is dark'ning,
When man's work is o'er.

ANNIE L. WALKER, 1860.

No. 123.

EVAN. C. M.
Key Ab.

- 1 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto Me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast."
- 2 I came to Jesus as I was—
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.
- 3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold I freely give
The living water—thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live."
- 4 I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream:
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.
- 5 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's light,
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."
- 6 I look'd to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk
'Till trav'ling days are done.

REV. H. BONAR, 1850.

No. 124. THE BEAUTIFUL RIVER.

Key Eb.

1 Shall we gather at the river

Where bright angel feet have trod;

With its crystal tide forever

Flowing by the throne of God.

CHO.—Yes, we'll gather at the river,

The beautiful, the beautiful river—

Gather with the saints at the river,

That flows by the throne of God.

2 On the margin of the river,

Washing up its silver spray,

We will walk and worship ever,

All the happy golden day.

CHO.—Yes, we'll gather at the river, etc.

3 Ere we reach the shining river,

Lay we every burden down;

Grace our spirits will deliver,

And provide a robe and crown.

CHO.—Yes, we'll gather at the river, etc.

4 At the smiling of the river,

Mirror of the Saviour's face,

Saints whom death will never sever,

Lift their songs of saving grace.

CHO.—Yes, we'll gather at the river, etc.

5 Soon we'll reach the silver river,

Soon our pilgrimage will cease;

Soon our happy hearts will quiver,

With the melody of peace.

CHO.—Yes, we'll gather at the river, etc.

REV. ROBERT LOWRY, 1864.

No. 125.

40th PSALM. C. M.

1 I waited for the Lord my God,

And patiently did bear;

At length to me He did incline

My voice and cry to hear.

2 He took me from a fearful pit,

And from the miry clay,

And on a rock He set my feet,

Establishing my way.

3 He put a new song in my mouth,

Our God to magnify;

Many shall see it, and shall fear,

And on the Lord rely.

4 O blessed is the man whose trust

Upon the Lord relies;

Respecting not the proud, nor such

As turn aside to lies.

SCOTCH VERSION.

No. 126. SAVIOUR, LIKE A SHEPHERD.

8s, 7s & 4. Key Eb.

1 Saviour, like a shepherd lead us,

Much we need Thy tend'ring care,

In Thy pleasant pastures feed us,

For our use Thy folds prepare;

Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,

Thou hast bought us, Thine we are,

Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,

Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.

2 We are Thine, do Thou befriend us,

Be the Guardian of our way;

Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,

Seek us when we go astray;

Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,

Hear, O hear us, when we pray;

Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,

Hear, O hear us, when we pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,

Poor and sinful though we be;

Thou hast mercy to relieve us,

Grace to cleanse, and power to free;

Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,

We will early turn to Thee;

Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,

We will early turn to Thee.

4 Early let us seek Thy favor,

Early let us do Thy will;

Blessed Lord and only Saviour,

With Thy love our bosoms fill.

Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,

Thou hast loved us, love us still;

Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,

Thou hast loved us, love us still.

DOROTHY THRUPP, 1838.

No. 127.

ZION. 8s, 7s & 4.

Key D.

1 Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,

Weak and wounded, sick and sore;

Jesus ready stands to save you,

Full of pity, love, and power;

||: He is able,

He is willing, doubt no more. ||

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome;

God's free bounty glorify;

True belief and true repentance,—

Every grace that brings you nigh,—

||: Without money,

Come to Jesus Christ and buy. ||

3 Let not conscience make you linger,

Nor of fitness fondly dream:

All the fitness He requireth

Is to feel your need of Him:

||: This He gives you,—

'Tis the Spirit's glimm'ring beam. ||

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,

Bruised and mangled by the fall;

If you tarry till you're better,

You will never come at all;

||: Not the righteous,—

Sinners, Jesus came to call: ||

REV. JOS. HART, 1759.

No. 128.

MARLOW. C. M.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove!
With all Thy quickening powers;
Kindle a flame of heavenly love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Dear Lord ' and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great?

3 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

I. WATTS, 1709.

No. 129.

HE LOVED ME.

(Tune on page 19.)

1 Once I was dead in sin,
And hope within me died;
But now I'm dead to sin—
With Jesus crucified.

CHO.—And can it be that "He loved me,
And gave Himself for me?"

2 Oh height I cannot reach,
Oh depth I cannot sound,
Oh love, O boundless love,
In my Redeemer found!
CHO.—And can it be, etc.

3 Oh cold, ungrateful heart
That can from Jesus turn,
When living fires of love
Should on His altar burn.
CHO.—And can it be, etc.

4 I live—and yet, not I,
But Christ that lives in me;
Who from the law of sin
And death hath made me free.

CHO.—And can it be, etc.

REV. A. T. PIERSON.

No. 130.

THE CHRISTIAN'S HOME. P. M.

Key C.

1 In the Christian's home in glory
There remains a land of rest;
There my Saviour's gone before me,
To fulfil my soul's request,

CHO.—There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for you;
On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
There is rest for you.

2 He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand;
For my stay shall not be transient
In that holy, happy land.

CHO.—There is rest, etc.

3 Sing, O sing ye, heirs of glory,
Shout your triumphs as you go,
Zion's gates will open for you,
You shall find an entrance through.

CHO.—There is rest, etc.

REV. SAM'L Y. HARMER, 1856.

No. 131.

BOYLSTON. S. M.

Key C.

1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears
The wondering angels see;
Be thou astonished, O my soul!
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear:
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

REV. BENJ. BEDDOME, 1787.

No. 132.

COME TO JESUS.

Key F.

1 Come to Jesus, come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus just now;
Just now come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus, just now.

2 He will save you, He will save you,
He will save you just now;
Just now He will save you,
He will save you just now.

3 He is able, He is able,
He is able just now;
Just now He is able,
He is able just now.

4 He is willing, He is willing,
He is willing just now;
Just now He is willing,
He is willing just now.

5 He is waiting, He is waiting,
He is waiting just now;
Just now He is waiting,
He is waiting just now.

6 He will hear you, He will hear you,
He will hear you just now;
Just now He will hear you,
He will hear you just now.

7 He will cleanse you, He will cleanse you,
He will cleanse you just now;
Just now He will cleanse you,
He will cleanse you just now.

8 He'll renew you, etc.

9 He'll forgive you, etc.

10 If you trust Him, etc.

11 He will save you, etc.

English.

No. 133.

HAPPY DAY. L. M.
Key G.

1 O happy day, that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

CHO.—Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away;
He taught me how to watch and pray
And live rejoicing every day,
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away.

2 'Tis done, the great transaction's done—
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;

He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.
CHO.—Happy day, etc.

3 Now rest, my long divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed.

CHO.—Happy day, etc.

4 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

CHO.—Happy day, etc.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, D.D., 1755.

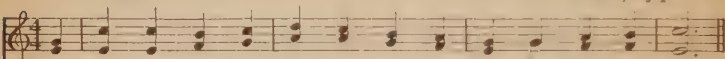
No. 134.

Salvation.

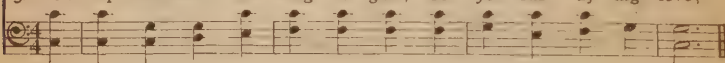
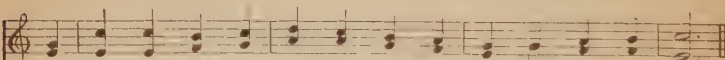
"For the grace of God that bringeth salvation to all men hath appeared."—Titus 2: 11.

P. P. BLISS.


P. P. BLISS, by per.



1. Come, sing the gos - pel's joy - ful sound, Sal - va - tion full and free;
2. Ye mourn - ing souls, a - loud re - joice; Ye blind, your Sav - iour see!
3. With rap - ture swell the song a - gain, Of Je - sus' dy - ing love;

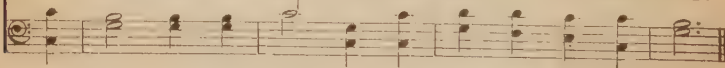

Pro - claim to all the world a - round, The year of ju - bi - lee!
Ye pris - 'ners, sing with thank - ful voice, The Lord hath made you free!
'Tis peace on earth, good will to men, And praise to God a - bove.




CHORUS.



Sal - va - tion, Sal - va - tion, The grace of God doth bring;

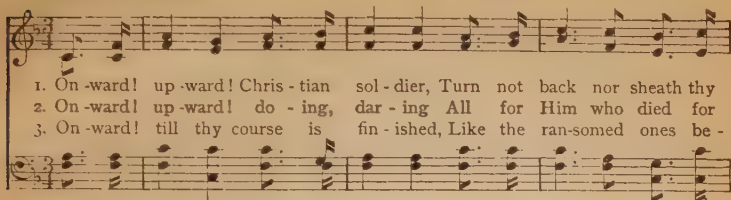
Sal - va - tion, Sal - va - tion, Thro' Christ our Lord and King.



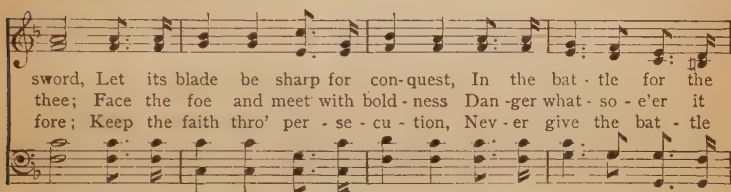
"Hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown."—Rev. 3: 11.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

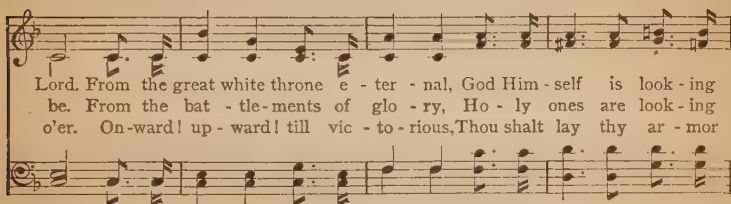
IRA D. SANKEY, by per.



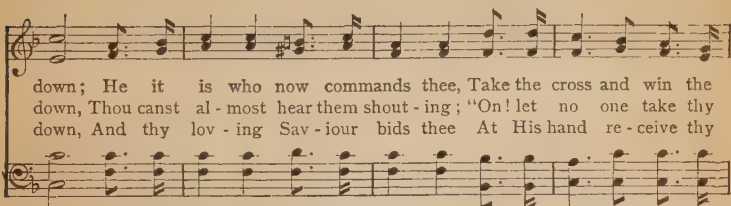
1. On-ward! up-ward! Chris-tian sol-dier, Turn not back nor sheath thy
2. On-ward! up-ward! do-ing, dar-ing All for Him who died for
3. On-ward! till thy course is fin-ished, Like the ran-somed ones be-



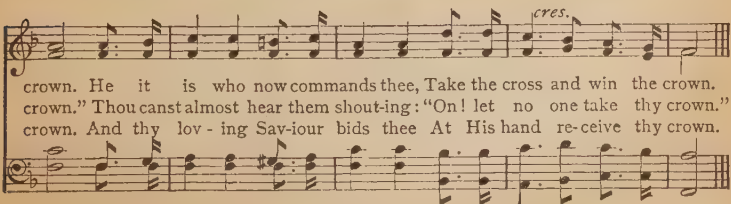
sword, Let its blade be sharp for con-quest, In the bat-tle for the
thee; Face the foe and meet with bold-ness Dan-ger what-so-e'er it
fore; Keep the faith thro' per-se-cu-tion, Nev-er give the bat-tle



Lord. From the great white throne e-ter-nal, God Him-self is look-ing
be. From the bat-tle-ments of glo-ry, Ho-ly ones are look-ing
o'er. On-ward! up-ward! till vic-to-rious, Thou shalt lay thy ar-mor



down; He it is who now commands thee, Take the cross and win the
down, Thou canst al-most hear them shout-ing; "On! let no one take thy
down, And thy lov-ing Sav-iour bids thee At His hand re-ceive thy



crown. He it is who now commands thee, Take the cross and win the crown.
crown." Thou canst almost hear them shout-ing: "On! let no one take thy crown."
crown. And thy lov-ing Sav-iour bids thee At His hand re-ceive thy crown.

No. 136. More Love to Thee, O Christ.

"Continue ye in my love."—John 15: 9.

MRS. ELIZABETH PRENTISS, 1856.

W. H. DOANE, by per.

1. More love to Thee, O Christ! More love to Thee; Hear Thou the
 2. Once earth-ly joy I craved, sought peace and rest; Now Thee a-
 3. Let sor-row do its work, Sord grief and pain: Sweet are Thy
 4. Then shall my lat-est breath, Whis-per Thy praise, This be the

pray'r I make On bend-ed knee: This is my earn-est plea,
 lone I seek, Give what is best: This all my pray'r shall be,
 mes-sen-gers, Sweet their re-frain, When they can sing with me,—
 part-ing cry My heart shall raise: This still its pray'r shall be:

More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee! More love to Thee!
 More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee! More love to Thee!
 More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee! More love to Thee!
 More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee! More love to Thee!

No. 137. Wholly Thine.

"The God of peace sanctify you wholly."—Thess. 5: 23.

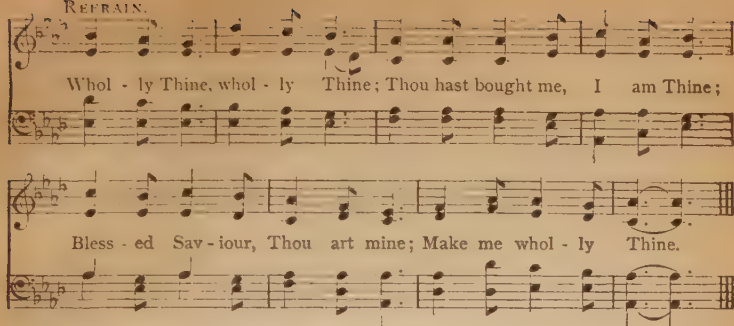
MRS. ANNIE S. HAWKS.

REV. ROBERT LOWRY, by per.

1. Thine, most gra-cious Lord, O make me whol-ly Thine—
 2. Whol-ly Thine, my Lord, To go when Thou dost call;
 3. Whol-ly Thine, O Lord, In ev-ery pass-ing hour;
 4. Whol-ly Thine, O Lord, To fash-ion as Thou wilt,—
 5. Thine, Lord, whol-ly Thine, For ev-er one with Thee—

Thine in thought, in word, and deed, For Thou, O Christ, art mine.
 Thine to yield my ver-y self In all things, great and small.
 Thine in si-lence, Thine to speak, As Thou dost grant the power.
 Strengthen, bless, and keep the soul Which Thou hast saved from guilt.
 Root-ed, ground-ed in Thy love, A-bid-ing, sure, and free.

REFRAIN.



Whol - ly Thine, whol - ly Thine; Thou hast bought me, I am Thine;
Bless - ed Sav - iour, Thou art mine; Make me whol - ly Thine.

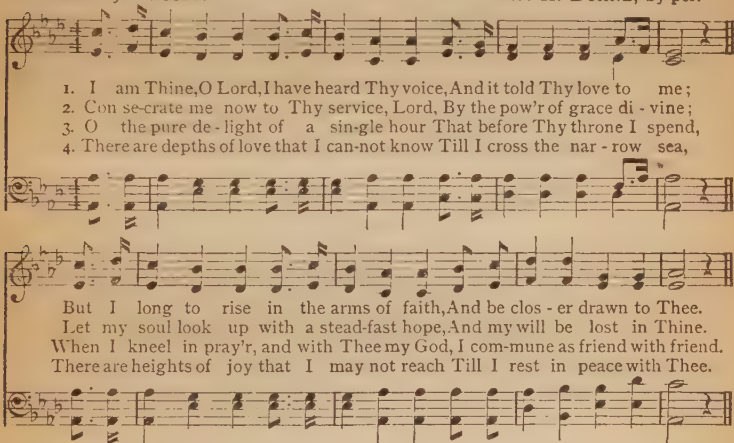
No. 138.

Draw Me Nearer.

"Let us draw near with a true heart."—Heb. 10: 22.

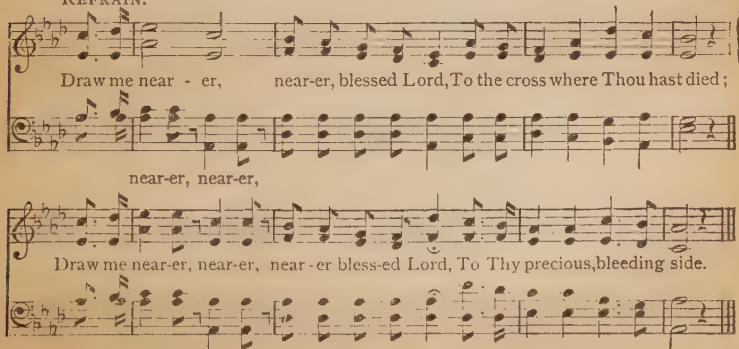
FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE, by per.



1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me;
2. Con - se - crate me now to Thy service, Lord, By the pow'r of grace di - vine;
3. O the pure de - light of a sin - gle hour That before Thy throne I spend,
4. There are depths of love that I can - not know Till I cross the nar - row sea,
But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be clos - er drawn to Thee.
Let my soul look up with a stead - fast hope, And my will be lost in Thine.
When I kneel in pray'r, and with Thee my God, I com - mune as friend with friend.
There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I rest in peace with Thee.

REFRAIN.



Draw me near - er, near - er, blessed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died;
near - er, near - er,
Draw me near - er, near - er, near - er bless - ed Lord, To Thy precious, bleeding side.

No. 139.

Fully Trusting.

"Fully I trust in Thy word."—Ps. 119: 42.

J. C. MORGAN.

GEO. C. STEBBINS, by per.

Slowly.

1. All my doubts I give to Je-sus! I've His gra-cious prom-ise heard—
 2. All my sin I lay on Je-sus! He doth wash me in His blood:
 3. All my fears I give to Je-sus! Rests my wea-ry soul on Him:
 4. All my joys I give to Je-sus! He is all I want of bliss:
 5. All I am I give to Je-sus! All my bod-y, all my soul,

"I shall nev-er be con-found-ed"—I am trust-ing in that word.
 He will keep me pure and ho-ly, He will bring me home to God.
 Tho' my way be hid in dark-ness, Nev-er can His light grow dim.
 He of all the worlds is Mas-ter,—He has all I need in this.
 All I have, and all I hope for, While e-ter-nal a-ges roll.

CHORUS.

I am trust-ing, ful-ly trust-ing, Sweet-ly trust-ing in His word;

p I am trust-ing, Ful-ly trust-ing, Sweet-ly trust-ing in His word.

No. 140. Hallelujah, What a Saviour!

"A man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief."—Isa. 53: 3.

P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

p Moderato.

m

1. "Man of sor-rows," what a name For the Son of God, who came,
 2. Bear-ing shame and scoff-ing rude, In my place con-demned He stood;
 3. Guilt-y, vile and help-less, we; Spot-less Lamb of God, was He,
 4. Lift-ed up was He to die, "It is fin-ished," was His cry,
 5. When He comes, our glo-rious King, All His ran-somed home to bring,

Hallelujah! What a Saviour!

f

Ru-in'd sin-ners to re-claim! Hal-le-lu-jah, what a Sav-iour!
 Sealed my par-don with His blood: Hal-le-lu-jah, what a Sav-iour!
 "Full a-tonement," can it be? Hal-le-lu-jah, what a Sav-iour!
 Now in heaven ex-alt-ed high; Hal-le-lu-jah, what a Sav-iour!
 Then a-new this song we'll sing: Hal-le-lu-jah, what a Sav-iour!

No. 141.

Jesus Shall Reign.

"The Lord is King forever and ever."—Ps. 10: 16.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

KARL WILHELM. Arr.

f

1. Je-sus shall reign wher-e'er the sun Does his suc-cess-ive
 2. To Him shall end-less prayer be made And end-less prais-es

jour-neys run; His king-dom spread from shore to shore, Till
 crown His head; His name like sweet per-fume shall rise With

moons shall wax and wane no more. From north to south the princ-es meet,
 ev-ery morn-ing sac-ri-fice. Peo-ple and realms of ev-ery tongue

To pay their hom-age at His feet; While west-ern em-pires
 Dwell on His love with sweet-est song, And in-fant voic-es

own their Lord, And sav-age tribes at-tend His word.
 shall pro-claim Their ear-ly bless-ings on His Name.

No. 142. My Song shall be of Jesus.

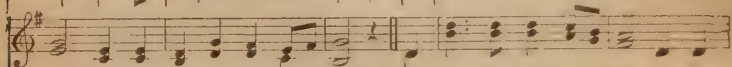
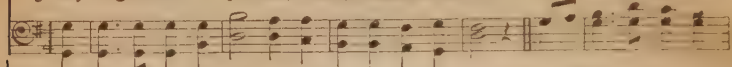
"His praise shall continually be in my mouth."—Ps. 34: 1

MRS. VAN ALSTYNE.

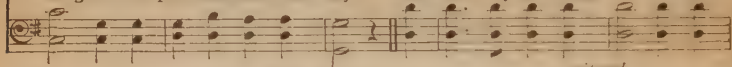
W. H. DOANE, by per.



1. My song shall be of Je - sus, His mercy crowns my days, He fills my cup with
2. My song shall be of Je - sus, When, sitting at His feet, I call to naught His
3. My song shall be of Je - sus, While pressing on my way To reach the blissful



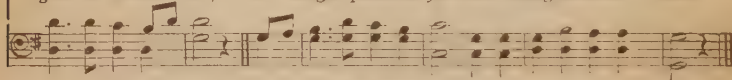
bles - sings, And tunes my heart to praise: My song shall be of Je - sus. The
good - ness, In med - i - ta - tion sweet: My song shall be of Je - sus. What -
re - gion Of pure and end - less day. And when my soul shall en - ter The



ritard.



precious Lamb of God, Who gave Himself my ransom. And bought me with His blood.
ev - er ill be - tide; I'll sing the grace that saves me. And keeps me at His side.
gate of E - den fair, A song of praise to Je - sus I'll sing for - ev - er there.

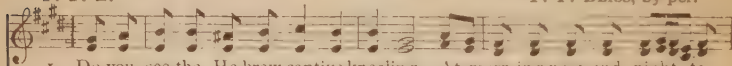


No. 143. Windows open toward Jerusalem.

"And his windows being open toward Jerusalem."—Dan. 6: 10.

P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS, by per.



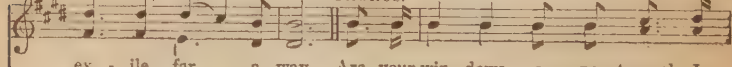
1. Do you see the He - brew captive kneeling, At morn - ing, noon and night to
2. Do not fear to tread the fie - ry fur - nace, Nor shrink the li - on's den to
3. Children of the liv - ing God, take courage; Your great deliverance sweet - ly



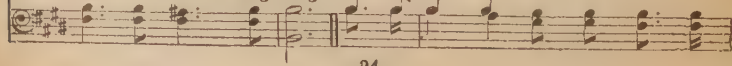
pray? In his cham - ber he re - mem - bers Zi - on, Tho' in
share; For the God of Dan - iel will de - liv - er, He will
sing; Set your fac - es toward the hill of Zi - on, Thence to



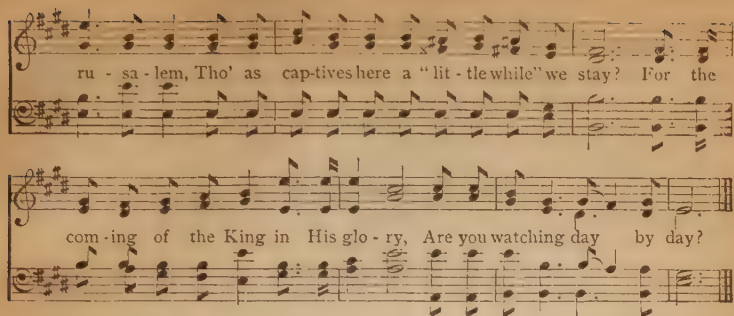
CHORUS.



ex - ile far a - way. Are your win - dows o - pen toward Je -
send His an - gel there.
hail our com - ing King!



Windows open toward Jerusalem.



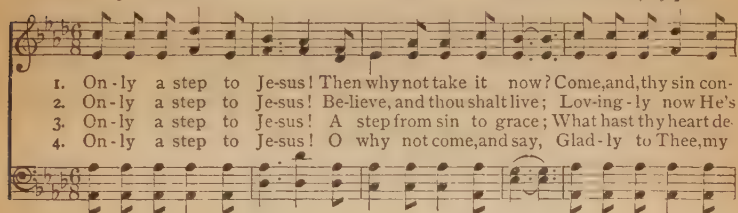
ru - sa - lem, Tho' as cap-tives here a "lit - tle while" we stay? For the
com-ing of the King in His glo - ry, Are you watching day by day?

No. 144. Only a Step to Jesus.

"Then come thou, for there is peace."—1 Sam. 20: 21.

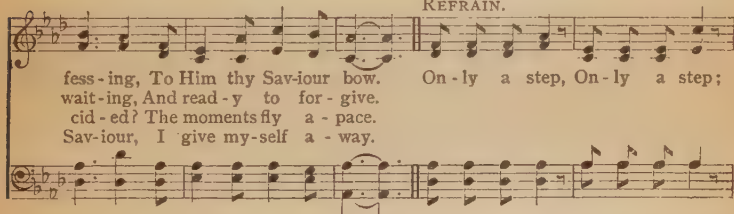
FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE, by per.

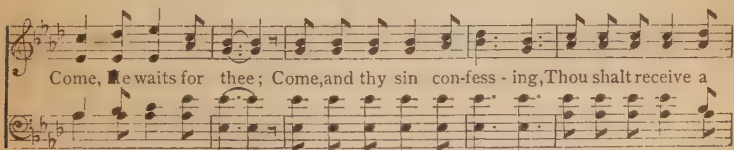


1. On - ly a step to Je - sus! Then why not take it now? Come, and, thy sin con-
2. On - ly a step to Je - sus! Be - lieve, and thou shalt live; Lov - ing - ly now He's
3. On - ly a step to Je - sus! A step from sin to grace; What hast thy heart de-
4. On - ly a step to Je - sus! O why not come, and say, Glad - ly to Thee, my

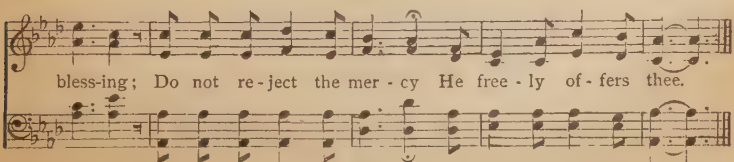
REFRAIN.



fess - ing, To Him thy Sav - iour bow. On - ly a step, On - ly a step;
wait - ing, And read - y to for - give.
cid - ed? The moments fly a - pace.
Sav - iour, I give my - self a - way.



Come, He waits for thee; Come, and thy sin con - fess - ing, Thou shalt receive a

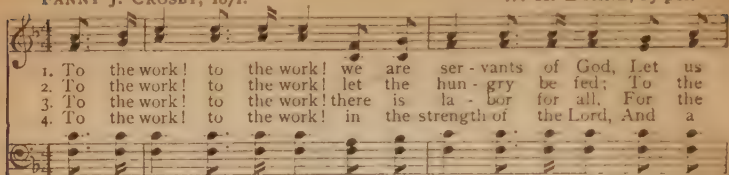


bles - sing; Do not re - ject the mer - cy He free - ly of - fers thee.

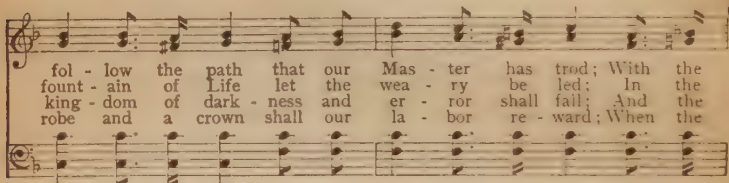
"Go work to-day in my vineyard."—Matt. 21: 28.

FANNY J. CROSBY, 1871.

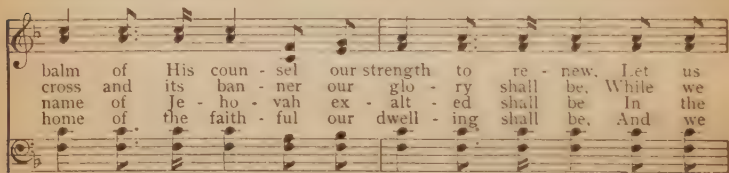
W. H. DOANE, by per.



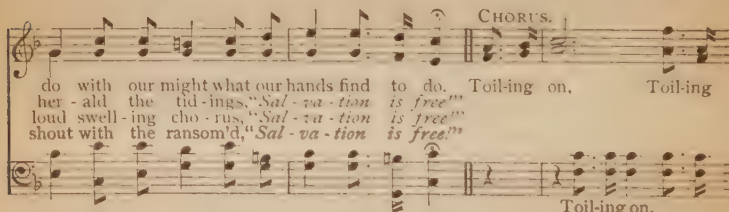
1. To the work! to the work! we are ser-vants of God, Let us
 2. To the work! to the work! let the hun-gry be fed; To the
 3. To the work! to the work! there is la-bor for all, For the
 4. To the work! to the work! in the strength of the Lord, And a



fol-low the path that our Mas-ter has trod; With the
 fount-ain of Life let the wea-ry be led; In the
 king-dom of dark-ness and er-ror shall fail; And the
 robe and a crown shall our la-bor re-ward; When the



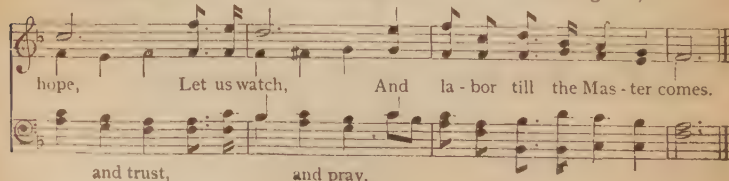
balm of His coun-sel our strength to re-new, Let us
 cross and its ban-ner our glo-ry shall be, While we
 name of Je-ho-vah ex-alt-ed shall be, In the
 home of the faith-ful our dwell-ing shall be, And we



CHORUS.
 do with our might what our hands find to do, Toil-ing on, Toil-ing
 her-ald the tid-ings, "Sal-va-tion is free!"
 loud swell-ing cho-rus, "Sal-va-tion is free!"
 shout with the ransom'd, "Sal-va-tion is free!"



on, Toil-ing on, Toil-ing on, Let us
 Toil-ing on, Toil-ing on, Toil-ing on,



hope, Let us watch, And la-bor till the Mas-ter comes.
 and trust, and pray,

No. 146.

All for Me.

"And when they had platted a crown of thorns, they put it on His head, and a reed in His hand."—Matt. 27: 29.

Tenderly.

IRA D. SANKEY, by per.



1. Suffering Saviour with thorn crown, Bruis'd and bleeding sinking down; Heav-y la-den,
2. Je-sus, Sav-iour, pure and mild, Let me ev-er be Thy child; So un-wor-thy
3. Fain would I to Thee be brought, Blessed Lord, forbid it not; In the kingdom



wea-ry worn, Fainting, dy-ing, crush'd and torn—All for me, yes, all for me.
though I be. Thoudid'st suffer this for me.—All for me, yes, all for me.
of Thy grace, Give Thy wand'ring child a place, Oh, bless me, yes, e-ven me.



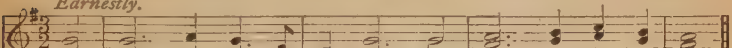
No. 147.

Immanuel's Land.

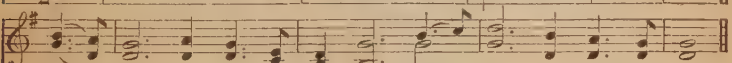
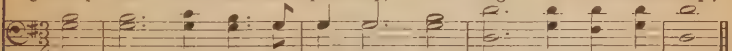
"And there shall be no night there."—Rev. 22: 5.

Earnestly.

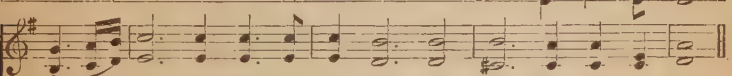
C. M. WYMAN, by per.



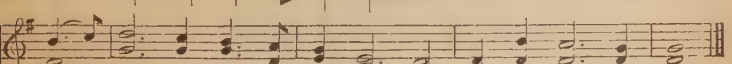
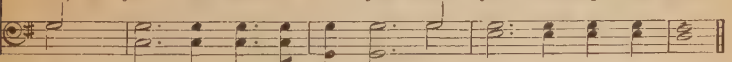
1. The sands of time are sink-ing, The dawn of heav-en breaks,
2. I've wres-tled on t'ward heav-en, 'Gainst storm and wind and tide,
3. Deep wa-ters crossed life's path-way, The hedge of thorns was sharp;



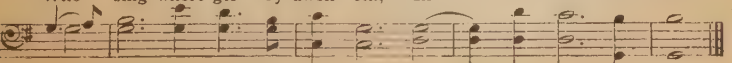
The sum-mer morn I've sighed for— The fair, sweet morn a-wakes.
Now, like a wea-ry trav-'ler That lean-eth on his guide,
Now these lie all be-hind me— O! for a well-tuned harp!



Dark, dark hath been the mid-night, But day-spring is at hand,
A-mid the shades of eve-ning, While sinks life's lingering sand,
O, to join the hal-le-lu-jah With yon tri-umph-ant band!



And glo-ry—glo-ry dwell-eth In Im-man-uel's land.
I hail the glo-ry dawn-ing, From Im-man-uel's land.
Who sing where glo-ry dwell-eth, In Im-man-uel's land.



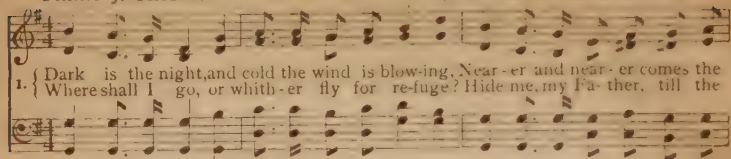
No. 148.

Dark is the Night.

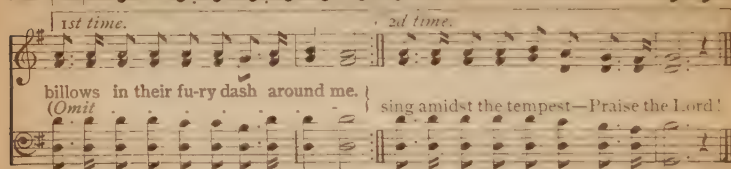
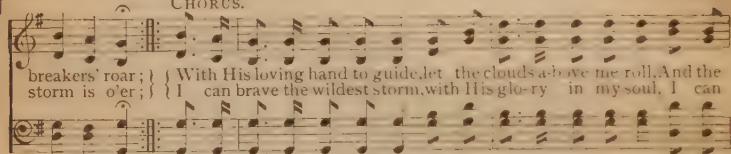
"Thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance."—Ps. 32: 7.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

T. E. PERKINS, by per.



CHORUS.



- 2 Dark is the night, but cheering is the promise;
He will go with me o'er the troubled wave;
Safe He will lead me through the pathless waters,
Jesus, the mighty One, and strong to save.
- 3 Dark is the night, but lo! the day is breaking,
Onward my bark, unfurl thy every sail;
Now at the helm I see my Father standing,
Soon will my anchor drop within the veil.

No. 149.

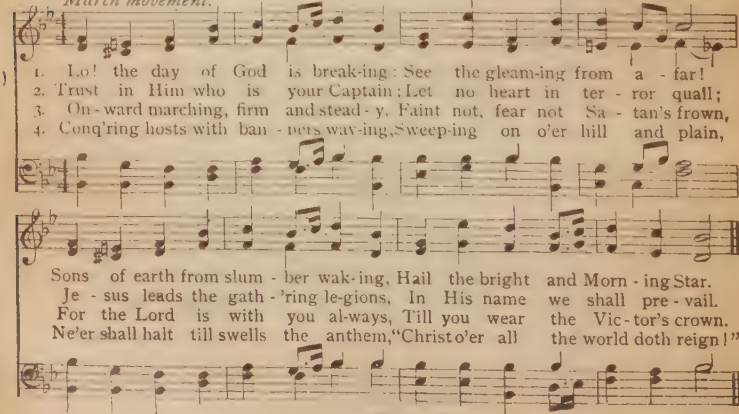
Hear the Call.

"Put on the whole armour of God."—Eph. 6 : 11.

W. F. S.

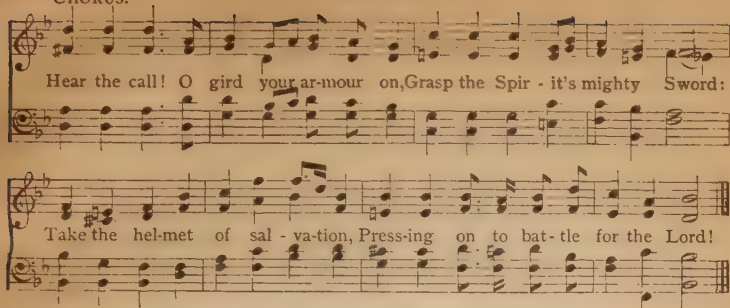
W. F. SHERWIN, 1876, by per.

March movement.



Wear the Gail.

CHORUS.



Hear the call! O gird your ar-mour on, Grasp the Spir - it's mighty Sword:
Take the hel-met of sal - va-tion, Pressing on to bat-tle for the Lord!

No. 150. Ho! Reapers of Life's Harbest.

"The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few."—Matt. 9: 37.

I. B. W.

I. B. WOODBURY, by per.

Spirited.



1. Ho! reap - ers of life's har - vest, Why stand with rust - ed blade Un -
2. Thrust in your sharp-ened sick - le, And gath - er in the grain, The
3. Come down from hill and moun - tain In morn-ing's rud - dy glow, Nor
4. Mount up the heights of Wis - dom, And crush each er - ror low! Keep
til the night draws round thee, And day be - gins to fade? Why
night is fast ap - proach - ing, And soon will come a - gain. The
wait un - til the di - al Points to the noon be - low; And
back no words of knowl edge That hu - man hearts should know. Be
stand ye i - dle, wait - ing, For reap - ers more to come? The
Mas - ter calls for reap - ers, And shall He call in vain? Shall
come with strong - er sin - ew, Nor faint in heat or cold, And
faith - ful to thy mis - sion, In ser - vice of thy Lord, And
gold - en morn is pass - ing, Why sit ye i - dle, dumb!
sheaves lie there un - gath - ered, And waste up - on the plain?
pause not till the eve - ning Draws round its wealth of gold.
then a gold - en chap - let, Shall be thy just re - ward.

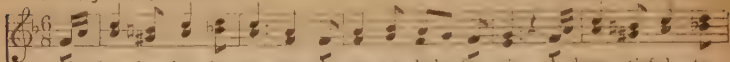
No. 151.

Joy in Sorrow.

"Your sorrow shall be turned into joy."—John 16: 20.

MRS. JANE CREWDSON.

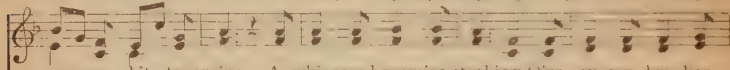
IRA D. SANKEY, by per.



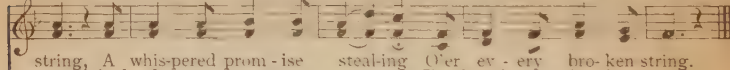
1. I've found a joy in sor-row, A se-cret balm for pain, A beau-ti-ful to-
2. I've found a glad ho-san-na For ev-ery woe and wail, A handful of sweet
3. An E-lim with its cool-ness, Its fountains and its shade; A bless-ing in its
4. My Saviour, Thee pos-sess-ing, I have the joy, the balm, The healing and the



mor-row Of sun-shine af-ter rain; I've found a branch of heal-ing Near
man-na When grapes of Esh-col fail; I've found a Rock of A-ges When
ful-ness, When buds of promise fade; O'er tears of soft con-tri-tion I've
blessing, The sunshine and the psalm; The promise for the fear-ful, The



ev-ery bit-ter spring, A whispered promise steal-ing O'er ev-ery bro-ken
des-ert wells are dry; And af-ter wea-ry sta-ges, I've found an E-lim
seen a rainbow light; A glo-ry and fru-i-tion, So near!—yet out of
E-lim for the faint; The rain-bow for the tear-ful, The glo-ry for the



string, A whisper-ed prom-ise steal-ing O'er ev-ery bro-ken string.
nigh, And af-ter wea-ry sta-ges, I've found an E-lim nigh.
sight, A glo-ry and fru-i-tion, So near!—yet out of sight.
saint, The rain-bow for the tear-ful, The glo-ry for the saint.



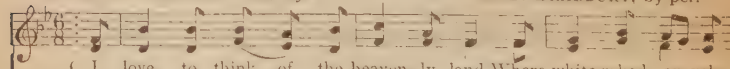
No. 152.

The Heavenly Land.

"A better country, that is an heavenly."—Heb. 11: 16.

REV. LEWIS HARTSOUGH, 1858.

WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.



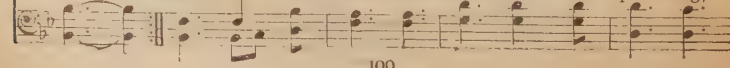
1. { I love to think of the heaven-ly land Where white-robed an-gels
Where many a friend is gath-ered safe From fear and toil and



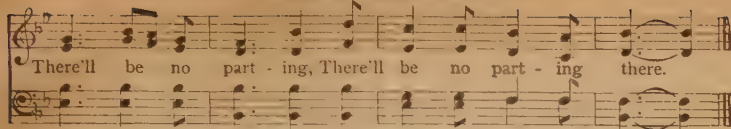
REFRAIN.



are; } There'll be no part-ing, There'll be no part-ing,
care. }



The Heavenly Land.



2 I love to think of the heavenly land,
Where my Redeemer reigns,
Where rapturous songs of triumph rise,
In endless, joyous strains.—REF.

4 I love to think of the heavenly land,
The greetings there we'll meet,
The harps—the songs forever ours—
The walks—the golden streets.—REF.

3 I love to think of the heavenly land.
The saints' eternal home, [fade,
Where palms, and robes, and crowns ne'er
And all our joys are one.—REF.

5 I love to think of the heavenly land,
That promised land so fair,
Oh, how my raptured spirit longs,
To be forever there.—REF.

No. 153.

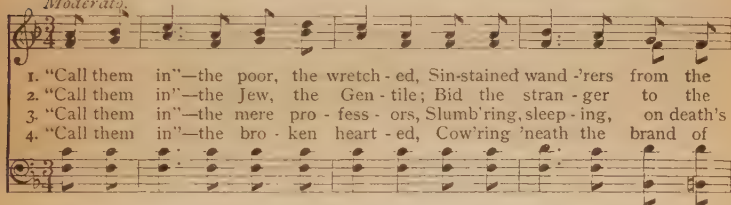
Call Them in.

"Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in."—Luke 14: 22.

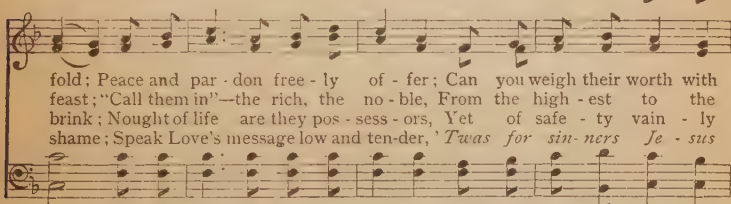
MISS ANNA SHIPTON.

IRA D. SANKEY, by per.

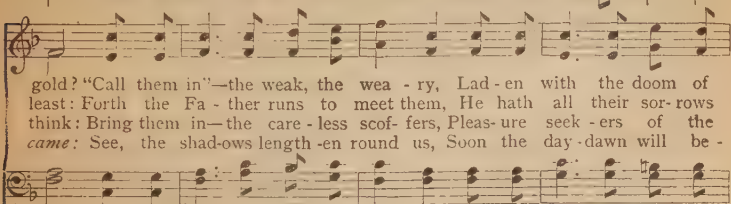
Moderato.



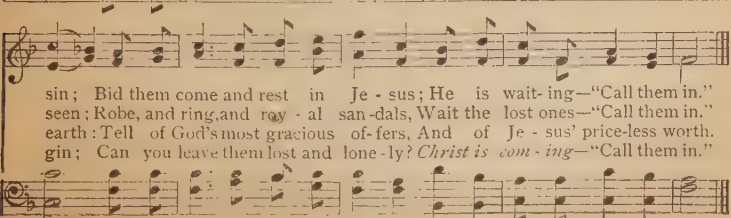
1. "Call them in"—the poor, the wretch - ed, Sin - stained wand -'ers from the
2. "Call them in"—the Jew, the Gen - tile; Bid the stran - ger to the
3. "Call them in"—the mere pro - fess - ors, Slumb'ring, sleep - ing, on death's
4. "Call them in"—the bro - ken heart - ed, Cow'ring 'neath the brand of



fold; Peace and par - don free - ly of - fer; Can you weigh their worth with
feast; "Call them in"—the rich, the no - ble, From the high - est to the
brink; Nought of life are they pos - sess - ors, Yet of safe - ty vain - ly
shame; Speak Love's message low and ten - der, 'Twas for sin - ners Je - sus



gold? "Call them in"—the weak, the wea - ry, Lad - en with the doom of
least: Forth the Fa - ther runs to meet them, He hath all their sor - rows
think: Bring them in—the care - less scof - fers, Pleas - ure seek - ers of the
came: See, the shad - ows length - en round us, Soon the day - dawn will be -



sin; Bid them come and rest in Je - sus; He is wait - ing—"Call them in."
seen; Robe, and ring, and ray - al san - dals, Wait the lost ones—"Call them in."
earth: Tell of God's most gracious of - fers, And of Je - sus' price - less worth.
gin; Can you leave them lost and lone - ly? Christ is com - ing—"Call them in."

No. 154. The Half was Never Told.

"Behold, the half was not told."—1 Kings 10: 7.

P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. Re - peat the sto - ry o'er and o'er, Of *grace* so full and free;
 2. Of *peace* I on - ly knew the name, Nor bound my soul its rest
 3. My high - est place is ly - ing low At my Re - deem-er's feet,
 4. And oh, what rap - ture will it be With all the host a - bove.

I love to hear it more and more, Since grace has res - cued me.
 Un - til the sweet-voiced an - gel came To soothe my wea - ry breast.
 No re - al joy in life I know, But in His ser - vice sweet.
 To sing through all e - ter - ni - ty The won - ders of His love.

CHORUS.

The half . . . was nev - er told,

The half was nev - er told, The half was nev - er told,
 nev - er told, The half was nev - er, nev - er told,

The half . . . was never told.
 1. Of grace di-vine, } so won - der - ful, The half was nev - er told.
 2. Of peace, etc. }
 3. Of joy, etc. } nev - er told.
 4. Of love, etc. }

No. 155. Oh, Where are the Reapers?

"I will say to the reapers gather the wheat into my barn."—MATT. 13: 30.

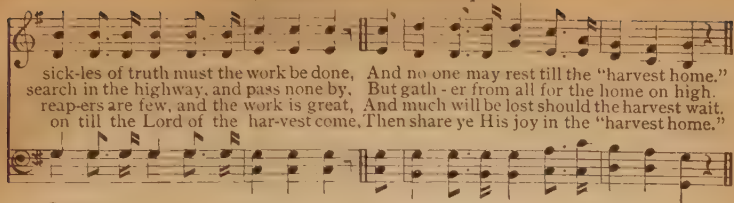
EBEN E. REXFORD.

GEO. F. ROOT, by per.

Moderato.

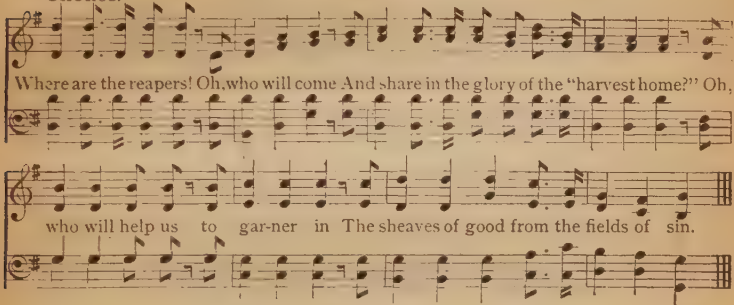
1. Oh, where are the reapers that garner in, The sheaves of the good from the fields of sin; With
 2. Go out in the by-ways and search them all; The wheat may be there, though the weeds are tall; Then
 3. The fields all are ripening, and far and wide The world now is wait - ing the harvest tide; But
 4. So come with your sickles, ye sons of men, And gath - er to - geth - er the golden grain; Toil

Oh, Where are the Reapers?



sick-les of truth must the work be done, And no one may rest till the "harvest home."
 search in the highway, and pass none by, But gath-er from all for the home on high.
 reap-ers are few, and the work is great, And much will be lost should the harvest wait.
 on till the Lord of the har-vest come, Then share ye His joy in the "harvest home."

CHORUS.



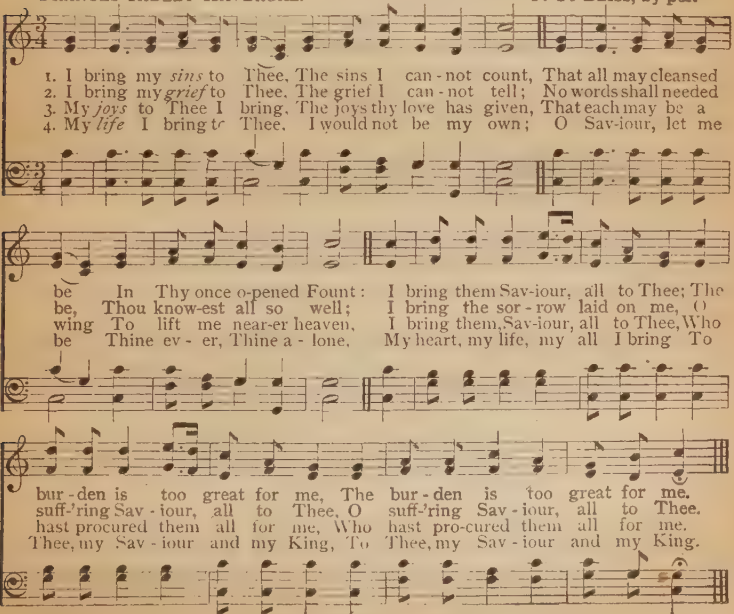
Where are the reapers! Oh, who will come And share in the glory of the "harvest home?" Oh,
 who will help us to gar-ner in The sheaves of good from the fields of sin.

No. 156. I Bring my Sins to Thee.

"In returning and rest ye shall be saved."—Isa. 30: 15.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

P. P. BLISS, by per.



1. I bring my *sins* to Thee. The sins I can-not count, That all may cleansed
 2. I bring my *grief* to Thee. The grief I can-not tell; No words shall needed
 3. My *joys* to Thee I bring. The joys thy love has given, That each may be a
 4. My *life* I bring to Thee. I would not be my own; O Sav-iour, let me

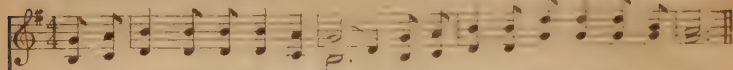
be In Thy once o-pened Fount: I bring them Sav-iour, all to Thee; The
 be, Thou know-est all so well; I bring the sor-row laid on me, O
 wing To lift me near-er heaven. I bring them, Sav-iour, all to Thee, Who
 be Thine ev-er, Thine a-lone. My heart, my life, my all I bring To

bur-den is too great for me, The bur-den is too great for me.
 suff-ring Sav-iour, all to Thee, O suff-ring Sav-iour, all to Thee.
 hast procured them all for me, Who hast procured them all for me.
 Thee, my Sav-iour and my King, To Thee, my Sav-iour and my King.

"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—MATT. II: 28.

Partly by PHILIP PHILLIPS.

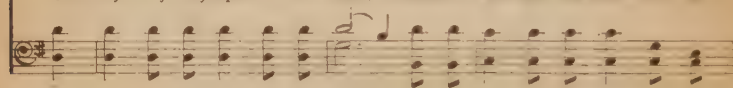
PHILIP PHILLIPS, by per.



1. I have heard of a Saviour's love, And a wonder-ful love it must be;
2. I have heard how He suffered and bled, How He languish'd and died on the tree;
3. I've been told of a heaven on high, Which the chil-dren of Je-sus shall see;
4. Lord, answer these questions of mine, To whom shall I go but to Thee?



But did He come down from a - bove, Out of love and com-pas - sion for
But then is it an - y-where said, That He lan-guish'd and suffered for
But is there a place in the sky Made read - y and fur-nished for
And say by Thy Spir - it di - vine, There's a Sav - iour and heav - en for



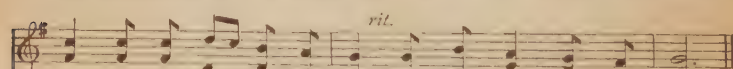
CHORUS.



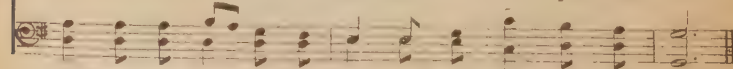
me, for me, Out of love and com-pas - sion for me? *Response.**
me, for me, That He lan-guish'd and suf - fered for me! Yes, yes, yes, for
me, for me, Made read - y and fur-nished for me?
me, for me, There's a Sav - iour and heav - en for me.



me, for me, Yes, yes, yes, for me: Our Lord from a - bove in His



rit.
in - fin - ite love, On the cross died to save you and me.



* The Response, or Scripture text, to be read for each verse, before singing the Chorus.

Song of Salvation.

1. "This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."—1 TIM. 1:15.—*Cho.*

2. "He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities. And with His stripes we are healed."—ISA. 53: 5.—*Cho.*

3. "In my Father's house are many mansions *** I go to prepare a place for you *** That where I am, there ye may be also."—JOHN 14: 2, 3.—*Cho.*

4. "I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely. He that overcometh shall inherit all things, and I will be his God, and he shall be my son."—REV. 21: 6, 7.—*Cho.*

No. 158.

Dare to be a Daniel.

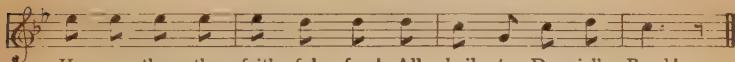
"But Daniel purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself with the portion of the king's meat, nor with the wine which he drank."—Dan. 1: 8.

P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

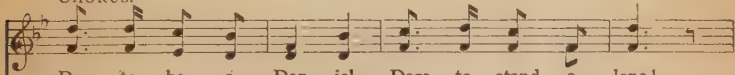


1. Stand-ing by a pur- pose true, Heed- ing God's com- mand,
2. Ma- ny might- y men are lost, Dar- ing not to stand,
3. Ma- ny gi- ants, great and tall, Stalk- ing thro' the land,
4. Hold the gos- pel ban- ner high! On to vic- t'ry grand!

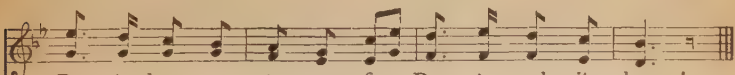


Hon- or them, the faith- ful few! All hail to Dan- iel's Band!
 Who for God had been a host, By join- ing Dan- iel's Band.
 Head- long to the earth would fall, If met by Dan- iel's Band.
 Sa- tan and his host de- fy, And shout for Dan- iel's Band.

CHORUS.



Dare to be a Dan- iel, Dare to stand a- lone!



Dare to have a pur- pose firm, Dare to make it known!

No. 159.

Tune—GREENVILLE. 8s, 7s & 4.

- 1 Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
 Let us each, Thy love possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace;
 O, refresh us, O refresh us,
 Traveling through this wilderness.

- 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
 For Thy gospel's joyful sound:
 May the fruits of Thy salvation

- In our hearts and lives abound;
 Ever faithful, Ever faithful,
 To the truth may we be found.

- 3 So, whene'er the signal's given,
 Us from earth to call away,
 Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
 Glad the summons to obey,
 May we ever, May we ever
 Reign with Christ in endless day!

JOHN FAWCETT, D.D., 1774.

No. 160.

At the Feet of Jesus.

"Mary which also sat at Jesus' feet, and heard his word"—Luke 10: 39.

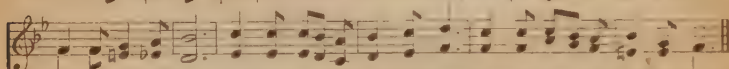
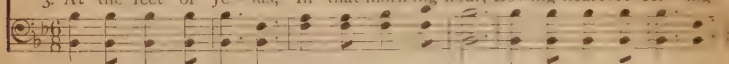
P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

Moderato.



1. At the feet of Je - sus, List'ning to His word: Learning wisdom's les-son
2. At the feet of Je - sus, Pour-ing per-fume rare, Ma-ry did her Sav-iour
3. At the feet of Je - sus, In that morn-ing hour, Loving hearts re-ceive-ing



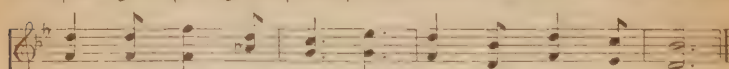
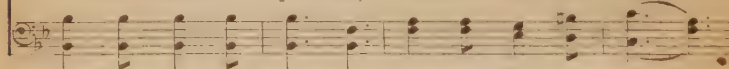
From her loving Lord: Ma-ry, led by heav'nly grace, Chose the meek disciple's place.
For the grave prepare: And, from love the "good work" done, She her Lord's approval won.
Res-ur-rec-tion power: Haste with joy to preach the word: "Christ is ris-en, Praise the Lord!"



CHORUS.



At the feet of Je - sus is the place for me,
At the feet of Je - sus is the place for me,
At the feet of Je - sus, ris - en now for me,



There a hum - ble learn - er would I choose to be.
There in sweet - est ser - vice would I ev - er be.
I shall sing His prais - es through e - ter - ni - ty.



No. 161.

A Little While.

"What is this that he saith 'a little while.'"—John 16: 17.

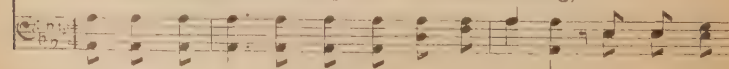
MRS. JANE CREWDSON.

IRA D. SANKEY, by per.

Slowly.



1. Oh, for the peace that flow - eth as a riv - er, Mak - ing life's
2. "A lit - tle while" for pa - tient vig - il - keep - ing, To face the
3. "A lit - tle while" the earth - ern pitch - er tak - ing, To way - side
4. "A lit - tle while" to keep the oil from fail - ing, "A lit - tle



A Little While.

des - ert pla - ces bloom and smile; Oh, for the faith to grasp "Heav'n's bright for-
 storm and wres - tle with the strong; "A lit - tle while" to sow the seed with
 brooks, from far off foun - tains fed; Then the parched lip its thirst for - ev - er
 while" faith's flickering lamp to trim; And then the Bridegroom's coming footsteps

rit.

- ev - er," A - mid the sha - dows of earth's "lit - tle while,"
 weep - ing, Then bind the sheaves and sing the har - vest song.
 slak - ing Be - side the ful - ness of the Fountain - head.
 hail - ing, We'll haste to meet Him with the bri - dal hymn.

No. 162.

The Solid Rock.

"The Lord is my defence, and rock of my refuge."—Ps. 94: 22.

REV. EDWARD MOTE, 1825.

WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.

1. My hope is built on noth - ing less Than Je - sus' blood and righteous - ness;
 2. When dark - ness veils His love - ly face, I rest on His un - changing grace;
 3. His oath, His cov - e - nant, His blood. Sup - port me in the whelming flood;
 4. When He shall come with trum - pet sound, O, may I then in Him be found;

I dare not trust the sweet - est frame, But whol - ly lean on Je - sus' name.
 In ev - ery high and storm - y gale, My an - chor holds with - in the vail.
 When all a - round my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.
 Drest in His right - eous - ness a - lone, Fault - less to stand be - fore the throne!

CHORUS.

On Christ, the Sol - id Rock I stand; All oth - er ground is
 sink - ing sand, All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand.

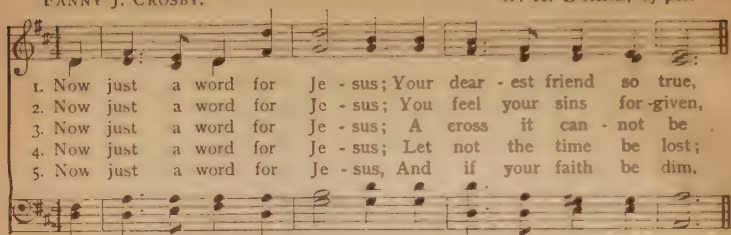
No. 163.

Just a Word for Jesus.

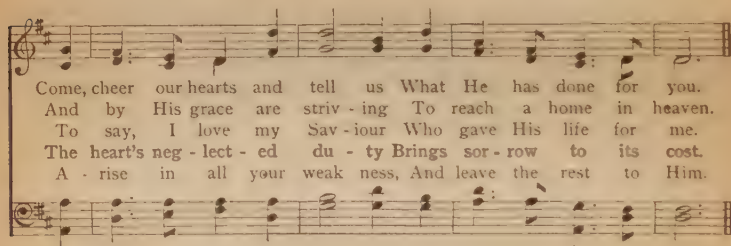
"Will thou not tell."—Ezek. 24: 19.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE, by per.



1. Now just a word for Je - sus; Your dear - est friend so true,
 2. Now just a word for Je - sus; You feel your sins for - given,
 3. Now just a word for Je - sus; A cross it can - not be
 4. Now just a word for Je - sus; Let not the time be lost;
 5. Now just a word for Je - sus, And if your faith be dim,



Come, cheer our hearts and tell us What He has done for you.
 And by His grace are striv - ing To reach a home in heaven.
 To say, I love my Sav - iour Who gave His life for me.
 The heart's neg - lect - ed du - ty Brings sor - row to its cost.
 A - rise in all your weak ness, And leave the rest to Him.

REFRAIN.



Now just a word for Je - sus—'Twill help us on our way; One
 lit - tle word for Je - sus, O speak, or sing, or pray.

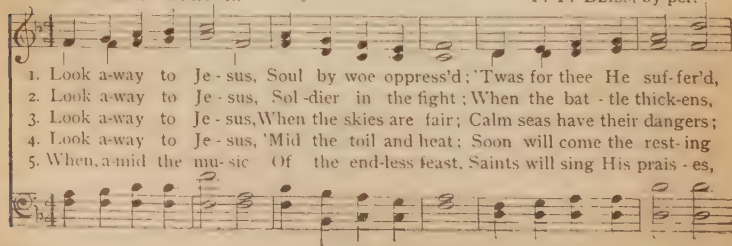
No. 164.

Look Away to Jesus.

"Looking unto Jesus."—Heb. 12: 2.

REV. HENRY BURTON.

P. P. BLISS, by per.



1. Look a-way to Je - sus, Soul by woe oppress'd; 'Twas for thee He suf - fer'd,
 2. Look a-way to Je - sus, Sol - dier in the fight; When the bat - tle thick - ens,
 3. Look a-way to Je - sus, When the skies are fair; Calm seas have their dangers;
 4. Look a-way to Je - sus, 'Mid the toil and heat; Soon will come the rest - ing
 5. When, amid the mu - sic Of the end - less feast, Saints will sing His prais - es,

Look Away to Jesus.

Come to Him and rest, All thy griefs He car-ried, All thy sins He bore;
 Keep thine ar-mor bright: Tho' thy foes be ma-ny, Tho' thy strength be small,
 Mar-in-er, be-ware! Earth-ly joys are fleet-ing, Go-ing as they came,
 At the Mas-ter's feet; For the guests are bid-den, And the feast is spread;
 Thine shall not be least; Then, a-mid the glo-ries Of the crys-tal sea,

Look a-way to Je-sus; Trust Him ev-er-more.
 Look a-way to Je-sus; He shall con-quer all.
 Look a-way to Je-sus, Ev-er more the same.
 Look a-way to Je-sus, In His foot-steps tread.
 Look a-way to Je-sus, Through e-ter-ni-ty.

No. 165. Trusting Jesus, That is All.

"Though he slay me, yet will I trust him."—Job 13: 15.

REV. EDGAR PAGE STITES.

IRA D. SANKEY, by per.

1. Sim-ply trust-ing ev-'ry day, Trust-ing thro' a storm-y way;
 2. Brightly doth His Spir-it shine In-to this poor heart of mine;
 3. Sing-ing, if my way is clear; Pray-ing, if the path is drear;
 4. Trusting Him while life shall last, Trust-ing Him till earth is past;

E-ven when my faith is small, Trusting Je-sus, that is all.
 While He leads I can-not fall, Trusting Je-sus, that is all.
 If in dan-ger, for Him call, Trusting Je-sus, that is all.
 Till with-in the jas-per wall, Trusting Je-sus, that is all.

CHORUS.

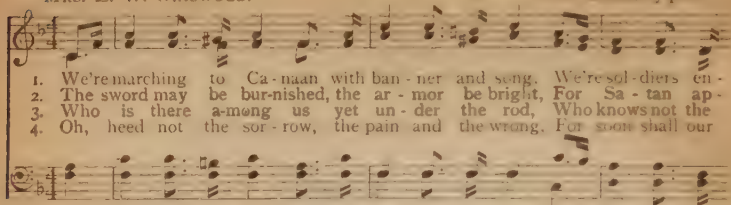
Trust-ing as the moments fly, Trust-ing as the days go by;
 Trust-ing Him what-e'er be-fall, Trust-ing Je-sus, that is all.

No. 166. Who's on the Lord's Side.

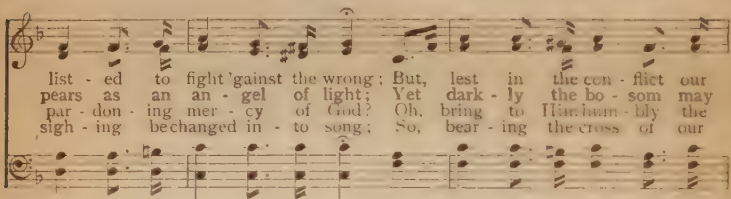
"Who is on the Lord's side."—Ex. 32: 26.

MRS. E. W. GRISWOLD.

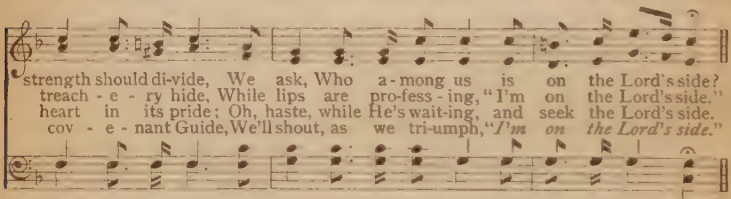
P. P. BLISS, by per.



1. We're marching to Ca-naan with ban-ner and song. We're sol-diers en-
 2. The sword may be bur-nished, the ar-mor be bright, For Sa-tan ap-
 3. Who is there a-mong us yet un-der the rod, Who knows not the
 4. Oh, heed not the sor-row, the pain and the wrong. For soon shall our

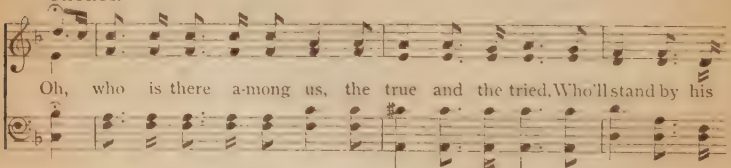


list-ed to fight 'gainst the wrong; But, lest in the cen-sure our
 peers as an an-gel of light; Yet dark-ly the bo-som may
 par-don-ing mer-cy of God? Oh, bring to Him hum-bly the
 sigh-ing bechanged in-to song; So, bear-ing the cross of

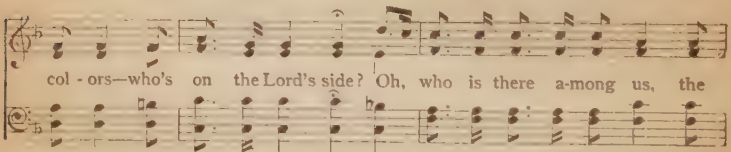


strength should di-vide, We ask, Who a-mong us is on the Lord's side?
 treach-e-ry hide, While lips are pro-fess-ing, "I'm on the Lord's side."
 heart in its pride; Oh, haste, while He's wait-ing, and seek the Lord's side.
 cov-e-nant Guide, We'll shout, as we tri-umph, "I'm on the Lord's side."

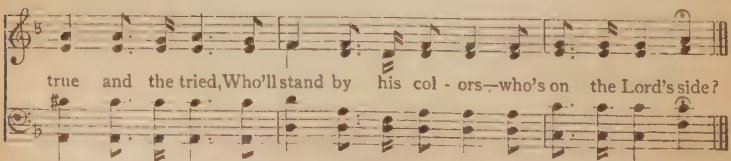
CHORUS.



Oh, who is there a-mong us, the true and the tried, Who'll stand by his



col-ors—who's on the Lord's side? Oh, who is there a-mong us, the



true and the tried, Who'll stand by his col-ors—who's on the Lord's side?

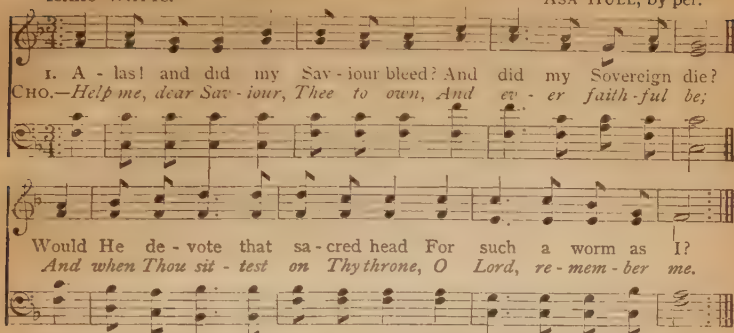
No. 167.

Remember Me.

"O Lord, Thou knowest; remember."—Jer. 15: 15.

ISAAC WATTS.

ASA HULL, by per.



1. A - las! and did my Sav - iour bleed? And did my Sovereign die?
 CHO.—*Help me, dear Sav - iour, Thee to own, And ev - er faith - ful be;*

Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
And when Thou sit - test on Thy throne, O Lord, re - mem - ber me.

- 2 Was it for crimes that I had done
 He groaned upon the tree?
 Amazing pity! grace unknown!
 And love beyond degree.—CHO.
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
 And shut his glories in,
 When Christ, the mighty Maker died
 For man, the creature's sin.—CHO.

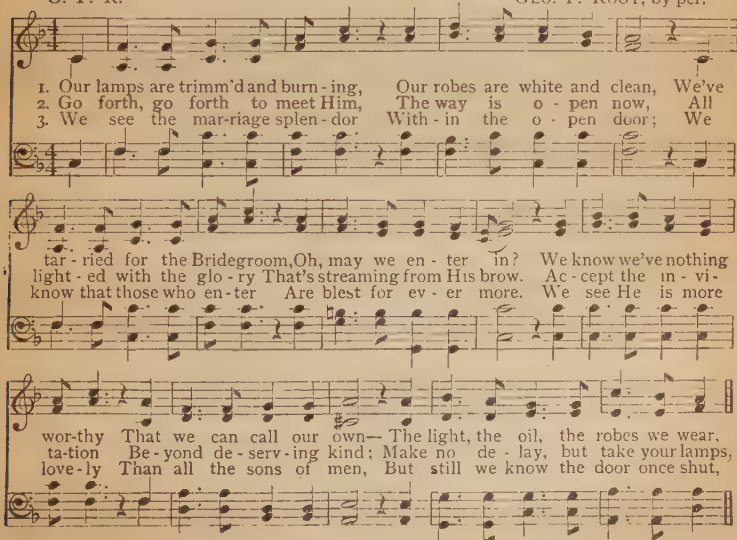
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
 Whilst His dear cross appears,
 Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
 And melt mine eyes to tears.—CHO.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
 The debt of love I owe;
 Here, Lord, I give myself away;
 'Tis all that I can do.—CHO.

No. 168. Behold, the Bridegroom Cometh.

"At midnight there was a cry made, behold the Bridegroom cometh."—Matt. 25: 6.

G. F. R.

GEO. F. ROOT, by per.



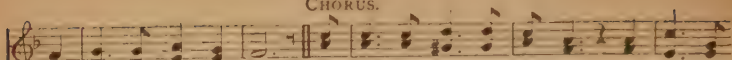
1. Our lamps are trimm'd and burn - ing, Our robes are white and clean, We've
 2. Go forth, go forth to meet Him, The way is o - pen now, All
 3. We see the mar - riage splen - dor With - in the o - pen door; We

tar - ried for the Bridegroom, Oh, may we en - ter in? We know we've nothing
 light - ed with the glo - ry That's streaming from His brow. Ac - cept the in - vi -
 know that those who en - ter Are blest for ev - er more. We see He is more

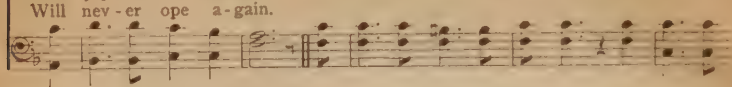

wor - thy That we can call our own— The light, the oil, the robes we wear,
 ta - tion Be - yond de - serv - ing kind; Make no de - lay, but take your lamps,
 love - ly Than all the sons of men, But still we know the door once shut,

Behold, the Bridegroom Cometh.

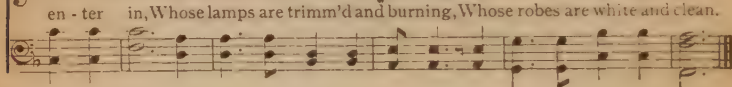
CHORUS.



Are all from Him a-lone. Be-hold the Bridegroom cometh! And all may
And joy e-ter-nal find.
Will nev-er ope a-gain.

en-ter in, Whose lamps are trimm'd and burning, Whose robes are white and clean.




No. 169.

Whiter than Snow.

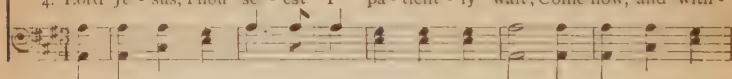

"Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."—Ps. 51: 7.

JAMES NICHOLSON.

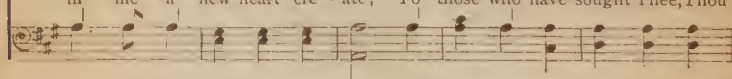

WM. G. FISCHER, 1872, by per.



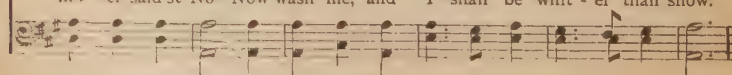
1. Lord Je-sus, I long to be per-fect-ly whole; I want Thee for-
2. Lord Je-sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And help me to
3. Lord Je-sus, for this I most hum-bly en-treat; I wait, bless-ed
4. Lord Je-sus, Thou se-est I pa-tient-ly wait; Come now, and with-

ev-er, to live in my soul; Break down ev-'ry i-dol, cast
make a com-plete sac-ri-fice; I give up my-self, and what-
Lord, at Thy cru-ci-fied feet, By faith, for my cleansing, I
in me a new heart cre-ate; To those who have sought Thee, Thou

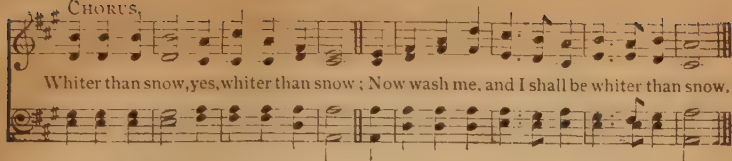



out ev-'ry foe; Now wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow.
ev-er I know—Now wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow.
see Thy blood flow—Now wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow.
nev-er said'st No—Now wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow.



Whiter than Snow.

CHORUS.



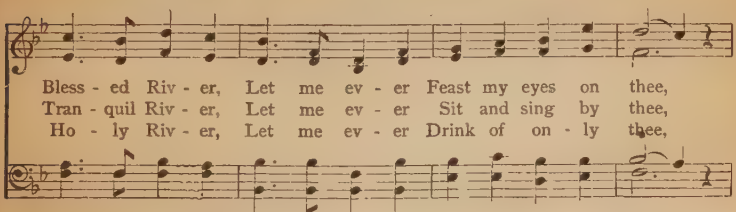
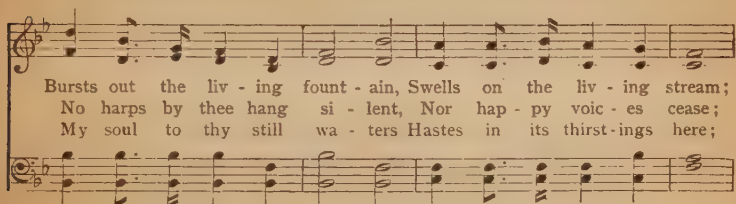
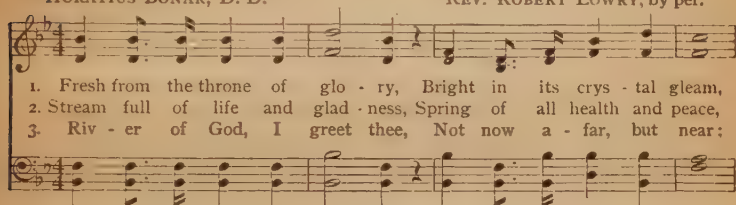
No. 170.

Blessed River.

"And he shewed me a pure river of water of life."—Rev. 22: 1.

HORATIUS BONAR, D. D.

REV. ROBERT LOWRY, by per.



No. 171.

My High Tower.

"The Lord is my Rock—and my high Tower."—Ps. 18: 2.

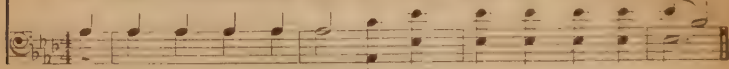
P. P. B.

P. P. BUSS, by per.

Firmly.



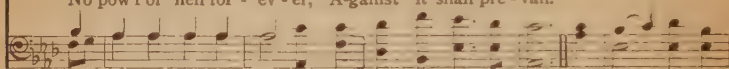
1. In Zi-on's Rock a-bid-ing, My soul her tri-umph sings:
2. Wild waves are round me swell-ing, Dark clouds a-bove I see.
3. My Tower of strength can nev-er In time of trou-ble fail;



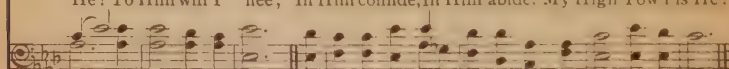
CHORUS.



In His pa-vilion hid-ing, I praise the King of kings. My high Tow'r is
Yet, in my Fortress dwelling, More safe I can-not be.
No pow'r of hell for-ev-er, A-gainst it shall pre-vail.



He! To Him will I flee; In Him confide, In Him abide: My High Tow'r is He!



No. 172.

I Stood Outside the Gate.

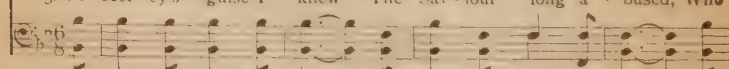
"Enter ye in at the strait gate."—Matt. 7: 13.

MISS JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

HUBERT P. MAIN, by per.



1. I stood out-side the gate, A poor, way-far-ing child; With-
2. Oh, "Mer-cy!" loud I cried, "Now give me rest from sin!" "I
3. In Mer-cy's guise I knew The Sav-iour long a-bused, Who



- in my heart there beat A tem-pest loud and wild; A fear oppressed my
will," a voice replied, And Mer-cy let me in; She bound my bleeding
oft-en sought my heart, And wept when I re-fused; Oh, what a blest re-



I Stood Outside the Gate.

soul, That I might be too late; And oh, I trembled sore, And wounds, And sooth'd my heart op-press; She washed a-way my guilt And - turn For all my years of sin! I stood out - side the gate, And prayed out - side the gate, And prayed out - side the gate. And gave me peace and rest, And gave me peace and rest. Je - sus let me in, And Je - sus let me in.

No. 173. Hold Fast Till I Come.

"That which ye have already, hold fast till I come."—Rev. 2: 25.

MRS. E. W. GRISWOLD.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. Oh, spir - it, o'erwhelmed by thy fail - ures and fears, Look
2. Hold fast when the world would al - lure thee to sin; Hold
3. Thy Sav - iour is com - ing in ten - der - est love, To
up to thy Lord, tho' with trembling and tears: Weak Faith, to thy call seem the
fast when the tempter as - sails from with-in; In sun-shine or sad-ness, in
make up His jew-els and bear them a - bove: Oh, child, in thine anguish, de-
heav'ns on - ly dumb? To thee is the mes-sage, "Hold fast till I come."
gain or - in loss, To fal - ter were mad-ness; Oh, cling to the cross.
- spair - ing or dumb, Re - member the mes-sage, "Hold fast till I come."

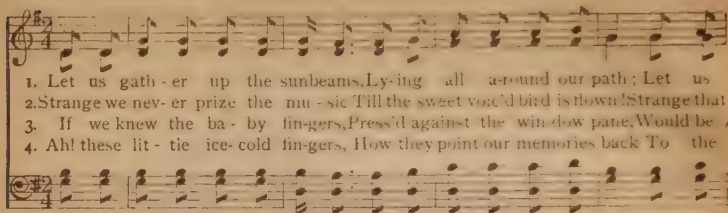
CHORUS.

Hold fast till I come, Hold fast till I come: A bright crown awaits thee; Hold fast till I come.

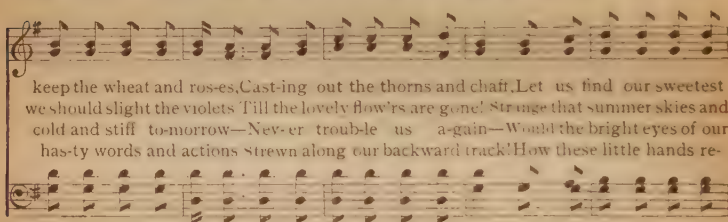
"Be kindly affectioned one to another."—Rom. 12: 10.

MRS. ALBERT SMITH.

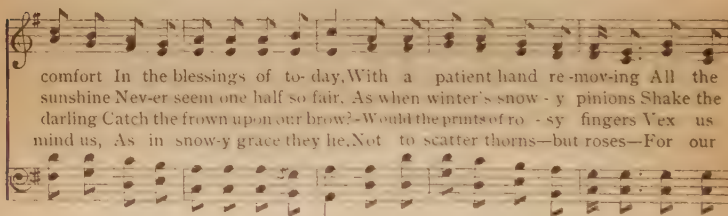
S. J. VAIL, by per. PHILIP PHILLIPS.



1. Let us gath - er up the sunbeams, Ly - ing all a - round our path; Let us
2. Strange we nev - er prize the mu - sic Till the sweet voice'd bird is flown! Strange that
3. If we knew the ba - by fingers, Press'd against the win - dow pane, Would be,
4. Ah! these lit - tie ice - cold fingers, How they point our memories back To the

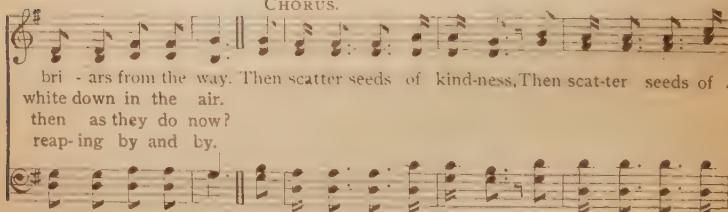


keep the wheat and ros - es, Cast - ing out the thorns and chaff, Let us find our sweetest
we should slight the violets Till the lovely flow'rs are gone! Strange that summer skies and
cold and stiff to - morrow—Nev - er trouble us a - gain—Would the bright eyes of our
has - ty words and actions strewn along our backward track! How these little hands re -

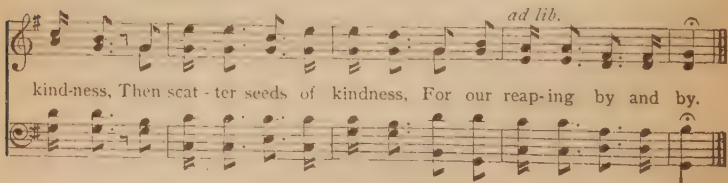


comfort In the blessings of to - day, With a pa - tient hand re - mov - ing All the
sunshine Nev - er seem one half so fair, As when win - ter's snow - y pinions Shake the
darling Catch the frown upon our brow?—Would the prints of ro - sy fingers Vex us
mind us, As in snow - y grace they lie, Not to scatter thorns—but roses—For our

CHORUS.



bri - ars from the way. Then scatter seeds of kind - ness, Then scat - ter seeds of
white down in the air.
then as they do now?
reap - ing by and by.



kind - ness, Then scat - ter seeds of kindness, For our reap - ing by and by.

No. 175. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

"Take unto you the whole armor of God."—Eph. 6: 13.

REV. S. BARING-GOULD.

JOS. HAYDN, arr.

1. On-ward, Chris-tian sol-diers, Marching as to war, With the Cross of Je-sus
2. Like a might-y ar-my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are treading
3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Je-sus
4. Onward, then, ye peo-ple, Join the happy throng, Blend with ours your voices

Go-ing on be-fore, Christ the Roy-al Mas-ter Leads a-against the foe,
Where the saints have trod; We are not di-vid-ed, All one bod-y we;
Constant will re-main; Gates of hell can nev-er 'Gainst that Church prevail;
In the triumph song; Glo-ry, laud, and hon-or, Un-to Christ the King,

CHORUS.
Forward in-to bat-tle, See, His banners go. Onward, Chris-tian sol-diers,
One in hope and doctrine, One in char-i-ty.
We have Christ's own promise, And that cannot fail.
This thro' countless a-ges Men and an-gels sing.

Marching as to war, With the Cross of Je-sus Go-ing on be-fore.

No. 176.

Close to Thee.

"It is good for me to draw near to God."—Ps. 73: 28.

FANNY J. CROSBY, 1873.

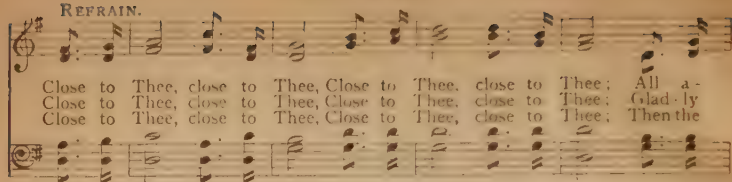
S. J. VAIL, by per.

1. Thou my ev-er-last-ing por-tion, More than friend or life to me,
2. Not for ease or world-ly pleas-ure, Nor for fame my prayer shall be;
3. Lead me thro' the vale of shad-ows, Bear me o'er life's fit-ful sea:

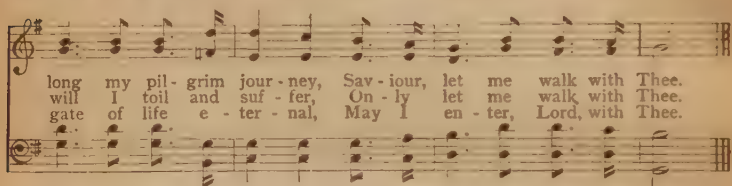
All a-long my pil-grim jour-ney, Sav-iour, let me walk with Thee.
Glad-ly will I toil and suf-fer, On-ly let me walk with Thee.
Then the gate of life e-ter-nal, May I en-ter, Lord, with Thee.

Close to Thee.

REFRAIN.



Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee; All a -
 Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee; Glad - ly
 Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee; Then the



long my pil - grim jour - ney, Sav - iour, let me walk with Thee.
 will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with Thee.
 gate of life e - ter - nal, May I en - ter, Lord, with Thee.

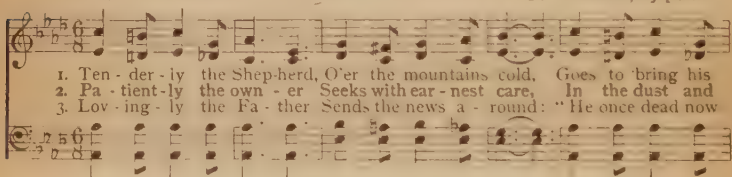
No. 177.

Seeking to Save.

"For the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."—Luke 19: 10.

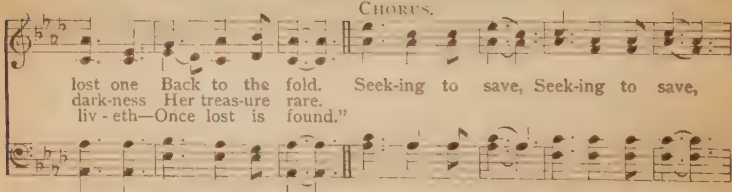
P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

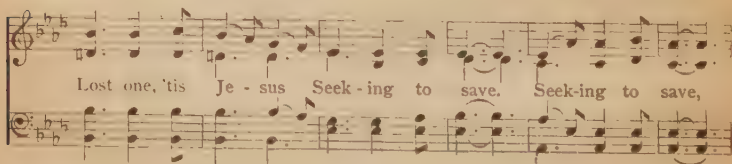


1. Ten - der - ly the Shep - herd, O'er the mountains cold, Goes to bring his
 2. Pa - tient - ly the own - er Seeks with ear - nest care, In the dust and
 3. Lov - ing - ly the Fa - ther Sends the news a - round: "He once dead now

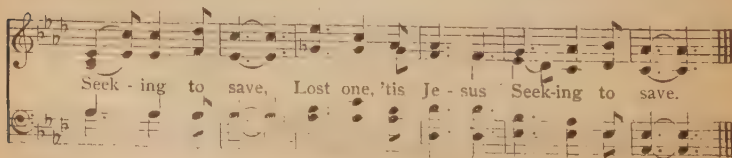
CHORUS.



lost one Back to the fold. Seek - ing to save, Seek - ing to save,
 dark - ness Her treas - ure rare.
 liv - eth—Once lost is found."



Lost one, 'tis Je - sus Seek - ing to save. Seek - ing to save,



Seek - ing to save, Lost one, 'tis Je - sus Seek - ing to save.

No. 178. I am Sweeping thro' the Gate.

"The gates of it shall not be shut at all by day."—Rev. 21. 25.

REV. JOHN PARKER.

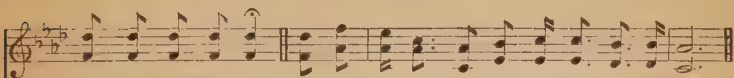
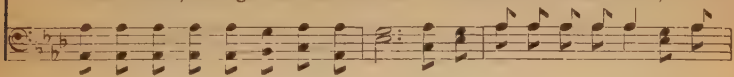
PHILIP PHILLIPS, by per.



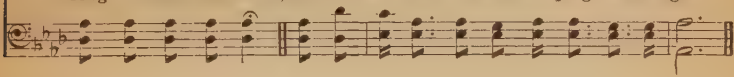
1. I am now a child of God, For I'm wash'd in Je-sus' blood; I am
2. Oh! the bless-ed Lord of light, He up-holds me by His might: And His
3. I am sweeping thro' the gate Where the bless-ed for me wait: Where the
4. Burst are all my pris-on bars, And I soar be-yond the stars; To my



watch-ing and I'm long-ing while I wait. Soon on wings of love I'll fly, To my arms en-fold, and comfort while I wait. I am lean-ing on His breast, Oh! the wea-ry work-ers rest for - ev - er-more. Where the strife of earth is done, And the Father's house, the bright and blest es-tate. Lo! the morn e-ter-nal breaks, And the



home be-yond the sky, To my wel-come, as I'm sweeping thro' the gate. sweet-ness of His rest, Hal-le-lu-jah, I am sweeping thro' the gate. crown of life is won, Oh, the glo-ry of that cit-y just be-fore! song im-mor-tal wakes, Rob'd in whiteness I am sweeping thro' the gate.



REFRAIN.



In the blood of yon-der Lamb, Wash'd from ev-'ry stain I am:



Rob'd in white-ness, clad in bright-ness, I am sweeping thro' the gate.



No. 179.

Jesus is Mine.

"My beloved is mine."—Song of Solomon 2: 16.

MRS. CATHERINE J. BONAR, 1843.

T. E. PERKINS, by per.

1. Fade, fade each earth-ly joy, Je - sus is mine! Break ev - 'ry
 2. Tempt not my soul a - way, Je - sus is mine! Here would I
 3. Fare - well, ye dreams of night, Je - sus is mine! Lost in this
 4. Fare - well, mor - tal - i - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel - come e -

ten - der tie, Je - sus is mine! Dark is the wil - der - ness,
 ev - er stay, Je - sus is mine! Per - ish - ing things of clay,
 dawn - ing light, Je - sus is mine! All that my soul has tried,
 ter - ni - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel - come, O loved and blest,

Earth has no rest - ing place, Je - sus a - lone can bless, Je - sus is mine!
 Born but for one brief day, Pass from my heart a - way, Je - sus is mine!
 Left but a dis - mal void, Je - sus has sat - is - fied, Je - sus is mine!
 Welcome, sweet scenes of rest, Welcome my Saviour's breast, Je - sus is mine!

No. 180.

Hallelujah, He is Risen!

"He is not here; for he is risen, as he said."—Matt. 28: 6.

P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. Hal - le - lu - jah, He is ris - en! Je - sus is gone up on high!
 2. Hal - le - lu - jah, He is ris - en! Our ex - alt - ed Head to be;
 3. Hal - le - lu - jah, He is ris - en! Death for aye hath lost his sting,

Burst the bars of death a - sun - der, An - gels shout and men re - ply: He is
 Sends the wit - ness of the Spir - it That our ad - vo - cate is He: He is
 Christ, Him - self the Res - ur - rec - tion, From the grave His own will bring: He is

ris - en, He is ris - en, Liv - ing now, no more to die. now, no more to die.
 ris - en, He is ris - en, Jus - ti - fied in Him are we. - fied in Him are we.
 ris - en, He is ris - en, Liv - ing Lord and com - ing King. Lord and com - ing King.

No. 181.

O Crown of Rejoicing.

"Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."—2 Tim. 4: 8.

REV. J. B. ATCHINSON.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

DUET.



1. O crown of re - joic - ing that's wait - ing for me, When finished my
2. O won - der - ful song that in glo - ry I'll sing, To him who re -
3. O joy ev - er - last - ing when heav - en is won, For ev - er in
4. O won - der - ful name which the glo - ri - fied bear, The new name which

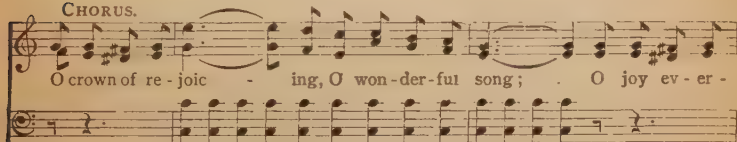


course, and when Jesus I see, And when from my Lord comes the sweet sounding
deemed me, to Je - sus, my King; All glo - ry and hon or to Him shall be
glo - ry to shine as the sun; No sor - row nor sigh ing—these all flee a -
Je - sus be - stows on us there; To him that o'er - com eth 'twill on - ly be



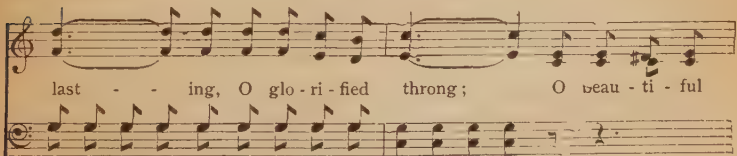
word: "Re - ceive, faith - ful ser - vant, the joy of thy Lord."
given, And prais - es un - ceas - ing, for - ev - er in heaven.
way, No night there, no shad - ows—'tis one end - less day.
given, Blest sign of ap - prov - al, our wel - come to heaven.

CHORUS.



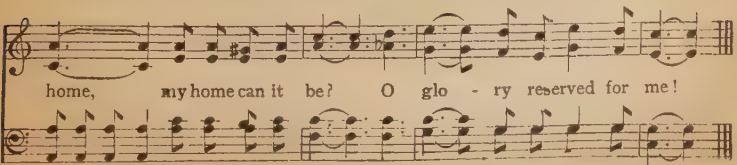
O crown of re - joic - ing, O won - der - ful song; O joy ev - er -

Crown of re - joic - ing, O won - der - ful, won - der - ful song;



last - - ing, O glo - ri - fied throng; O beau - ti - ful

Joy ev - er - last - ing, O glo - ri - fied, glo - ri - fied throng;



home, my home can it be? O glo - ry reserved for me!

Beautiful home,

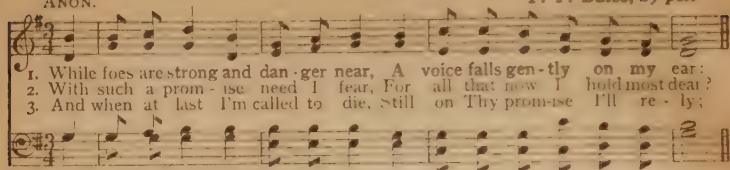
No. 182.

His Word a Tower.

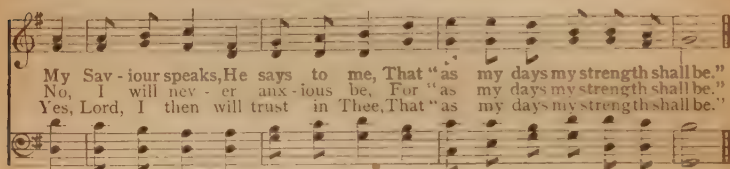
"As thy days, so shall thy strength be."—Deut. 33: 25.

ANON.

P. P. BLISS, by per.



1. While foes are strong and dan-ger near, A voice falls gen-tly on my ear:
2. With such a prom-ise need I fear, For all that now I hold most dear?
3. And when at last I'm called to die, Still on Thy prom-ise I'll re-ly;

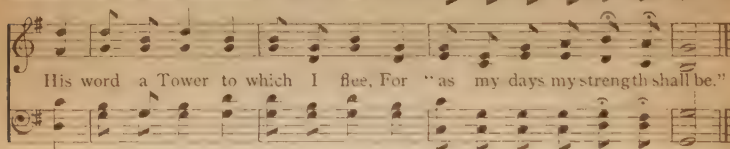


My Sav-our speaks, He says to me, That "as my days my strength shall be."
No, I will nev-er anx-ious be, For "as my days my strength shall be."
Yes, Lord, I then will trust in Thee, That "as my days my strength shall be."

CHORUS.



His word a Tower to which I flee, For "as my days my strength shall be."



His word a Tower to which I flee, For "as my days my strength shall be."

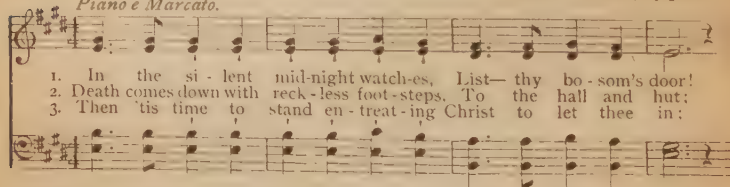
No. 183. In the Silent Midnight Watches.

"Behold I stand at the door and knock."—Rev. 3: 20.

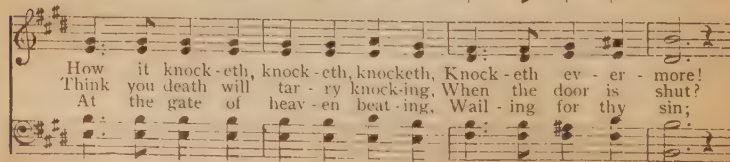
REV. A. C. COXE, D. D.

GEO. F. ROOT, by per.

Piano e Marcato.



1. In the si-lent mid- night watch-es, List- thy bo- som's door!
2. Death comes down with reck- less foot- steps. To the hall and hut;
3. Then 'tis time to stand en- treat- ing Christ to let thee in:



How it knock-eth, knock-eth, knocketh, Knock-eth ev-er-more!
Think you death will tar-ry knock-ing, When the door is shut?
At the gate of heav-en beat-ing, Wail-ing for thy sin;

In the Silent Midnight Watches.

Say not 'tis thy puls-es beat-ing, 'Tis thy heart of sin;
 Je - sus wait - eth, wait - eth, wait - eth; But the door is fast;
 Nay! a - las, thou guilt - y crea - ture! Hast thou, then, for - got?

'Tis thy Sav - iour knocks, and cri - eth, "Rise, and let me in!"
 Grieved, a - way thy Sav - iour go - eth, Death breaks in at last, —
 Je - sus wait - ed long to know thee, Now He knows thee not!

No. 184. We shall Sleep, but not Forever.

"Sown in corruption . . . raised in incorruption"—1 Cor. 15: 42.

MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

S. J. VAIL, by per.

1. We shall sleep, but not for - ev - er, There will be a glo - rious dawn!
 2. When we see a pre - cious blos - som That we tend - ed with such care,
 3. We shall sleep, but not for - ev - er, In the lone and si - lent grave;

We shall meet to part, no, nev - er, On the res - ur - rec - tion morn!
 Rude - ly tak - en from our bo - som, How our ach - ing hearts de - spair!
 Bless - ed be the Lord that tak - eth, Bless - ed be the Lord that gave.

From the deep - est caves of o - cean, From the des - ert and the plain,
 Round its lit - tle grave we lin - ger, Till the set - ting sun is low,
 In the bright, e - ter - nal ci - ty Death can nev - er, nev - er come!

From the val - ley and the moun - tain, Count - less throngs shall rise a - gain.
 Feel - ing all our hopes have per - ished With the flow'r we cherished so.
 In His own good time He'll call us From our rest, to Home, sweet Home.

We shall Sleep, but not Forever.

p CHORUS. *cres.*

We shall sleep, but not for - ev - er, There will be a glo - rious dawn;

We shall meet to part, no, nev - er, On the res - ur - rec - tion morn!

No. 185. Watchman, Tell Me.

"Watchman, what of the night."—Isa. 21: 11,

REV. SIDNEY S. BREWER.

Arr. by WM. B. BRADBURY.

FINE.

1. { Watchman, tell me, does the morn - ing Of fair Zi - on's glo - ry dawn; }
 { Have the signs that mark His com - ing, Yet up - on my path - way shone? }

D.C.—*Spurn the un - be - lief that bound thee, Morn - ing dawns, a - rise, a - rise!*

2. { See the glo - rious light as - cend - ing Of the grand Sa - bat - ic year; }
 { Hark! the voic - es loud pro - claim - ing The Mes - si - ah's king - dom near; }

D.C.—*Sa - lem, too, ap - pears in gran - deur, Tow'ring 'neath her sun - lit skies.*

D.C.

Pil - grim, yes, a - rise, look round thee, Light is break - ing in the skies;
 Watchman, yes; I see just yon - der, Ca - naan's glo - rious heights a - rise;

3 Pilgrim in that golden city,
 Seated in that jasper throne,
 Zion's King, arrayed in beauty,
 Reigns in peace from zone to zone;
 There, on verdant hills and mountains,
 Where the golden sunbeams play,
 Purling streams, and crystal fountains,
 Sparkle in th'eternal day.

4 Pilgrim, see! the light is beaming
 Brighter still upon thy way;
 Signs thro' all the earth are gleaming,
 Omens of the coming day,
 When the last loud trumpet sounding,
 Shall awake from earth to sea,
 All the saints of God now sleeping,—
 Clad in immortality,

No. 186. Give me the Wings of Faith.

"Here we have no continuing city."—Heb. 13: 14.

REV. I. WATTS, 1709.

Arr. by WALTER KITTREDGE.

SOLO.

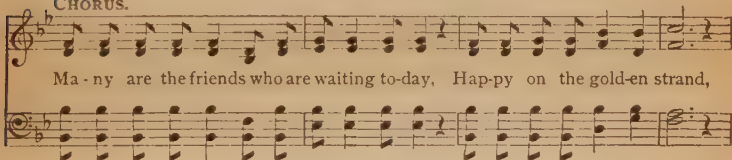


1. Give me the wings of faith to rise With-in the vail, and see The
2. Once they were mourners here be-low, And pour'd out cries and tears; They

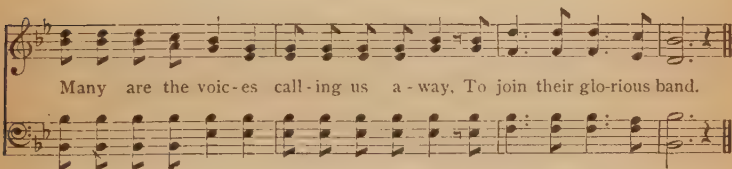


saints a-bove, how great their joys, How bright their glo-ries be.
wres-tled hard, as we do now, With sins, and doubts and fears,

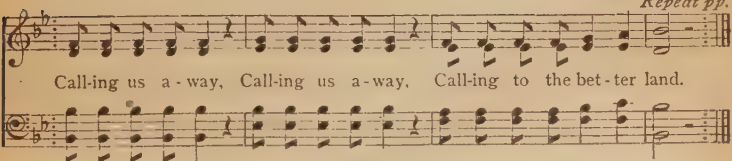
CHORUS.



Ma-ny are the friends who are waiting to-day, Hap-py on the gold-en strand,



Many are the voic-es call-ing us a-way, To join their glo-rious band.



Call-ing us a-way, Call-ing us a-way, Call-ing to the bet-ter land.

Repeat pp.

- 3 I asked them whence their victory came:
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to His death.
CHO.— Many are the friends, &c.

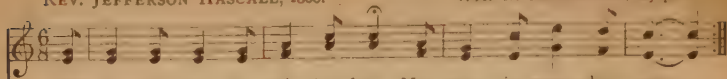
No. 187.

The Land of Beulah.

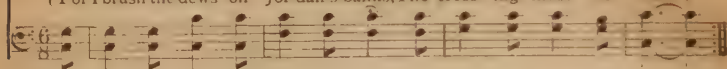
"Thou shalt be called Beulah, for the Lord delighteth in thee"—Isa. 62: 4.

REV. JEFFERSON HASCALL, 1860.

WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.



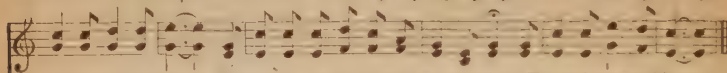
1. { My lat - est sun is sink - ing fast, My race is near - ly run; }
 { My strongest tri - als now are past, My tri - umph is be - gun. }
 2. { I know I'm nearing the ho - ly ranks, Of friends and kin - dred dear, }
 { For I brush the dew - s on Jor - dan's banks, The cross - ing must be near. }



CHORUS.



O come, angel band, come and around me stand, O, bear me away on your snowy wings To



my immortal home. O, bear me away on your snowy wings To my immortal home.



- 3 I've almost gained my heavenly home, 4 O, bear my longing heart to Him
 My spirit loudly sings; Who bled and died for me;
 Thy holy ones, behold, they come! Whose blood now cleanses from all sin,
 I hear the noise of wings. And gives me victory.

No. 188.

Room for Thee.

"There was no room for them in the inn."—Luke 2: 7.

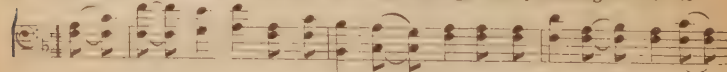
EMILY S. ELLIOTT.

IRA D. SANKEY, by per.

Slow.



1. Thou didst leave Thy throne, and Thy kingly crown, When Thou camest to earth for
 2. Heav'n's arch - es rang when the an - gels sang Of Thy birth and Thy royal de -
 3. Foxes found their rest, and the birds had their nests, In the shade of the ce - dar
 4. Thou camest, O Lord, with Thy liv - ing word, That should set Thy peo - ple
 5. Heav'n's arches shall ring, and its choirs shall sing, At Thy coming to vic - to -



me; But in Bethlehem's home there was found no room, For Thy holy na - tiv - i - ty.
 - cree; But in law - ly birth didst Thou come to earth, And in greatest humil - i - ty.
 tree; But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou Son of God, In the deserts of Gal - i - lee.
 free; But with mocking and scorn and with crown of thorn, Did they bear Thee to Calvary.
 - ry, Thou wilt call me home, saying "yet there is room," There is room at My side for thee.



Room for Thee.

REFRAIN.

Oh, come to my heart, Lord Je - sus! There is room in my heart for Thee.

Oh, come to my heart, Lord Je - sus, come! There is room in my heart for Thee.

No. 189.

Home at Last.

"In my Father's house are many mansions—I go to prepare a place for you."—John 14: 2.

"And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying."—Rev. 21: 4.

MRS. MARIA P. ALGER CROZIER.

IRA D. SANKEY, by per.

1. "Home at last" on heav'nly mountains, Heard the "Come and enter in;" Saved by life's fair
2. Free at last from all temptation, No more need of watchful care; Joy - ful in com-
3. Saved to greet on hills of glory Loved ones we have missed so long; Sav'd to tell the
4. Welcomed at the pearl - y por - tal, Ev - er - more a welcome guest; Welcome to the

REFRAIN.

flowing fountains, Saved from earthly taint and sin. "Home, sweet home," our home forever.
 plete salva - tion, Given the victor's crown to wear.
 sinner's sto - ry, Saved to sing redemption's song.
 life im - mor - tal, In the mansions of the blest.

Slow.

All the pilgrim - journey past; Welcome home to wander, never, Sav'd thro' Jesus - "Home at last."

No. 190. The Mistakes of my Life.

"Behold, I have set before thee an open door."—Rev. 3: 8.

MRS. URAMIA LOCKE-BAILEY.

REV. ROBERT LOWRY, by per.

Tenderly.

1. The mistakes of my life have been man-y, The sins of my heart have been
 2. I am low-est of those who love Him, I am weak-est of those who
 3. My mistakes His free grace will cov-er, My sins He will wash a-
 4. The mistakes of my life have been man-y, And my spir-it is sick with

more, And I scarce can see for weeping, But I'll knock at the o-pen door.
 pray; But I come as He has bid-den, And He will not say me nay.
 -way, And the feet that shrink and falter Shall walk thro' the gates of day.
 sin, And I scarce can see for weeping, But the Sav-iour will let me in.

CHORUS.

I know I am weak and sin-ful, It comes to me more and more; But
 when the dear Sav-iour shall bid me come in, I'll en-ter the o-pen door.

No. 191. Come; for the Feast is Spread.

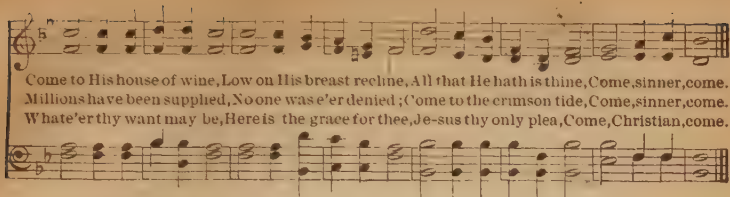
"Come; for all things are now ready."—Luke 14: 17.

REV. HENRY BURTON.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. Come, for the feast is spread; Hark to the call! Come to the Living Bread, Broken for all;
 2. Come where the fountain flows—River of life— Healing for all thy woes, Doubting and strife;
 3. Come to the throne of grace, Boldly draw near; He who would win the race Must tarry here;

Come; For the Feast Is Spread.



Come to His house of wine, Low on His breast recline, All that He hath is thine, Come, sinner, come.
Millions have been supplied, No one was e'er denied; Come to the crimson tide, Come, sinner, come.
Whate'er thy want may be, Here is the grace for thee, Je-sus thy only plea, Come, Christian, come.

4 Come to the Better Land,
Pilgrim, make haste!
Earth is a foreign strand—
Wilderness waste!
Here are the harps of gold,
Here are the joys untold—
Crowns for the young and old;
Come, pilgrim, come.

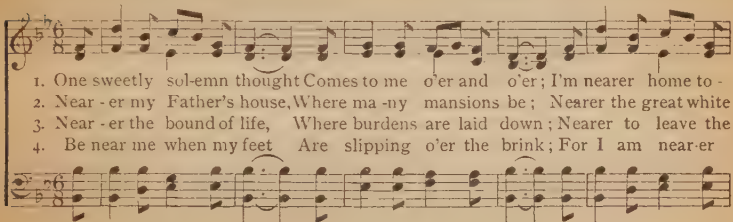
5 Jesus, we come to Thee,
Oh, take us in!
Set Thou our spirits free;
Cleanse us from sin!
Then, in yon land of light,
Clothed in our robes of white,
Resting not day nor night,
Thee will we sing.

No. 192. One Sweetly Solemn Thought.

"Now they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly."—Heb. 11: 16.

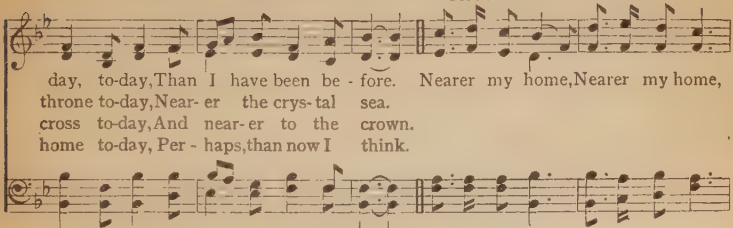
MISS PHOEBE CAREY.

PHILIP PHILLIPS, by per.

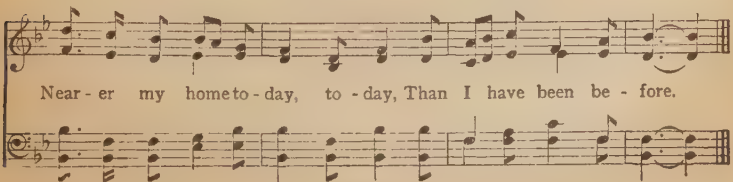


1. One sweetly sol-lemn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er; I'm nearer home to -
2. Near - er my Father's house, Where ma - ny mansions be; Nearer the great white
3. Near - er the bound of life, Where burdens are laid down; Nearer to leave the
4. Be near me when my feet Are slipping o'er the brink; For I am near - er

CHORUS.



day, to-day, Than I have been be - fore. Nearer my home, Nearer my home,
throne to-day, Near - er the crys - tal sea.
cross to-day, And near - er to the crown.
home to-day, Per - haps, than now I think.



Near - er my home to - day, to - day, Than I have been be - fore.

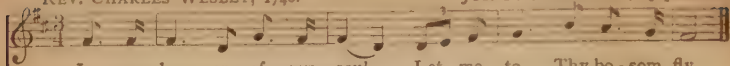
No. 193.

Refuge. 7s.

"The Lord also will be a refuge . . . in times of trouble."—Ps. 9: 9.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY, 1740.

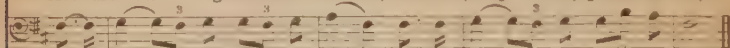
JOS. P. HOLBROOK, by per.



1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help - less soul on Thee;
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find;
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found— Grace to cov - er all my sin:



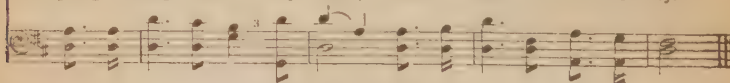
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high;
 Leave, oh, leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me:
 Raise the fal - len, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind:
 Let the heal - ing streams a - bound; Make me, keep me, pure with - in,



Hide me, oh, my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
 All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
 Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am all un - right - eous - ness;
 Thou of life the Fountain art, Free - ly let me take of Thee:



Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.
 Cov - er my de - fence - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
 Vile, and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
 Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.



No. 194. Oh, what are You Going to Do?

"How long halt ye between two opinions."—1 Kings 18: 21.

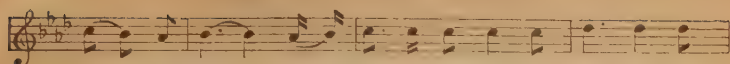
FANNY J. CROSBY, 1867.

PHILIP PHILLIPS, by per.

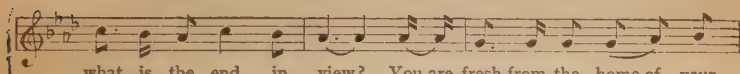


1. Oh, what are you go - ing to do, broth - er? Say, what are you
2. Oh, what are you go - ing to do, broth - er? The morn - ing of
3. Oh, what are you go - ing to do, broth - er? Your sun at its
4. Oh, what are you go - ing to do, broth - er? The twi - light ap -

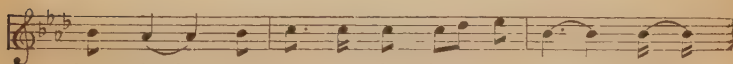
Oh, what are You Going to Do?



go-ing to do? You have thought of some use - ful la - bor, But
youth is past; The vig - or and strength of man-hood, My
noon is high; It shines in me - rid - ian splen - dor, And
proach - es now;— Al - read - y your locks are sil - vered, And



what is the end in view? You are fresh from the home of your
broth - er, are yours at last: You are ris - ing in world - ly
rides through a cloud - less sky: You are hold - ing a high po -
win - ter is on your brow: Your tal - ents, your time, your



boy - hood, And just in the bloom of youth! Have you
pros - pects, And pros - pered in world - ly things;— A . . .
si - tion, Of hon - or, and trust, and fame;— Are you
rich - es, To Je - sus, your Mas - ter, give; Then

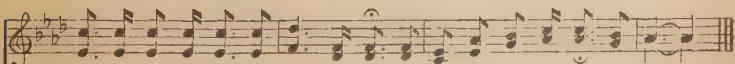
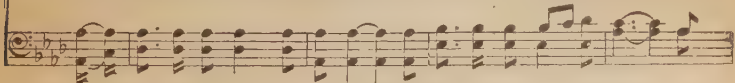


tast - ed the spark - ling wa - ter, That flows from the fount of truth?
du - ty to those less fa - vored, The smile of your for - tune brings.
will - ing to give the glo - ry And praise to your Sav - iour's Name?
ask if the world a - round you Is bet - ter be - cause you live.

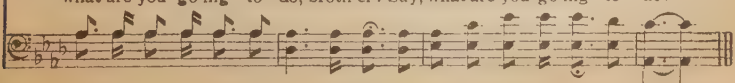
CHORUS.



1. Is your heart in the Saviour's keeping? Remember, He died for you!
 2. Go prove that your heart is grateful—The Lord has a work for you!
 3. The re - gions that sit in darkness Are stretching their hands to you!
 4. You are nearing the brink of Jor - dan, But still there is work for you!
- Then



what are you go - ing to do, broth - er? Say, what are you go - ing to do?



No. 195.

Art Thou Weary?

"Come unto me, and I will give you rest."—Matt. 11. 28.

REV. J. M. NEALE, trans.

REV. HENRY W. BAKER, 1863.

1. Art thou wea-ry, art thou lan-guid? Art thou sore dis-tress'd:
2. Hath He marks to lead me to Him If He be my guide?

"Come to Me," saith One, "and com-ing. Be at rest." A - MEN.
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints, And His side."

3 Is there diadem as monarch,
That His brow adorns?
"Yes, a crown in very surety,
But of thorns!"

5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan past."

4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What my future here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away."

No. 196.

The Valley of Blessing.

"The valley of Berachah."—2 Chr. 20: 26.

MRS. ANNIE WITTENMYER.

WM. G. FISCHER, by per.

1. I have en-tered the val-ley of bless-ing so sweet, And Je-sus a-
2. There is peace in the val-ley of bless-ing so sweet, And plen-ty the
3. There is love in the val-ley of bless-ing so sweet, Such as none but the
4. There's a song in the val-ley of bless-ing so sweet That an-gels would

bides with me there; And His spir-it and blood make my cleansing com-plete,
land doth im-part, And there's rest for the wea-ry-worn trav-el-er's feet,
blood-wash'd may feel, When heav-en comes down redeemed spir-its to greet,
fain join the strain, As with rap-tur-ous fac-es we bow at His feet.

The Valley of Blessing.

CHORUS.

And His per-fect love cast-eth out fear. Oh, come to the val-ley of
 And joy for the sor-row-ing heart.
 And Christ sets His cov-e-nant seal.
 Cry-ing, Worthy the Lamb that was slain.

blessing,
 blessing so sweet, Where Je-sus will full-ness be-stow— And be-

lieve, and re-ceive, and con-fess Him, That all His sal-va-tion may know.

No. 197.

Come, ye Disconsolate.

"Come unto me and I will give you rest."—Matt. II: 28.

THO'S. MOORE & THO'S. HASTINGS.

SAMUEL WEBBE.

1. Come, ye dis-con-so-late! wher-e'er ye lan-guish, Come to the
 2. Joy of the des-o-late! light of the stray-ing, Hope of the
 3. Here see the bread of life: see wa-ters flow-ing Forth from the

mer-cy-seat, fer-vent-ly kneel: Here bring your wound-ed hearts,
 pen-i-tent, fade-less and pure! Here speaks the Com-fort-er,
 throne of God, pure from a-bove: Come to the feast of love;

here tell your an-guish; Earth has no sor-row that heav'n can-not heal.
 ten-der-ly say-ing, Earth has no sor-row that heav'n can-not cure.
 come, ev-er know-ing, Earth has no sor-row, but heav'n can re-move.

No. 198.

Arise and Shine.

"Arise, shine, for thy light is come."—Isa. 60: 1.

MARY A. LATHBURY.

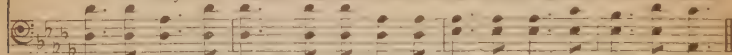
P. P. BLISS, by per.



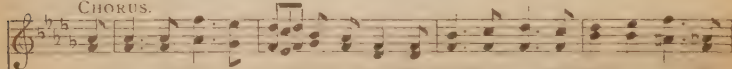
1. Lift up, lift up thy voice with singing, Dear land, with strength lift up thy voice! The
2. And shall His flock with strife be riven? Shall envious lines His church divide. When
3. Lift up thy gates! bring forth oblations! One crown'd with crowns a message brings His
4. He comes! let all the earth adore Him; The path His human nature trod sprems



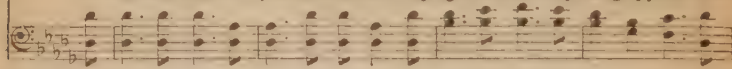
king-doms of the earth are bringing Their treasures to thy gates—re-joice!
He, the Lord of earth and heaven, Stands at the door to claim His bride?
word, a sword to smite the nations. His name—the Christ, the King of Kings.
to a roy-al realm be-fore Him, The LIFE of life, the WORLD OF GOD!



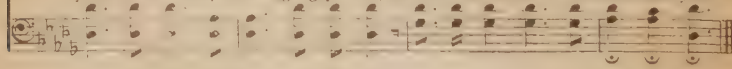
CHORUS.



A - rise and shine in youth immortal, Thy light is come, thy King appears! Be-



yond the Century's swinging por-tal, Breaks a new dawn—the thousand years'



No. 199.

Shall We Meet?

"The ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads."—Isa. 35: 10.

HORACE L. HASTINGS, 1858.

ELIHU S. RICE, 1866, by per.

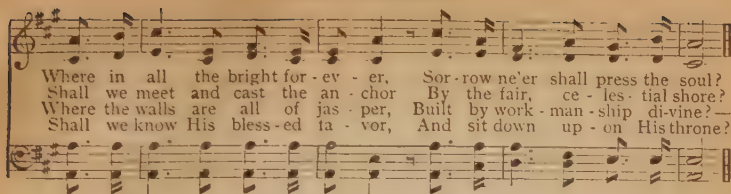
Moderato



- 1 Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, Where the sur-ges cease to roll?
- 2 Shall we meet in that blest har-bor, When our storm-y voyage is o'er?
- 3 Shall we meet in yon der-cit-y, Where the tow'rs of crys-tal shine?
- 4 Shall we meet with Christ our Sav-iour, When He comes to claim His own?

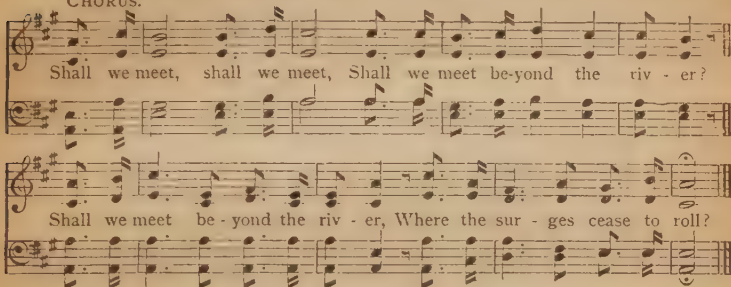


Shall we Meet?



Where in all the bright for - ev - er, Sor - row ne'er shall press the soul?
 Shall we meet and cast the an - chor By the fair, ce - les - tial shore?
 Where the walls are all of jas - per, Built by work - man - ship di - vine?—
 Shall we know His bless - ed fa - vor, And sit down up - on His throne?

CHORUS.



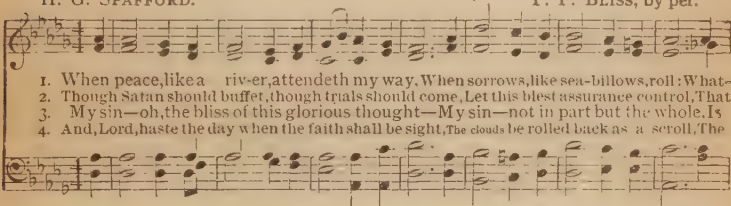
Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet be - yond the riv - er?
 Shall we meet be - yond the riv - er, Where the sur - ges cease to roll?

No. 200. It is Well with My Soul.

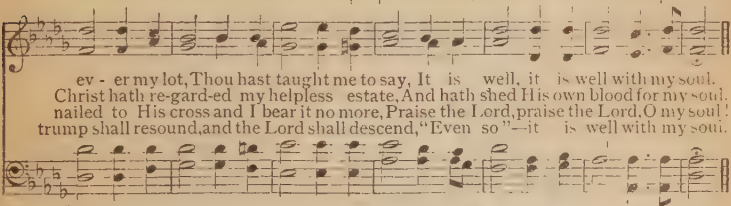
"He hath delivered my soul in peace."—Ps. 55: 18.

H. G. SPAFFORD.

P. P. BLISS, by per.



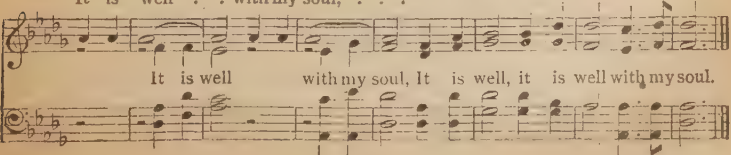
1. When peace, like a riv - er, attendeth my way, When sorrows, like sea-billows, roll: What—
2. Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come, Let this blest assurance control, That
3. My sin—oh, the bliss of this glorious thought—My sin—not in part but the whole. Is
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be rolled back as a scroll, The



ev - er my lot, Thou hast taught me to say, It is well, it is well with my soul.
 Christ hath re - gard - ed my helpless estate, And hath shed His own blood for my soul,
 nailed to His cross and I bear it no more, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!
 trump shall resound, and the Lord shall descend, "Even so"—it is well with my soul.

CHORUS.

It is well . . . with my soul, . . .



It is well with my soul, It is well, it is well with my soul.

No. 201.

Jesus is Mighty to Save.

"Mighty to save."—Isa. 63: 1.

MRS. ANNIE WITTENMYER.

WM. G. FISCHER, by per.

Moderato.

1. All glo-ry to Je-sus be given, That life and sal-va-tion are free;
 2. From darkness and sin and de-spair, Out in-to the light of His love,
 3. Oh, the rapturous heights of His love. The meas-ure-less depths of His grace,
 4. In Him all my wants are sup-plied, His love makes my heav-en be-low.

And all may be wash'd and for-given, And Je-sus can save ev-en me.
 He has brought me and made me an heir, To king-doms and man-sions a-bove.
 My soul all His fullness would prove, And live in His lov-ing em-brace.
 And tree-ly His blood is ap-plied, His blood that makes whiter than snow.

CHORUS.

Yes, Je-sus is mighty to save, . . . And all His sal-va-tion may know.
 is mighty to save, . . . salivation may know.

On His bosom I lean, And His blood makes me clean. For His blood can wash whiter than snow.

No. 202.

What shall I do to be Saved?

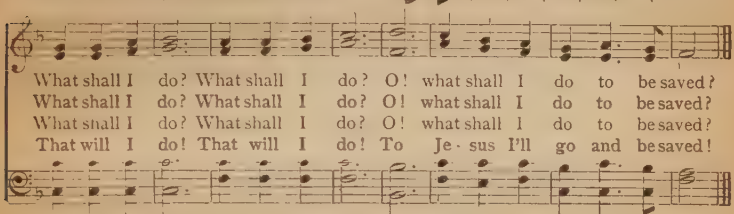
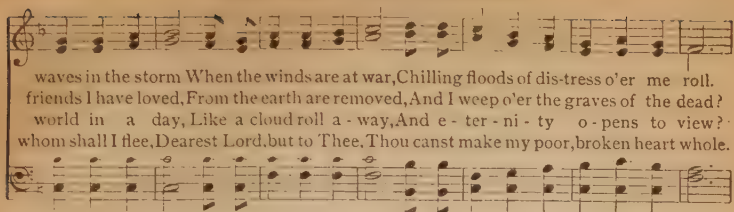
"What must I do to be saved?"—Acts 16: 30.

J. W. HOLMAN, 1852.

WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.

1. O! what shall I do to be saved From the sorrows that bur-den my soul? Like the
 2. O! what shall I do to be saved When the pleasures of youth are all fled? And the
 3. O! what shall I do to be saved, When sickness my strength shall subdue? Or the
 4. O! Lord look in mer-cy on me, Come, O come and speak peace to my soul: Un-to

What shall I do to be Saved?



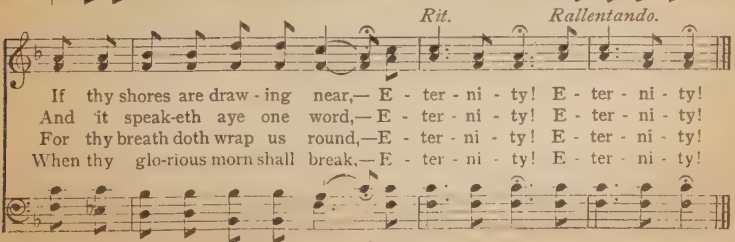
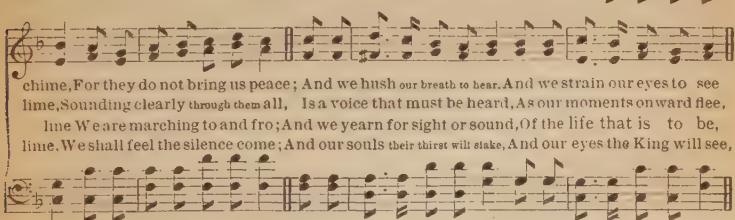
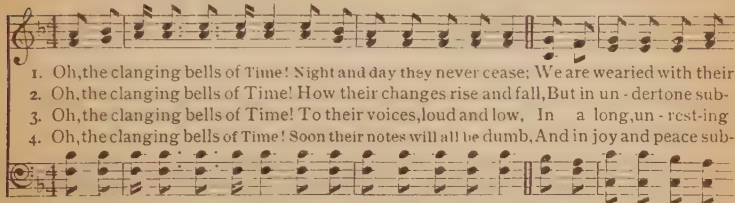
No. 203.

Eternity.

"Remember how short my time is."—Ps. 89: 47.

MRS. ELLEN M. H. GATES.

P. P. BLISS, by per.



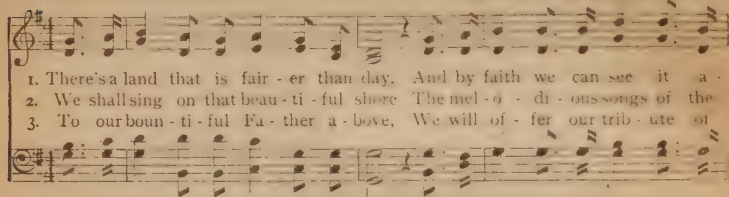
No. 204.

Sweet By-and-By.

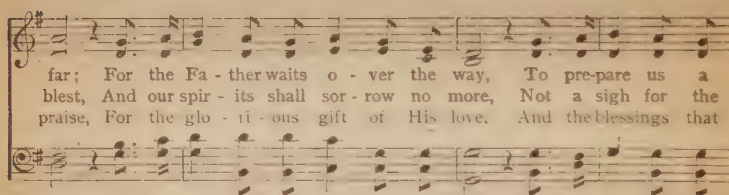
"The ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads."—Isa. 35: 10.

S. FILLMORE BENNETT.

JOS. P. WEBSTER, by per.

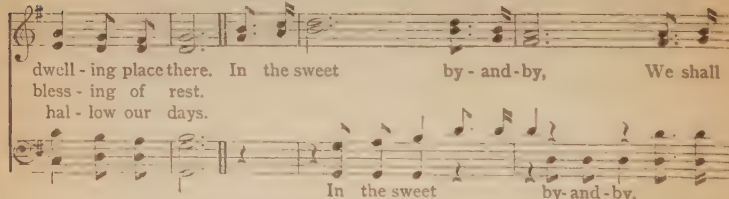


1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can see it a -
 2. We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore The mel - o - di - ous songs of the
 3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer our trib - ute of



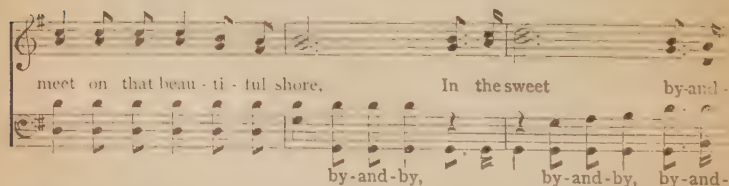
far; For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the way, To pre - pare us a
 blest, And our spir - its shall sor - row no more, Not a sigh for the
 praise, For the glo - ri - ous gift of His love, And the blessings that

CHORUS.




dwel - ling place there. In the sweet by - and - by, We shall
 bless - ing of rest.
 hal - low our days.

In the sweet by - and - by,



meet on that beau - ti - ful shore, In the sweet by - and -
 by - and - by, by - and - by, by - and -



by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore.
 by, by - and - by,

No. 205.

Expostulation.

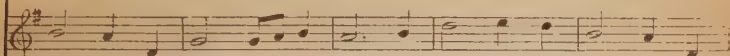
"Turn ye, turn ye—for why will ye die?"—Eze. 33: 11.

J. H.

REV. JOSIAH HOPKINS, 1830.



1. Oh, turn ye, oh, turn ye, for why will ye die? When God in great
2. How vain the de-lu-sion, that while you de-lay, Your heart may grow
3. The con-trite in heart He will free-ly re-ceive, Oh! why will you



mer-cy is com-ing so nigh? Now Je-sus in-vites you, the
bet-ter, your chains melt a-way; Come guilt-y, come wretch-ed, come
not the glad mes-sage be-lieve? If sin be your bur-den, why



Spir-it says, "Come," And an-gels are wait-ing to wel-come you home.
just as you are, All help-less and dy-ing, to Je-sus re-pair.
will you not come? 'Tis you He makes wel-come; He bids you come home.

No. 206.

Cross and Crown.

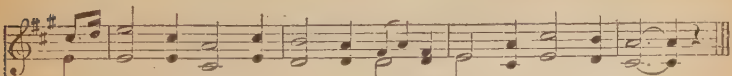
"And he bearing his cross, went forth."—John 19: 17.

THO'S. SHEPHERD.

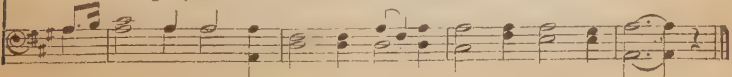
GEO. N. ALLEN, 1849.



1. Must Je-sus bear the cross a-lone, And all the world go free?
2. The con-se-crat-ed cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free;
3. Up-on the crys-tal pave-ment, down At Je-sus' pierc-ed feet,
4. O pre-cious cross! O glo-rious crown! O res-ur-rec-tion day!



No, there's a cross for ev-'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
With joy I'll cast my gold-en crown, And His dear name re-peat.
Ye an-gels, from the stars come down, And bear my soul a-way.



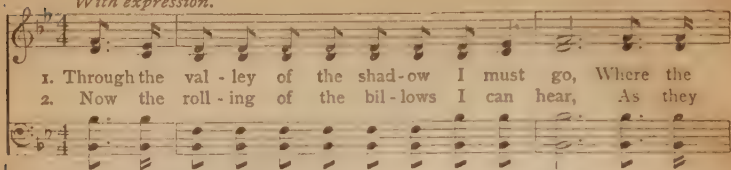
No. 207. There's a Light in the Valley.

"Though I walk through the valley . . . I will fear no evil."—Psa. 23: 4.

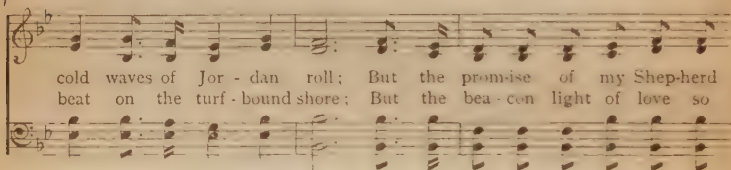
P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

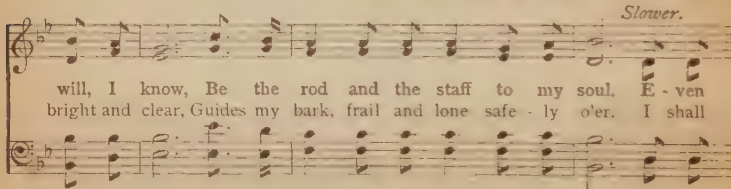
With expression.



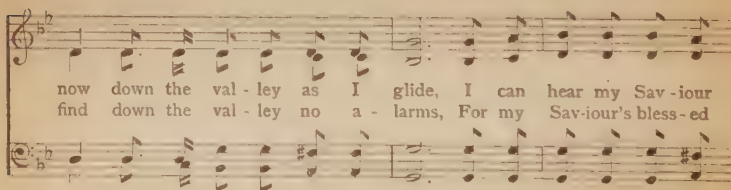
1. Through the val - ley of the shad - ow I must go, Where the
2. Now the roll - ing of the bil - lows I can hear, As they



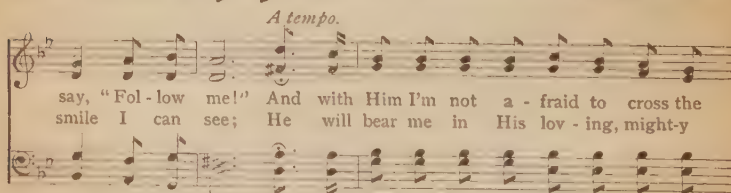
cold waves of Jor - dan roll; But the prom - ise of my Shep - herd
beat on the turf - bound shore; But the bea - con light of love so



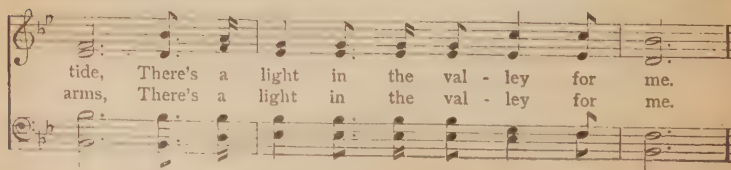
will, I know, Be the rod and the staff to my soul. E - ven
bright and clear, Guides my bark, frail and lone safe - ly o'er. I shall



now down the val - ley as I glide, I can hear my Sav - iour
find down the val - ley no a - larms, For my Sav - iour's bless - ed



say, "Fol - low me!" And with Him I'm not a - fraid to cross the
smile I can see; He will bear me in His lov - ing, might - y



tide, There's a light in the val - ley for me.
arms, There's a light in the val - ley for me.

There's a Light in the Valley.

f CHORUS. *p* *f* *p*

There's a light in the val-ley. There's a light in the val-ley, There's a
light in the val-ley for me, And no e-vil will I fear, While my
for me,

Repeat pp.

Shep-herd is so near, There's a light in the val-ley for me, for me.

No. 208. The Palace of the King.

"With gladness—they shall enter into the King's palace."—Ps. 45 : 15.


Arr. by FANNY J. CROSBY, 1876.

S. J. VAIL, by per.

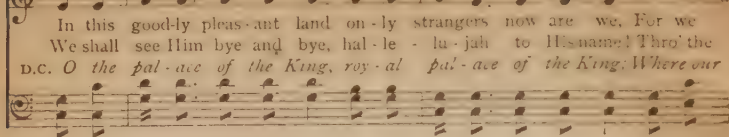

1. 'Tis a goodly pleasant land that we pilgrims journey thro', And our Father's constant
2. Our Re-deem-er is the King; what a sac-ri-fice He made, When He purchased our re-
blessings fall a-round us like the dew; But its sun-shine and its beau-ty to our
demption, and His blood the ransom paid; In His cross shall be our glo-ry, to that
hearts no joy can bring, Like the splendors that a-wait us in the pal-ace of the King.
bless-ed cross we'll cling, Till we reach the gates that open to the pal-ace of the King.

The Palace of the King.

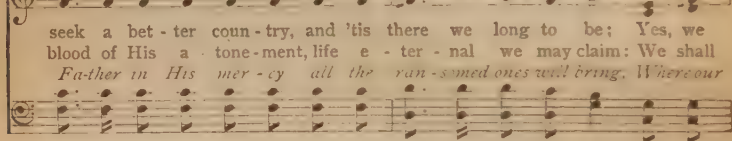

REFRAIN.



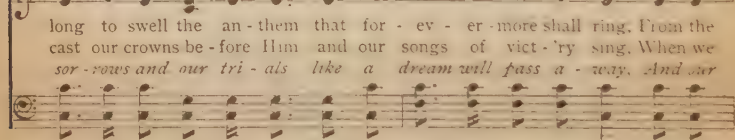
In this good-ly pleas-ant land on-ly stran-gers now are we, For we
We shall see Him bye and bye, hal-le-lu-jah to His name! Thro' the
D.C. O the pal-ace of the King, roy-al pal-ace of the King: Where our


seek a bet-ter coun-try, and 'tis there we long to be; Yes, we
blood of His a-tone-ment, life e-ter-nal we may claim: We shall
Fa-ther in His mer-cy all the ran-somed ones will bring. Where our

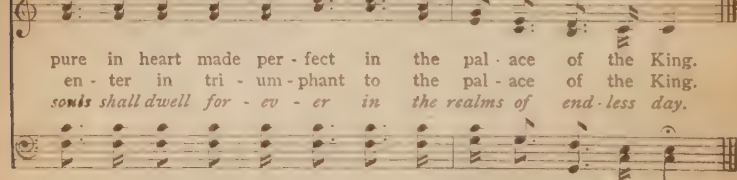
long to swell the an-them that for-ev-er-more shall ring. From the
cast our crowns be-fore Him and our songs of vict'-ry sing. When we
sor-rows and our tri-als like a dream will pass a-way. And our



Rit. *D.C. for Refrain.*



pure in heart made per-fect in the pal-ace of the King.
en-ter in tri-um-phiant to the pal-ace of the King.
sons shall dwell for-ev-er in the realms of end-less day.



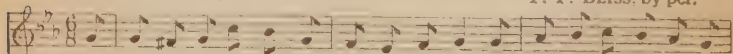
No. 209.

Out of the Ark.

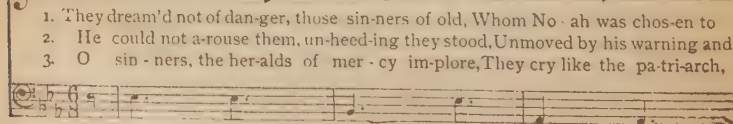
"Come thou and all thy house into the ark."—Gen. 7: 1.

KATE HARRINGTON.

P. P. BLISS, by per.



1. They dream'd not of dan-ger, those sin-ners of old, Whom No-ah was chos-en to
2. He could not a-rouse them, un-heed-ing they stood, Un-moved by his warn-ing and
3. O sin-ners, the her-alds of mer-cy im-plore, They cry like the pa-tri-arch,



Out of the Ark.

rit.

warn; By frequent transgressions their hearts had grown cold. They laugh'd his entreaties to scorn :
prayer; The prophet passed in from the on-coming flood, And left them to hopeless despair.
"Come;" The Ark of sal-va-tion is moored to your shore. Oh, enter while yet there is room!

Yet dai - ly he called them. "Oh, come, sinners, come. Believe and pre-pare to em-
The flood-gates were opened, the del-uge came on, The heav-ens as midnight grew
The storm-cloud of Justice rolls dark o - ver-head, And when by its fu - ry you're

rit.

bark! Receive ye the message, and know there is room For all who will come to the Ark."
dark, Too late, then they turn'd, ev'ry foothold was gone, They perished in sight of the Ark.
tossed, A-las, of your perishing souls' twill be said, "They heard—they refused—and were lost!"

p CHORUS.

Then come, come, oh, come; There's ref-uge a-lone in the Ark, Re-

rit.

ceive ye the message, and know there is room For all who will come to the Ark.

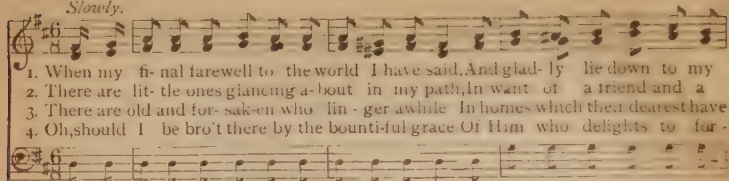
No. 210. Waiting and Watching for Me.

"I shall go to him * * * he shall not return to me."—2 Sam. 12: 23.

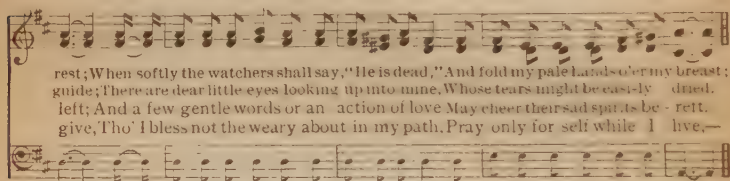
MARIANNE FARNINGHAM HEARN, 1862.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

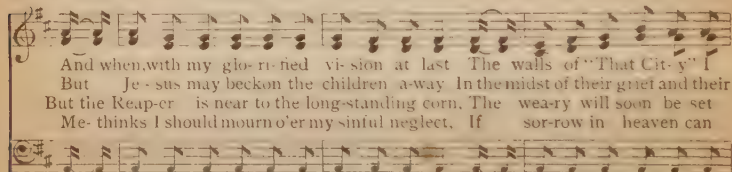
Slowly.



1. When my fi-nal farewell to the world I have said, And glad-ly lie down to my
2. There are lit-tle ones glancing a-bout in my path, In want of a friend and a
3. There are old and for-sak-en who lin-ger awhile In homes which their dearest have
4. Oh, should I be bro't there by the boun-ti-ful grace Of Him who delights to for-



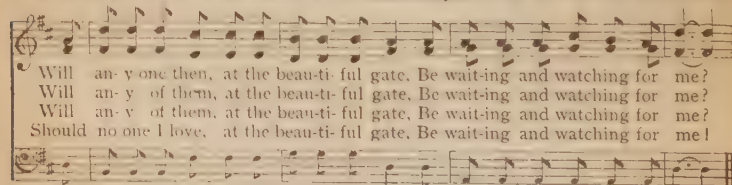
rest; When softly the watchers shall say, "He is dead," And fold my pale hands o'er my breast;
guide; There are dear little eyes looking up into mine, Whose tears might be easily dried.
left; And a few gentle words or an action of love May cheer their sad spirits be-rett.
give, Tho' I bless not the weary about in my path, Pray only for self while I live,—



And when, with my glo-ri-ried vi-sion at last The walls of "That Cit-y" I
But Je-sus may beckon the children a-way In the midst of their grief and their
But the Reap-er is near to the long-standing corn, The weary will soon be set
Me-thinks I should mourn o'er my sinful neglect, If sor-row in heaven can



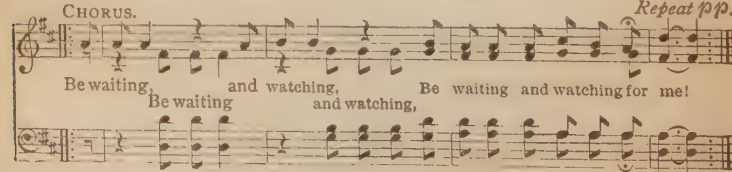
see, Will an-y one then, at the beau-ti-ful gate, Be waiting and watching for me?
glee—Will an-y of them, at the beau-ti-ful gate, Be waiting and watching for me?
free—Will an-y of them, at the beau-ti-ful gate, Be waiting and watching for me?
be, Should no one I love, at the beau-ti-ful gate, Be waiting and watching for me!



Will an-y one then, at the beau-ti-ful gate, Be wait-ing and watching for me?
Will an-y of them, at the beau-ti-ful gate, Be wait-ing and watching for me?
Will an-y of them, at the beau-ti-ful gate, Be wait-ing and watching for me?
Should no one I love, at the beau-ti-ful gate, Be wait-ing and watching for me!

CHORUS.

Repeat pp.



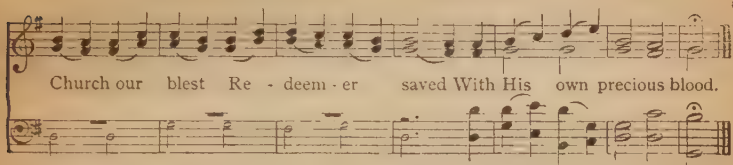
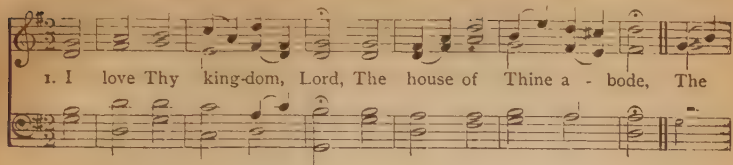
Be waiting, and watching, Be waiting and watching for me!
Be waiting and watching, Be waiting and watching for me!

No. 211.

Shirland. S. M.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT, D. D., 1800.

SAMUEL STANLEY, 1800.



- 2 I love Thy Church, O God!
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.
- 3 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

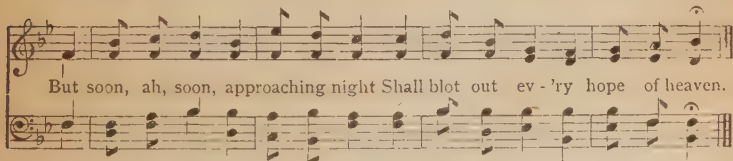
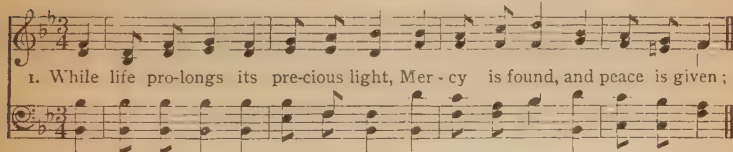
- 4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways;
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.
- 5 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

No. 212.

Hebron. H. M.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT, D. D., 1800.

DR. L. MASON, 1839.



- 2 While God invites, how blest the day!
How sweet the Gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pard'ning God is found.
- 3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave,—
Before His bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.
- 4 In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise,—
No God regard your bitter prayer,
No Saviour call you to the skies.
- 5 Now God invites; how blest the day!
How sweet the Gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pard'ning God is found.

No. 213.

Marwick. C. M.

REV. JOHN NEWTON, 1779.

SAMUEL STANLEY.



1. A - maz - ing grace, how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me!
 2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re - lieved;
 3. Thro' ma - ny dan - gers, toils, and snares, I have al - rea - dy come;
 4. Yes, when this heart and flesh shall fail, And mor - tal life shall cease,



I once was lost, but now am found; Was blind, but now I see.
 How pre - cious did that grace ap - pear, The hour I first be - lieved.
 'Tis grace that bro't me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
 I shall pos - sess, with - in the veil, A life of joy and peace.

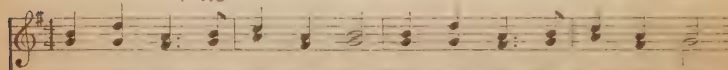


No. 214.

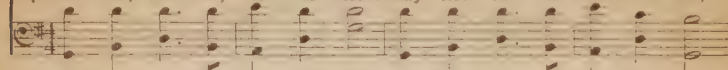
Plevel's Hymn. 7s.

THOMAS SCOTT, 1773.

IGNACE PLEVEL.



1. Has - ten, sin - ner, to be wise! Stay not for the mor - row's sun;
 2. Has - ten, mer - cy to im - plore! Stay not for the mor - row's sun,
 3. Has - ten, sin - ner, to re - turn! Stay not for the mor - row's sun,
 4. Has - ten, sin - ner, to be blest! Stay not for the mor - row's sun,



Wis - dom, if you still de - spise, Hard - er is it to be won.
 Lest thy sea - son should be o'er Ere this eve - ning's stage is run.
 Lest thy lamp should fail to burn Ere sal - va - tion's work is done.
 Lest per - di - tion thee ar - rest Ere the mor - row is be - gun.



No. 215.

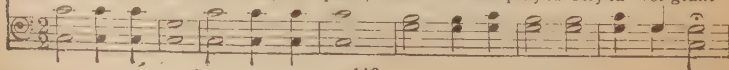
Sessions. F. M.

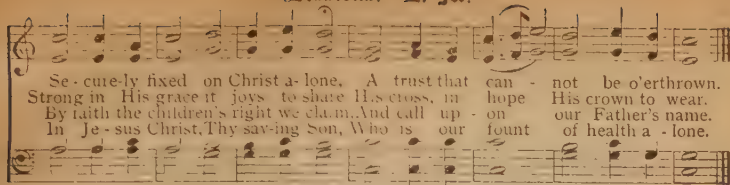
"That the promise by faith might be given to them that believe."—Gal. 3: 22.
 A. D. 1531.

L. O. EMERSON, 1847.



1. Faith is a liv - ing pow'r from heav'n, Which grasps the promise God has giv'n;
 2. Faith finds in Christ whate'er we need To save and strengthen, guide and feed;
 3. Faith to the conscience whispers peace; And bids the mourner's sigh-ing cease;
 4. Such faith in us, O God, im - plant, And to our pray'rs Thy fa - vor grant





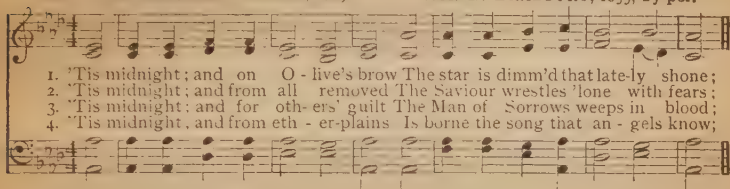
Se - cure - ly fixed on Christ a - lone, A trust that can - not be o'erthrown.
Strong in His grace it joys to share His cross, in hope His crown to wear.
By faith the children's right we claim, And call up - on our Father's name.
In Je - sus Christ, Thy sav - ing Son, Who is our fount of health a - lone.

No. 216. Olive's Brow. L. M.

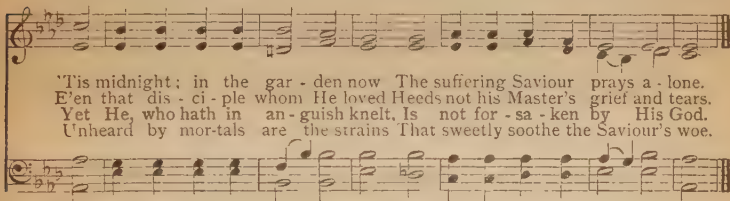
"My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death."—Matt. 26: 38.

REV. WM. BINGHAM TAPPAN, 1819.

WM. B. BRADBURY, 1855, by per.



1. 'Tis midnight; and on O - live's brow The star is dimm'd that late - ly shone;
2. 'Tis midnight; and from all removed The Saviour wrestles 'lone with fears;
3. 'Tis midnight; and for oth - ers' guilt The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood;
4. 'Tis midnight, and from eth - er - plains Is borne the song that an - gels know;



'Tis midnight; in the gar - den now The suffering Saviour prays a - lone.
E'en that dis - ci - ple whom He loved Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.
Yet He, who hath in an - guish knelt, Is not for - sa - ken by His God.
Unheard by mor - tals are the strains That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

No. 217. HENDON. Key D.

- 1 Come, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer,
He Himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.
- 2 Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring,
For His grace and power are such
None can ever ask too much.
- 3 With my burden I begin,
Lord, remove this load of sin:
Let Thy blood for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.
Lord, I come to Thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast,
There Thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

REV. JOHN NEWTON, 1779.

- 2 There's a beautiful land on high,
I shall enter it by and by;
There, with friends, hand in hand,
I shall walk on the strand,
In that beautiful land on high.
CHO.—In that beautiful land, etc.
- 3 There's a beautiful land on high,
Then why should I fear to die,
When death is the way
To the realms of day,
In that beautiful land on high.
CHO.—In that beautiful land, etc.
- 4 There's a beautiful land on high,
And my kindred its bliss enjoy,
Methinks I now see
How they're waiting for me,
In that beautiful land on high.
CHO.—In that beautiful land, etc.

No. 218. P. M. Key E.

- 1 There's a beautiful land on high,
To its glories I fain would fly,—
When by sorrows pressed down,
I long for a crown,
In that beautiful land on high.
CHO.—In that beautiful land I'll be,
From earth and its cares set free;
My Jesus is there,
He's gone to prepare
A place in that land for me.

- 5 There's a beautiful land on high,
And tho' here I oft weep and sigh,
—My Jesus hath said,
That no tears shall be shed,
In that beautiful land on high.
CHO.—In that beautiful land, etc.
- 6 There's a beautiful land on high,
Where we never shall say "good-by!"
When over the river
We're happy forever,
In that beautiful land on high.
CHO.—In that beautiful land, etc.

JAMES NICHOLSON, 1856.

No. 219. THE SHINING SHORE. Key C.

- 1 My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger
Would not detain them as they fly,
Those hours of toil and danger

CHO.—For O, we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over,
And just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover.

- 2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our heavenly home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning.

CHO.—For O, we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over,
And just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover.

- 3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest naught can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.

CHO.—For O, we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over,
And just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover.

- 4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each cord on earth to sever;
Our King says come, and there's our home,
Forever, O forever.

CHO.—For O, we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over,
And just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover.

REV. DAVID NELSON, 1835.

No. 220. 8s & 7s. Key C.

- 1 We are waiting by the river,
We are watching by the shore,
Only waiting for the boatman,
Soon He'll come to bear us o'er.
- 2 Though the mist hang o'er the river,
And its billows loudly roar,
Yet we hear the song of angels,
Wafted from the other shore.
- 3 And the bright celestial city,—
We have caught such radiant gleams
Of its towers like dazzling sunlight,
With its sweet and peaceful streams.
- 4 He has called for many a loved one,
We have seen them leave our side:

With our Saviour we shall meet them
When we too have crossed the tide.

- 5 When we've passed the vale of shadows,
With its dark and chilling tide,
In that bright and glorious city
We shall evermore abide.

MISS MARY P. GRIFFIN.

No. 221. TUNE—G. H. I. No. 24.

1 My God I have found
The thrice blessed ground,
Where life, and where joy, and true comfort
abound.

CHO.—Hallelujah! Thine the glory!
Hallelujah! Amen!
Hallelujah! Thine the glory!
Revive us again.

2 'Tis found in the blood
Of Him who once stood
My refuge and safety, my surety with God.

CHO.—Hallelujah! Thine the glory!
Hallelujah! Amen!
Hallelujah! Thine the glory!
Revive us again.

3 He bore on the tree
The sentence for me,
And now both the surety and sinners are free.

CHO.—Hallelujah! Thine the glory!
Hallelujah! Amen!
Hallelujah! Thine the glory!
Revive us again.

4 And though here below
'Mid sorrow and woe,
My place is in heaven with Jesus I know.

CHO.—Hallelujah! Thine the glory!
Hallelujah! Amen!
Hallelujah! Thine the glory!
Revive us again.

5 And this I shall find,
For such is His mind,
"He'll not be in glory and leave me behind."

CHO.—Hallelujah! Thine the glory!
Hallelujah! Amen!
Hallelujah! Thine the glory!
Revive us again.

REV. JOHN GAMBOLD.

No. 222. Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!

"They rest not day nor night, saying, Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come."—Rev. 4: 8.

REGINALD HEBER, D. D.

REV. JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Almight - y! Ear - ly in the
 2. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee, Cast - ing down their
 3. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of
 4. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Almight - y! All Thy works shall

morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly!
 gold - en crowns a - round the glass - y sea; Cher - u - bin and Seraphim
 sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see, On - ly Thou art Ho - ly,
 praise Thy name in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly!

Mer - ci - ful and Mighty! God in three Per - sons, blessed Trin - i - ty!
 fall - ing down before Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev - er more shall be.
 there is none be - side Thee, Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pur - i - ty.
 Mer - ci - ful and Mighty! God in three Per - sons, blessed Trin - i - ty! Amen.

No. 223.

Revive Thy Work.

"O Lord, revive thy work."—Hab. 3: 2.

ALBERT MIDLANE, 1860.

JAMES MCGRANAHAN, by per.

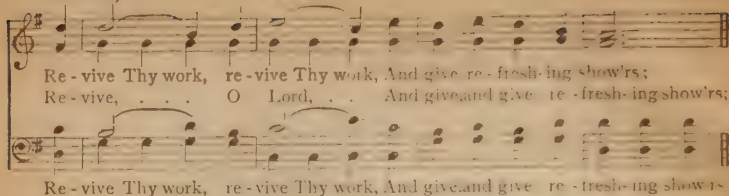
1. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord, Thy might - y arms make bare;
 2. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord, Dis - turb this sleep of death;
 3. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord, Cre - ate soul - thirst for Thee;
 4. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord, Ex - alt Thy pre - cious name;

Speak with the voice that wakes the dead, And make Thy peo - ple hear.
 Quick - en the smould'ring em - bers now By Thine Al - might - y breath.
 And hung'ring for the bread of life, Oh, may our spir - its be
 And by the Ho - ly Ghost, our love For Thee and Thine in - flame.

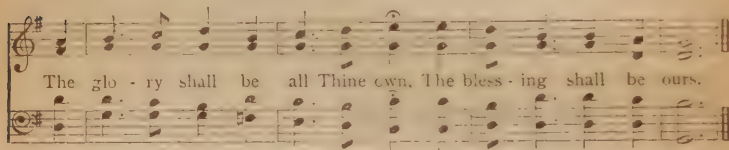
Rebibe Thy Work.

CHORUS.

Re-vive, . . . O Lord, . . .



Re-vive Thy work, re-vive Thy work, And give re-fresh-ing show'rs;
 Re-vive, . . . O Lord, . . . And give and give re-fresh-ing show'rs;
 Re-vive Thy work, re-vive Thy work, And give and give re-fresh-ing show'rs.



The glo-ry shall be all Thine own, The bless-ing shall be ours.

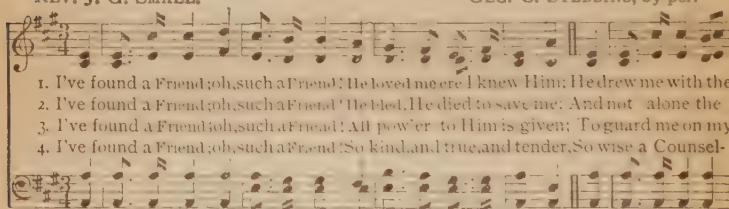
No. 224.

I've Found a Friend.

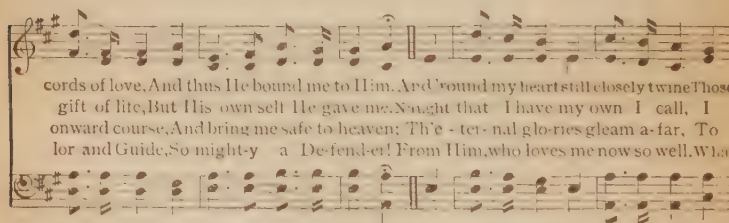
"A friend that sticketh closer than a brother."—Prov. 18: 24.

REV. J. G. SMALL.

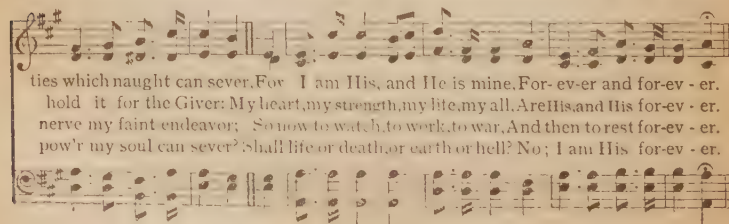
GEG. C. STEBBINS, by per.



1. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew Him; He drew me with the
 2. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! He bled, He died to save me; And not alone the
 3. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! All power to Him is given; To guard me on my
 4. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! So kind, and true, and tender, So wise a Counsel-



cords of love, And thus He bound me to Him, And 'round my heart still closely twine Those
 gift of life, But His own self He gave me. Naught that I have my own I call, I
 onward course, And bring me safe to heaven; Thine eter-nal glo-ries gleam a-far, To
 lor and Guide, So might-y a De-fend-er! From Him, who loves me now so well, What

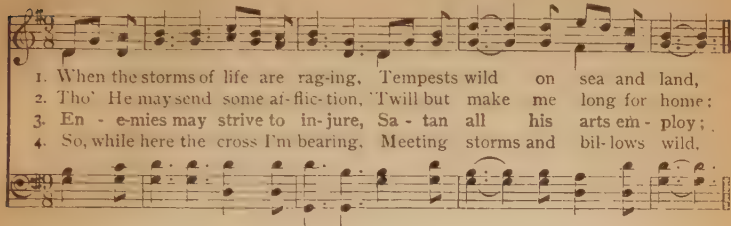


ties which naught can sever, For I am His, and He is mine, For-ev-er and for-ev-er.
 hold it for the Giver; My heart, my strength, my life, my all, Are His, and His for-ev-er.
 nerve my faint endeavor; So now to watch, to work, to war, And then to rest for-ev-er.
 pow'r my soul can sever? Shall life or death, or earth or hell? No; I am His for-ev-er.

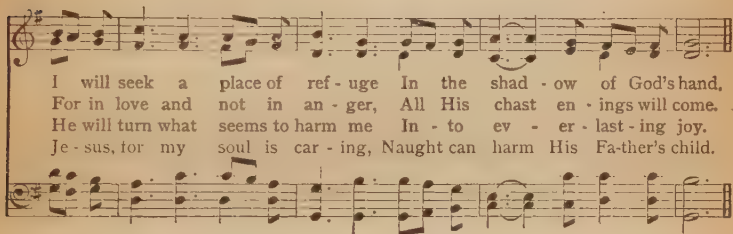
"In the shadow of his hand hath he hid me."—Isa. 49: 2.

Miss M. E. SERVOS.

JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.



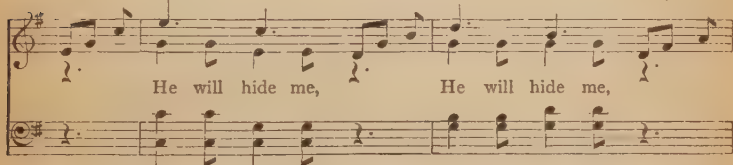
1. When the storms of life are rag-ing, Tempests wild on sea and land,
 2. Tho' He may send some af-flic-tion, 'Twill but make me long for home;
 3. En - e-mies may strive to in-jure, Sa - tan all his arts em - ploy;
 4. So, while here the cross I'm bearing, Meeting storms and bil-lows wild,



I will seek a place of ref-uge In the shad-ow of God's hand,
 For in love and not in an-ger, All His chast-en-ings will come.
 He will turn what seems to harm me In-to ev-er-last-ing joy.
 Je-sus, for my soul is car-ing, Naught can harm His Fa-ther's child.

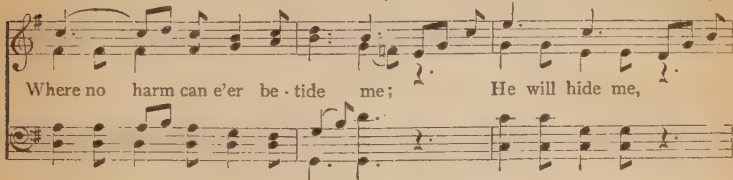
CHORUS.

He will hide me, He will hide me, Where no



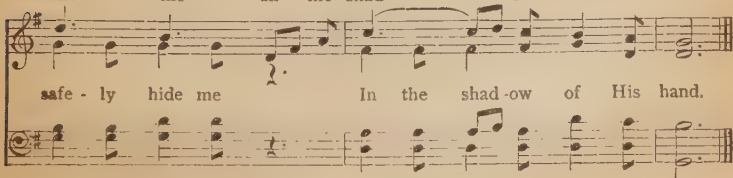
He will hide me, He will hide me,

harm . . . can e'er be-tide me; He will hide me, safe-ly



Where no harm can e'er be-tide me; He will hide me,

hide me In the shad-ow of His hand.



safe-ly hide me In the shad-ow of His hand.

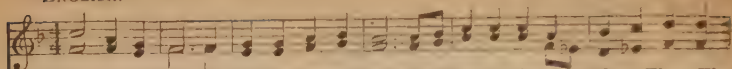
No. 226.

Thine, Jesus, Thine.

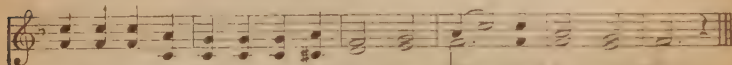
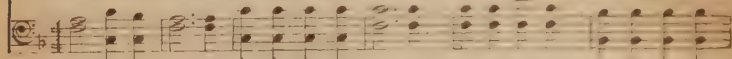
"I am thine."—Ps. 119. 94.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

ENGLISH.



1. Thine, Jesus, Thine, No more this heart of mine Shall seek its joy a part from Thee: The
2. Thine, Thine alone, My joy, my hope, my crown: Now earthly things may fade and die. They
3. Thine, ev-er Thine, For - ev - er to re - cline On love - bound, fixed and sure, Yes,
4. Thine, Jesus, Thine, Soon in Thy crown to shine, When from the glory Thou shalt come And



world is cru - ci - fied to me, And I am Thine, And I am Thine.
 charm my soul no more, for I Am Thine a - lone, Am Thine a - lone.
 I am Thine for ev - er more, Lord, Je - sus, Thine, Lord, Je - sus, Thine,
 with Thy saints shall take me home, Lord, Je - sus, come, Lord, Je - sus, come.



No. 227. Out of Darkness into Light.

"I am the light of the world, he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness."—John 8: 12.

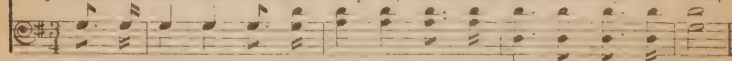
W. O. LATTIMORE.*

(TEMPERANCE HYMN.)

IRA D. SANKEY, ov per.



1. Long in dark-ness we have wait - ed, For the shin - ing of the Light;
2. Now, at last, the Light ap - pear - eth, Je - sus stands up - on the shore;
3. Noth - ing have we, but our weak-ness, Naught but sor - row, sin and care;
4. All our tal - ents we have wast - ed, All Thy laws have dis - o - beyed;
5. Thou hast saved us— do Thou keep us, Guide us by Thine eye di - vine;



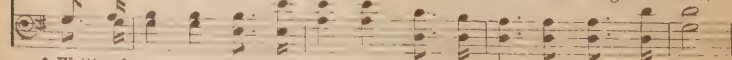
Long have felt the things we ha - ted, Sink us still in deep - er night,
 And, with ten - der voice, He call - eth, "Come to Me" "and sin no more!"
 All with - in, is loath - some vile - ness, All with - out, is dark de - spair.
 But Thy good-ness now we've tast - ed, In Thy robes we stand ar - rayed.
 Let the Ho - ly Spir - it teach us, That our light may ev - er shine.



CHORUS.



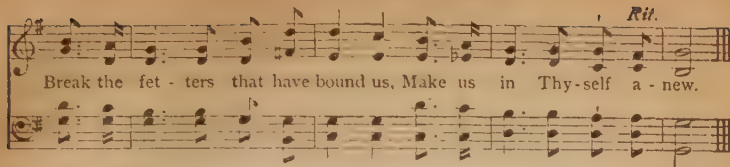
Bless - ed Je - sus, lov - ing Sav - iour! Ten - der, faith - ful, strong and true,



* Written by one rescued from strong drink.

Out of Darkness into Light.

Rit.



Break the fet - ters that have bound us, Make us in Thy-self a - new.

FINAL CHORUS.—Blesséd Jesus, be Thou near us,
Give us of Thy grace to-day;
While we're calling, do Thou hear us,
Send us, now, Thy peace, we pray.

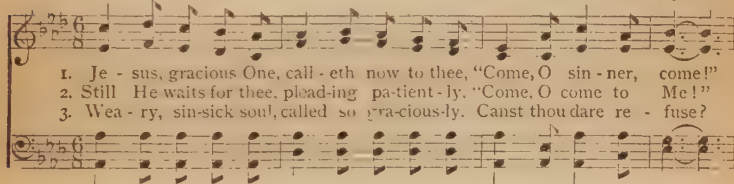
No. 228.

Jesus Calls Thee.

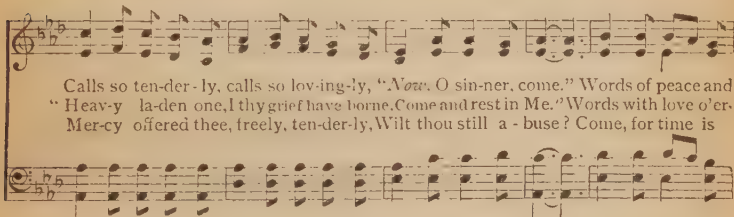
"I the Lord have called thee."—Isa. 42: 6.

MRS. S. A. COLLINS.

W. H. DOANE, by per.

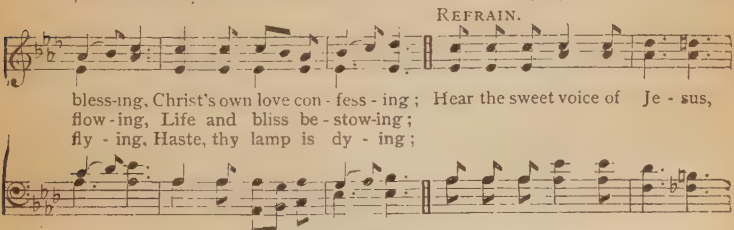


1. Je - sus, gracious One, call - eth now to thee, "Come, O sin - ner, come!"
2. Still He waits for thee, plead - ing pa - tient - ly, "Come, O come to Me!"
3. Wea - ry, sin - sick soul, called so gra - cious - ly. Canst thou dare re - fuse?

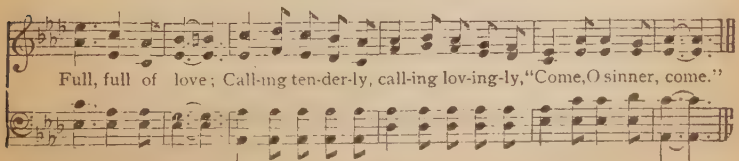


Calls so ten - der - ly, calls so lov - ing - ly, "Now, O sin - ner, come." Words of peace and
"Heav - y la - den one, I thy grief have borne, Come and rest in Me." Words with love o'er -
Mer - cy offered thee, freely, ten - der - ly, Wilt thou still a - buse? Come, for time is

REFRAIN.



bles - sing, Christ's own love con - fess - ing; Hear the sweet voice of Je - sus,
flow - ing, Life and bliss be - stow - ing;
fly - ing, Haste, thy lamp is dy - ing;

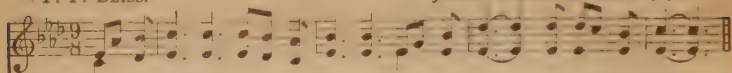


Full, full of love; Call - ing ten - der - ly, call - ing lov - ing - ly, "Come, O sinner, come."

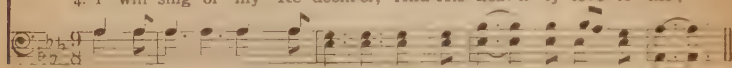
"O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer."—Ps. 118: 14.

P. P. BLISS.

JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.



1. I will sing of my Re-deem-er And His wond'rous love to me;
2. I will tell the wond'rous sto-ry, How my lost es-tate to save,
3. I will praise my dear Re-deem-er, His tri-um-phant pow'r I'll tell,
4. I will sing of my Re-deem-er, And His heav'n-ly love to me;



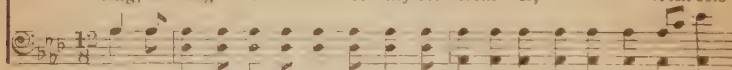
On the cru-el cross He suffered, From the curse to set me free.
 In His boundless love and mer-cy, He the ran-som free-ly gave.
 How the vic-to-ry He giv-eth O-ver sin, and death, and hell.
 He from death to life hath bro't me, Son of God, with Him to be.



CHORUS.



Sing, oh! sing of my Re-deem-er, With His

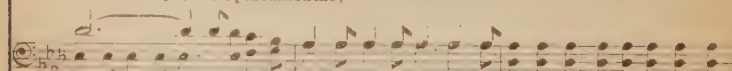


Sing, oh! sing of my Redeemer, Sing, oh! sing of my Redeemer, With His

blood



blood He purchas'd me, He purchas'd me; On the cross He seal'd my
 blood He purchas'd me;

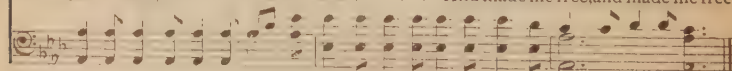


blood He purchas'd me, With His blood He purchas'd me; On the cross He seal'd my pardon, On the

Repeat pp after last verse.



par-don, Paid the debt. . . . And made me free, and made me free.



cross He seal'd my pardon, Paid the debt, and made me free,

No. 230. Jesus Christ is Passing by.

"He heard that it was Jesus of Nazareth."—Mark 10: 47.

J. DENHAM SMITH.

MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP, by per.

1. Je - sus Christ is pass - ing by. Sin - ner, lift to Him thine eye;
 2. Lo! He stands and calls to thee, "What wilt thou then have of me?"
 3. "Lord, I would Thy mer - cy see: Lord, re - veal Thy love to me;
 4. Oh, how sweet the touch of power Comes,—and is sal - va - tion's hour;

rit.
 As the pre - cious mo - ments flee, Cry, be mer - ci - ful to me!
 Rise, and tell Him all thy need; Rise, He call - eth thee in - deed.
 Let it pen - e - trate my soul, All my heart and life con - trol."
 Je - sus gives from guilt re - lease, "Faith hath saved thee, go in peace!"

No. 231. Come near Me.

"The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart: and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit."—Ps. 34: 18.

REV. G. G. LLOYD.

J. W. BISCHOFF, by per.

Tenderly.

1. Come near me, O my Saviour: Thy ten - der - ness re - veal; O let me know the
 2. Come near me, my Re - deem - er, And nev - er leave my side; My bark, when toss'd on
 3. Come near me, blessed Je - sus, I need Thee in my joy, No less than when the
 4. Be - near me, mighty Saviour, When comes the latest strife; For Thou hast thro' death's

f *mf*
 sym - pa - thy Which Thou for me dost feel, I need Thee ev - ry moment; Thine
 trouble's sea, The storm can - not out - ride, Un - less Thy word of pow - er Ar -
 dir - est ills My hap - pi - ness de - stroy; For when the sun shines o'er me And
 shadows pass'd, And ope'd the gates of life; And when among the ran - som'd I

cres. *dim.*
 absence brings dismay; But when the tempter hurls his darts, "I were death with Thee away.
 rest the surging wave; No voice but Thine its rage can quell, No arm but Thine can save.
 flow - ers strew my way, Without Thy wise and guiding hand More eas - i - ly I stray.
 stand with crown and palm, To Thee, Divine, unfailing Friend, I'll raise e - ter - nal psalm.

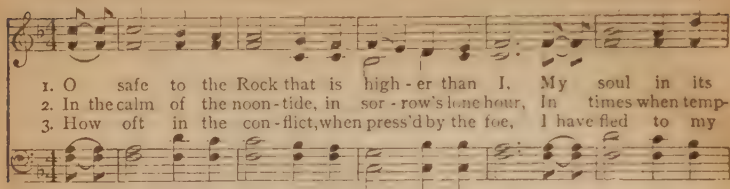
No. 232.

Hiding in Thee.

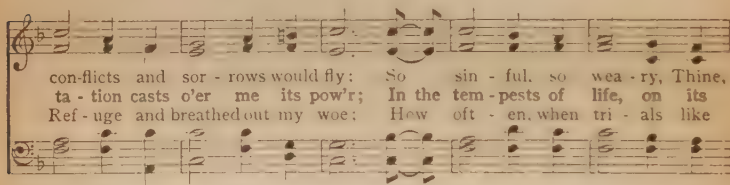
"My strong rock, for a house of defence."—Ps. 31: 2.

REV. WILLIAM O. CUSHING.

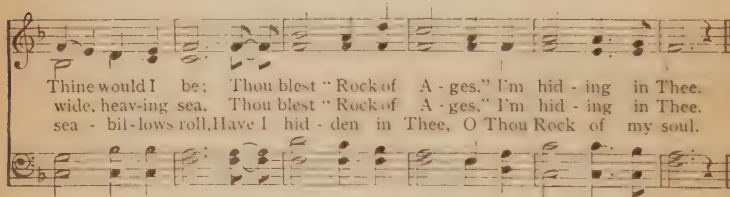
IRA D. SANKEY, by per.



1. O safe to the Rock that is high - er than I, My soul in its
 2. In the calm of the noon-tide, in sor - row's lone hour, In times when temp-
 3. How oft in the con - flict, when press'd by the foe, I have fled to my



con - flicts and sor - rows would fly: So sin - ful, so wea - ry, Thine,
 ta - tion casts o'er me its pow'r; In the tem - pests of life, on its
 Ref - uge and breathed out my woe: How oft - en, when tri - als like



Thine would I be; Thou blest "Rock of A - ges," I'm hid - ing in Thee.
 wide, heav - ing sea. Thou blest "Rock of A - ges," I'm hid - ing in Thee.
 sea - bil - lows roll, Have I hid - den in Thee, O Thou Rock of my soul.

REFRAIN.



Hid - ing in Thee. Hiding in Thee, Thou blest "Rock of Ages," I'm hid - ing in Thee.

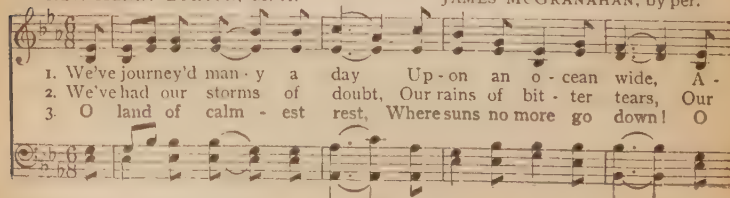
No. 233.

A Night upon the Shore.

"No night there."—Rev. 21: 25.

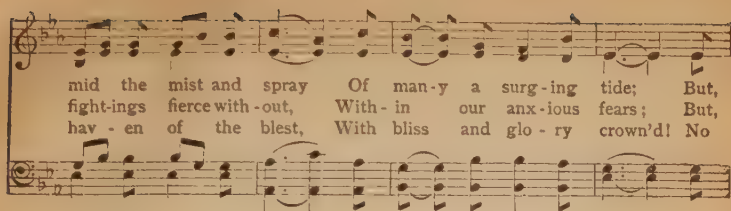
REV. HENRY BURTON, M. A.

JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.

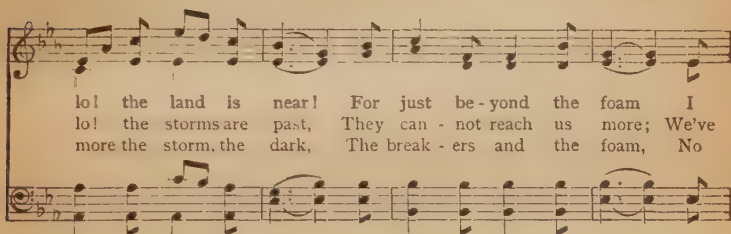


1. We've journey'd man - y a day Up - on an o - cean wide, A -
 2. We've had our storms of doubt, Our rains of bit - ter tears, Our
 3. O land of calm - est rest, Where suns no more go down! O

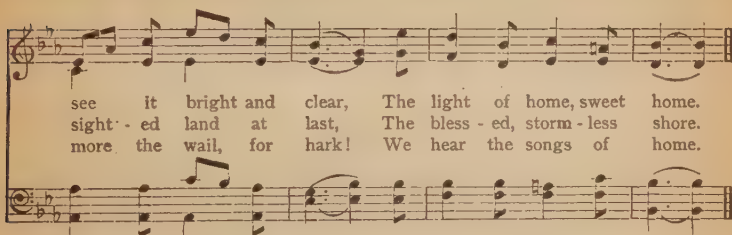
A Light upon the Shore.



mid the mist and spray Of man-y a surg-ing tide; But,
fight-ings fierce with-out, With-in our anx-ious fears; But,
hav-en of the blest, With bliss and glo-ry crown'd! No

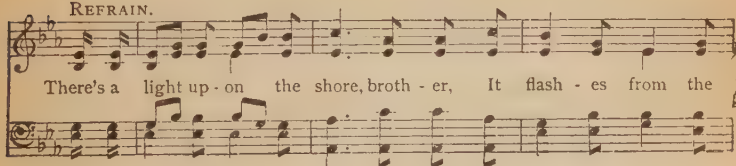


lo! the land is near! For just be-yond the foam I
lo! the storms are past, They can-not reach us more; We've
more the storm, the dark, The break-ers and the foam, No

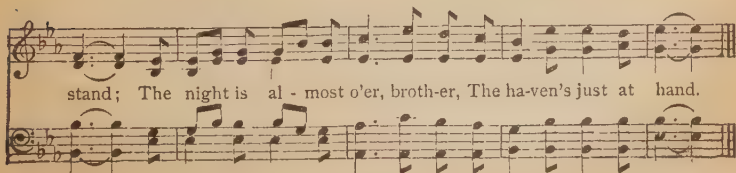


see it bright and clear, The light of home, sweet home.
sight-ed land at last, The bless-ed, storm-less shore.
more the wail, for hark! We hear the songs of home.

REFRAIN.



There's a light up-on the shore, broth-er, It flash-es from the



stand; The night is al-most o'er, broth-er, The ha-ven's just at hand.

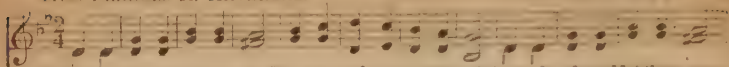
No. 234.

Consecration.

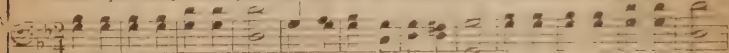
"Ye are not your own."—1 Cor. 6: 19.

MISS FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

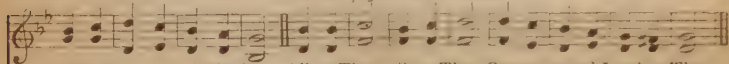
P. P. BLISS, by per.



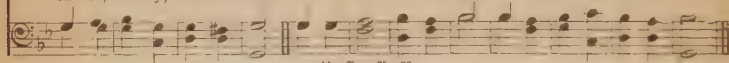
1. Take my life and let it be Consecrated, Lord, to Thee; Take my hands and let them move
2. Take my feet and let them be Swift and beautiful for Thee; Take my voice and let me sing
3. Take my lips and let them be Fill'd with messages from Thee; Take my silver and my gold,
4. Take my moments and my days, Let them flow in endless praise, Take my intellect and use
5. Take my will and make it Thine, It shall be no longer mine; Take my heart that is Thine own,
6. Take my love, my God, I pour At Thy feet its treasure store; Take myself and I will be



CHORUS, after each stanza.



At the impulse of Thy love. All to Thee, all to Thee, Consecrated, Lord, to Thee.
Always—only—for my King.
Not a mite would I withhold.
Ev'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose.
It shall be Thy royal throne.
Ever, on-ly, all for Thee.



Also Tune No. 32.

No. 235.

The Gospel Bells.

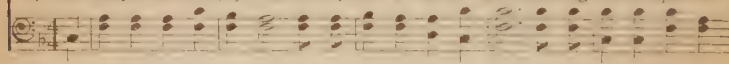
"For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son."—John 3: 16.

S. W. M.

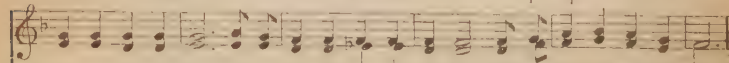
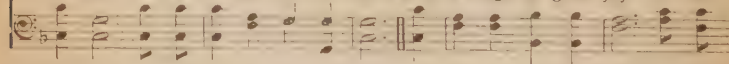
S. WESLEY MARTIN, by per.



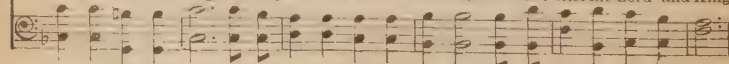
1. The Gospel bells are ringing. Over land, from sea to sea: Blessed news of free sal-
2. The Gospel bells in-vite us To a feast prepared for all: Do not slight the in-vi-
3. The Gospel bells give warning As they sound from day to day. Of the fate which de-ath a-
4. The Gospel bells are joy-ful. As they ech-o far and wide, Bearing notes of perfect



va-tion Do they of-fer you and me. "For God so loved the world That His
ta-tion, Nor re-ject the gracious call. "I am the bread of life; Eat of
wait them Who for-ev-er will de-lay. "Es-cape ye, for thy life. Tar-ry
par-don, Tho' a Saviour cru-ci-fied. "Good tid-ings of great joy To all



on-ly Son He gave, Whosoe'er be-liev-eth in Him, Ev-er-lasting life shall have."
Me, thou hungry soul, Tho' your sins be red as crimson, They shall be as white as wool."
not in all the plain, Nor behind thee look, oh, nev-er, Lest thou be consumed in pain."
people do I bring Un-to you is born a Saviour, Which is Christ the Lord and King.



The Gospel Bells.

CHORUS.

Gos-pel bells,

how they ring ;

Gos-pel

Gos-pel bells,

how they ring; O-ver land from sea to sea ;

bells

free-ly bring

Gos-pel bells

free-ly bring Bles-sed news to you and me.

No. 236.

Joy to the World.

"The mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace."—Isa. 9: 6.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, arr.

GEO. F. ROOT, by per.

Joyfully.

Reverently.

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; The migh-ty God, the Ev-er-last-ing
2. Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns, The migh-ty God, the Ev-er-last-ing
3. He rules the world with truth and grace, The mighty God, the Ev-er-last-ing

Fa-ther, and the Prince of Peace. Let every heart pre - - pare Him room,
Fa-ther, and the Prince of Peace. O praise Him, floods, rocks, hills and plains,
Fa-ther, and the Prince of Peace. And saves us by His right-eous-ness,

The migh-ty God, the Ev-er-last-ing Fa-ther, and the Prince of Peace.

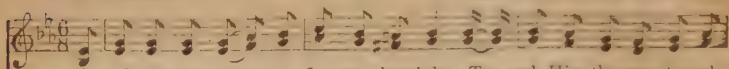
No. 237.

He must be Born again.

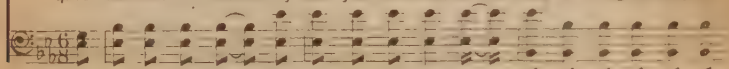
"Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."—John 3: 3.

W. T. SLEEPER.

GEO. C. STEBBINS, by per.



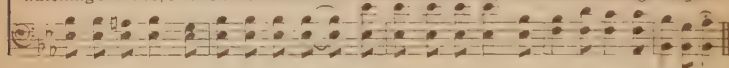
1. A rul-er once came to Je-sus by night, To ask Him the way to sal-
2. Ye children of men, attend to the word So solemn-ly uttered by
3. O ye who would enter that glo-ri-ous rest, And sing with the rans-om'd the
4. A dear one in heaven thy heart yearns to see, At the beau-ti-ful gate may be



again.



vation and light; The Master made answer in words true and plain, "Ye must be born again, again."
Jesus, the Lord, And let not this message to you be in vain, "Ye must be born again, again."
song of the blest: The life everlasting if ye would obtain, "Ye must be born again, again."
watching for thee; Then list to the note of this solemn refrain, "Ye must be born again, again."



CHORUS.

a - gain, . .

a - gain, . .



"Ye must be born a - gain, a - gain," Ye must be born a - gain, a - gain, I



a - gain. . .



ver - i - ly, ver - i - ly, say un - to thee, Ye must be born a - gain, again.



No. 238.

Cut it Down.

"Cut it down, why cumbereth it the ground?"—Luke 13: 7.

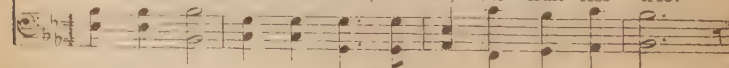
P. P. BLISS.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

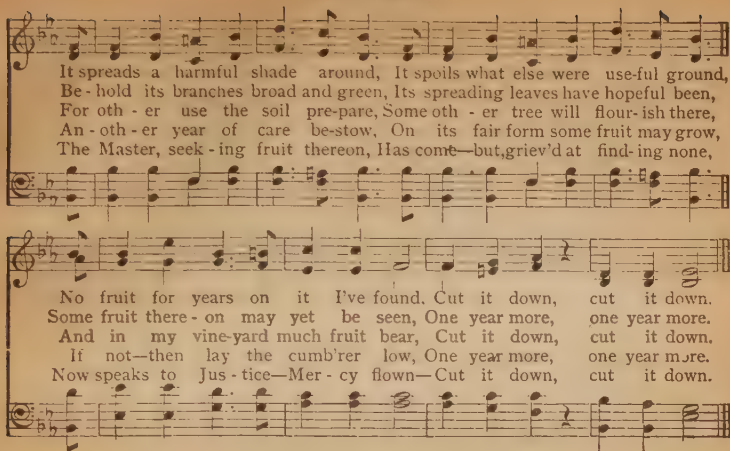
Slow.



1. Justice. Cut it down, cut it down, Spare not the fruit - less tree!
2. Mercy. One year more, one year more, Oh, spare the fruit - less tree!
3. Justice. Cut it down, cut it down, And burn the worth - less tree!
4. Mercy. One year more, one year more, For mer - cy spare the tree!
5. Still it stands, still it stands, A fair, but fruit - less tree!



Cut It Down.



It spreads a harmful shade around, It spoils what else were use-ful ground,
 Be-hold its branches broad and green, Its spreading leaves have hopeful been,
 For oth-er use the soil pre-pare, Some oth-er tree will flour-ish there,
 An-oth-er year of care be-stow, On its fair form some fruit may grow,
 The Master, seek-ing fruit thereon, Has come—but, griev'd at find-ing none,

No fruit for years on it I've found. Cut it down, cut it down.
 Some fruit there-on may yet be seen, One year more, one year more.
 And in my vine-yard much fruit bear, Cut it down, cut it down.
 If not—then lay the cumb'rer low, One year more, one year more.
 Now speaks to Jus-tice—Mer-cy flown—Cut it down, cut it down.

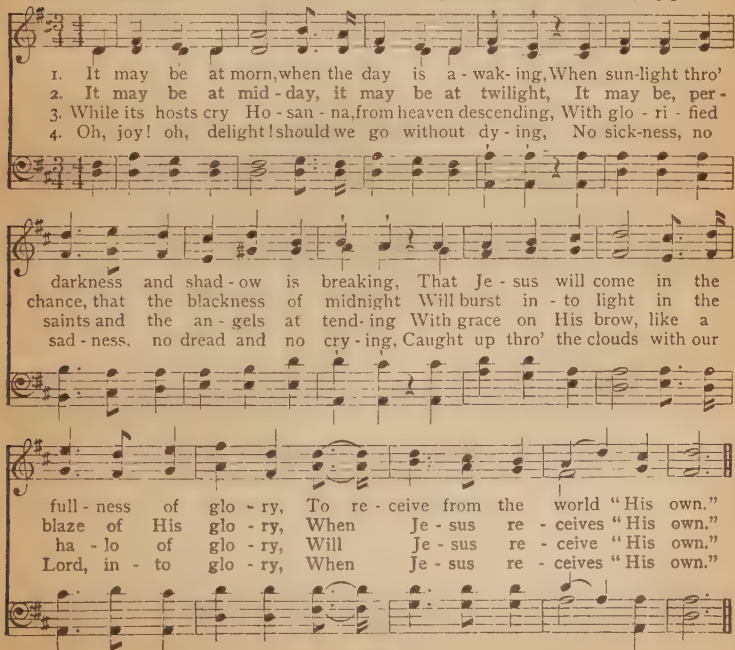
No. 239.

Christ Returneth.

"I will come again, and receive you unto Myself."—John 15: 3.

H. L. TURNER.

JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.



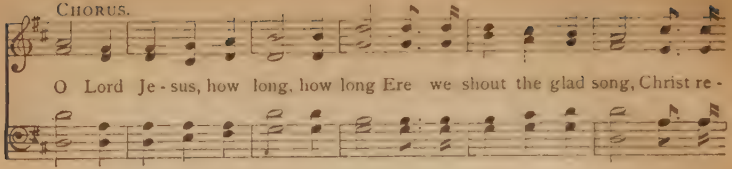
1. It may be at morn, when the day is a-wak-ing, When sun-light thro'
2. It may be at mid-day, it may be at twilight, It may be, per-
3. While its hosts cry Ho-san-na, from heaven descending, With glo-ri-fied
4. Oh, joy! oh, delight! should we go without dy-ing, No sick-ness, no

darkness and shad-ow is breaking, That Je-sus will come in the
 chance, that the blackness of midnight Will burst in-to light in the
 saints and the an-gels at tend-ing With grace on His brow, like a
 sad-ness, no dread and no cry-ing, Caught up thro' the clouds with our

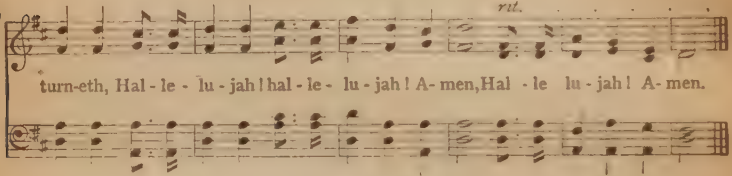
full-ness of glo-ry, To re-ceive from the world "His own."
 blaze of His glo-ry, When Je-sus re-ceives "His own."
 ha-lo of glo-ry, Will Je-sus re-ceive "His own."
 Lord, in-to glo-ry, When Je-sus re-ceives "His own."

Christ Returneth

CHORUS.



O Lord Je - sus, how long, how long Ere we shout the glad song, Christ re -



turn-eth, Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men.

No. 240.

Why do You Wait?

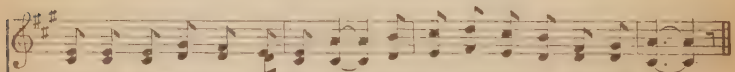
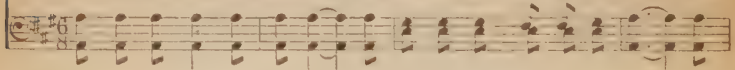
"Arise, He calleth thee."—Mark 10: 49.

G. F. R.

GEO. F. ROOT, by per.



1. Why do you wait, dear broth-er, Oh, why do you tar - ry so long? Your
2. What do you hope, dear broth-er, To gain by a fur - ther de - lay? There's
3. Do you not feel, dear broth-er, His Spir - it now striv - ing with - in? Oh,
4. Why do you wait, dear broth-er, The har - vest is pass - ing a - way, Your



Saviour is wait - ing to give you A place in His sanc - ti - fied throng.
no one to save you but Je - sus, There's no oth - er way but His way.
why not ac - cept His sal - va - tion, And throw off thy bur - den of sin.
Saviour is long - ing to bless you, There's danger and death in de - lay.



CHORUS.



Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now?



Why do You Tarry?

Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now?

No. 241. Is Jesus able to Redeem?

"Come unto me all ye that labor."—Matt. 11: 28.

MRS. A. R. COUSIN.

IRA D. SANKEY, by per.

1. Is Je - sus a - ble to re - deem A sin - ner lost, like me?
 2. Is Je - sus will - ing to for - give A reb - el child, like me?
 3. Is Je - sus wait - ing to re - lieve A wan - der - er, like me,
 4. Is Je - sus read - y now to save A guilt - y one, like me,

My sins so great, so ma - ny seem! O sin - ner, "come and see."
 Who would not in His fa - vor live? O reb - el, "come and see."
 Who chose the Fa - ther's house to leave? O wan - derer, "come and see."
 Who bro't Him to the cross and grave? Come, guilt - y one, and see.

REFRAIN.

The blood that Je - sus shed of old, Was shed for you and me:

And there is room with - in the fold—O "come to Him and see."

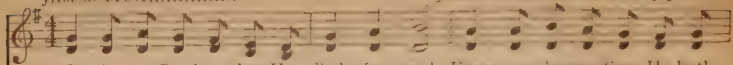
No. 242.

Verily, Verily.

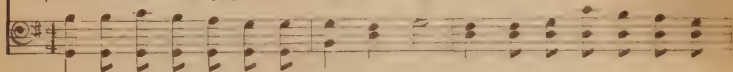
"He that believeth on me hath everlasting life."—John 6: 47.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.



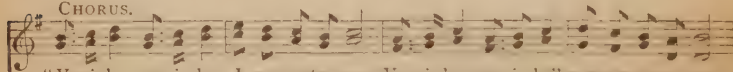
1. O what a Sav-iour that He died for me! From con-dem-na-tion He hath
2. All my in-iq-u-i-ties on Him were laid, All my in-debt-ed-ness by
3. Tho' poor and need-y I can trust my Lord, Tho' weak and sin-ful I be-
4. Tho' all un-worth-y, yet I will not doubt, For him that cometh, He will



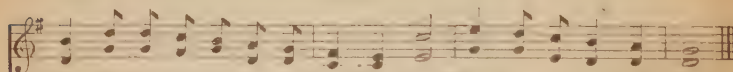
made me free; "He that believeth on the Son," saith He, "Hath ev-er-last-ing life."
Him was paid; All who believe on Him, the Lord hath said, "Hath ev-er-last-ing life."
lieve His word; O glad message! ev-'ry child of God, "Hath ev-er-last-ing life."
not cast out, "He that believeth," O the good news shout, "HATH everlasting life."



CHORUS.



"Ver-i-ly, ver-i-ly, I say un-to you, Ver-i-ly, ver-i-ly" message ever new;



"He that be-liev-eth on the Son," 'tis true, "Hath ev-er-last-ing life."

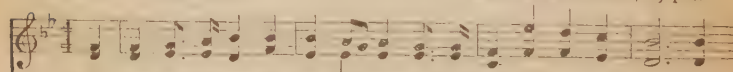


No. 243. The Lamb is the Light thereof.

"And the Lamb is the light thereof."—Rev. 21: 23.

MRS. E. W. GRISWOLD.

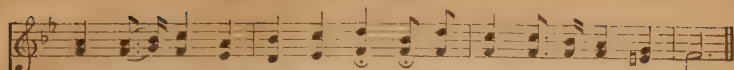
GEO. C. STEBBINS, by per.



1. If nev-er the gaze of sun and moon, On the bless-ed home a-bove, From
2. And thus saith the page of Ho-ly Writ Of the land of song and love, "The
3. Then fol-low Him till the eye grows dim, And the soul, as ark-freed dove, Shall



The Lamb is the Light thereof.



whence are its rays of won-drous noon? Oh! "the LAMB is the light there-of."
glo-ry of God did light-en it, And the LAMB is the light there-of."
speed a-way to realms of day, Where "the LAMB is the light there-of."



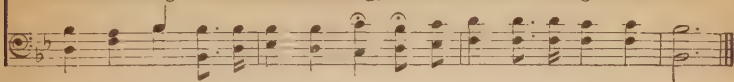
CHORUS.



They shall walk in white, there shall be no night In the fade-less home a-bove; And the



shout shall ring as the ransomed sing, Oh! "the LAMB is the light there-of."



No. 244.

How Happy are We.

"He that keepeth the law, happy is he."—Prov. 29: 18.

P. P. B.

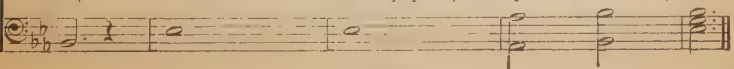
P. P. BLISS, by per.



1. Oh, how hap-py are we, Who in Je-sus a-gree, And expect His re-turn from a-
2. When u-ni-ted to Him, We partake of the stream, Ever flowing in peace from the
3. We re-mem-ber the word Of our cru-ci-fied Lord. When He went to prepare us a
4. Come, Lord, from the skies, And command us to rise To the mansions of glo-ry a-



bove; We sit 'neath His vine, and delightfully join In the praise of His excellent love.
throne, We in Jesus believe, and the spirit receive, That proceeds from the Father and Son.
place, "I will come in that day and will take you away, And admit to a sight of my face."
bove; With Thee to ascend and e-ter-ni-ty spend, In a rap-ture of heav-en-ly love.



How Happy are We.

CHORUS.

Oh, how hap-py are we Who in Je - sus a-gree, How happy, how happy are we.

No. 245.

Blessed Hope.

"That ye sorrow not even as others which have no hope."—1 Thess. 4: 13.

W. W. D.

JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.

1. Bless - ed hope that in Je - sus is giv - en, In our
2. Bless - ed hope in the word God has spo - ken, All our
3. Bless - ed hope! how it shines in our sor - row, Like the
4. Bless - ed hope! the bright star of the morn - ing, That shall

sor - row to cheer and sus - tain. That soon in the man-sions of
peace by that word we ob - tain; And as sure as God's word was ne'er
star o - ver Beth - le - hem's plain, That it may be, with Him, ere the
her - ald His com - ing to reign; Oh, the glo - ry that waits its fair

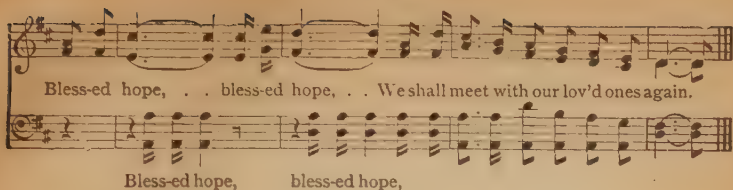
Heav - en, We shall meet with our lov'd ones a - gain.
bro - ken, We shall meet with our lov'd ones a - gain.
mor - row, We shall meet with our lov'd ones a - gain.
dawn - ing, When we meet with our lov'd ones a - gain.

CHORUS.

Bless-ed hope, . . . bless-ed hope, . . . We shall meet with our lov'd ones a - gain,

Blessed hope, blessed hope,

Blessed Hope.



Bless-ed hope, . . . bless-ed hope, . . . We shall meet with our lov'd ones again.

Bless-ed hope, bless-ed hope,

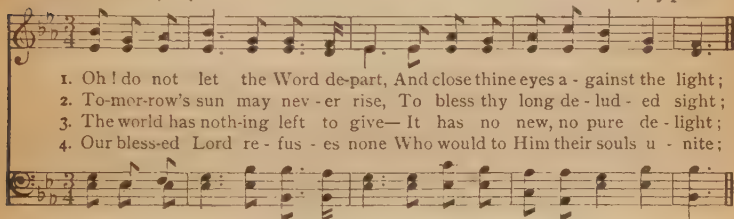
No. 246.

Why not To-night?

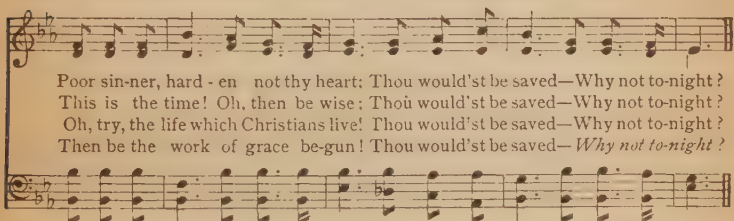
"How long halt ye between two opinions?"—1 Kings 18: 21.

ELIZA REED, 1842.

IRA D. SANKEY, by per.

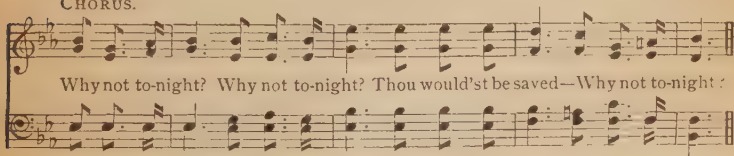


1. Oh! do not let the Word de-part, And close thine eyes a - gainst the light;
2. To-mor-row's sun may nev - er rise, To bless thy long de - lud - ed sight;
3. The world has noth-ing left to give— It has no new, no pure de - light;
4. Our bless-ed Lord re - fus - es none Who would to Him their souls u - nite;

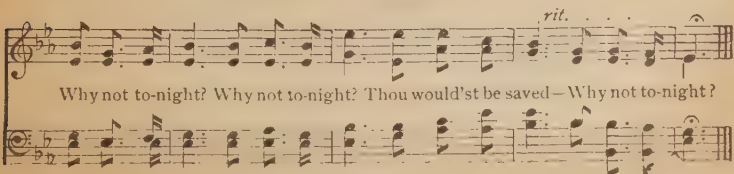


Poor sin-ner, hard - en not thy heart: Thou would'st be saved—Why not to-night?
 This is the time! Oh, then be wise: Thou would'st be saved—Why not to-night?
 Oh, try, the life which Christians live! Thou would'st be saved—Why not to-night?
 Then be the work of grace be-gun! Thou would'st be saved—*Why not to-night?*

CHORUS.



Why not to-night? Why not to-night? Thou would'st be saved—Why not to-night?



Why not to-night? Why not to-night? Thou would'st be saved—Why not to-night?

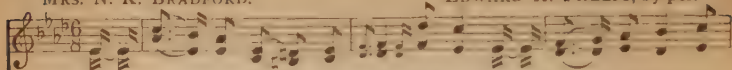
No. 247.

Over the Line.

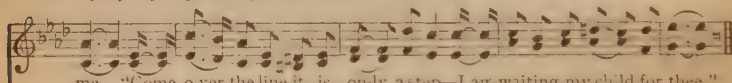
"Let him come unto me."—John 7: 37.

MRS. N. K. BRADFORD.

EDWARD H. PHELPS, by per.



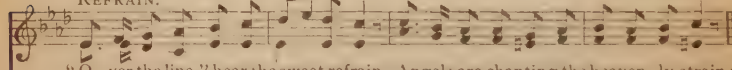
1. Oh, ten-der and sweet was the Master's voice As He lov-ingly called to
2. But my sins are ma-ny, my faith is small, Lo! the answer came quick and
3. But my flesh is weak, I tear-fully said, And the way I can-not
4. Ah, the world is cold, and I can-not go back, Press forward I sure-ly



me, "Come o-ver the line, it is on-ly a step—I am waiting, my child, for thee."
clear; "Thou needest not trust in thyself at all, Step o-ver the line, I am here."
see; I fear it I try I may sad-ly fail, And thus may dish-on-or Thee.
must; I will place my hand in His wounded palm, Step over the line, and trust.



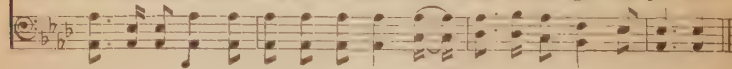
REFRAIN.



"O-ver the line," hear the sweet refrain, Angels are chanting the heaven-ly strain:



"Over the line,"—Why should I remain With a step between me and Je-sus?
4th v. "O-ver the line,"—I will not re-main, I'll cross it and go to Je-sus?



No. 248.

Save, Jesus, Save!

"Lord, save me."—Matt. 14: 30.

ANON.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.



1. Save, Je-sus, save! Thy bless-ing now we crave; For ev-'ry anx-ious
2. Save, Je-sus, save! Thy ban-ner o'er us wave, Of love e-ter-nal
3. Save, Je-sus, save! Thou conqueror o'er the grave, Give ev-'ry fet-tered
4. Save, Je-sus, save! And Thou a-lone shalt have The glo-ry of the



Save, Jesus, Save!

sinner here, Oh, let Thy mercy now ap-pear, Lord Je-sus, save, Lord Je-sus, save!
and divine; O Lord, let each one here be Thine, Lord Jesus, &c.
soul release, And to the troubled whisper "Peace," Lord Jesus, &c.
work divine, Yea, endless praises shall be Thine! Lord Jesus, &c.

No. 249.

Tempted and Tried.

"Knowing this that the trial of your faith worketh patience."—Jas. 1: 3.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

JAMES MCGRANAHAN, by per.

1. Tempted and tried! Oh! the ter - ri - ble tide May be rag - ing and
2. Tempted and tried! There is One at thy side, And nev - er in
3. Tempted and tried! What - e'er may be - tide, In His se - cret pa -
4. Tempted and tried! Yet the Lord will a - bide, Thy faith - ful Re -
5. Tempted and tried! The Sav - iour who died, Hath called thee to

deep, may be wrath - ful and wide! Yet its fu - ry is vain, For the
vain shall His chil - dren con - fide! He shall save and de - fend, For He
vil - ion His chil - dren shall hide, 'Neath the shad - ow - ing wing Of E -
deem - er, thy Keep - er, and Guide, Thy shield and thy sword, Thine ex -
suf - fer and reign by His side; His cross thou shalt bear, And His

Lord shall re - strain, And for - ev - er, and ev - er Je - ho - vah shall reign.
loves to the end, A - dor - a - ble Mas - ter and glo - ri - ous Friend!
ter - ni - ty's King, His chil - dren shall trust, and His ser - vants shall sing.
ceed - ing Re - ward, Then e - nough for the ser - vant to be as his Lord.
crown thou shalt wear, And for - ev - er and ev - er His glo - ry shalt share.

CHORUS.

Tempted and tried, Yet the Lord at thy side Shall guide thee and keep thee, Tho' tempted and tried.

No. 250.

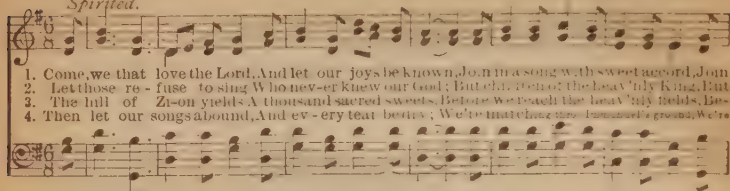
We're Marching to Zion.

"We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord said,
I will give it you."—Num. 10: 29.

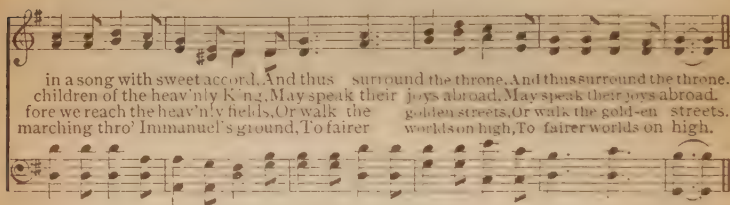
REV. I. WATTS.

Spirited.

REV. R. LOWRY, by per.



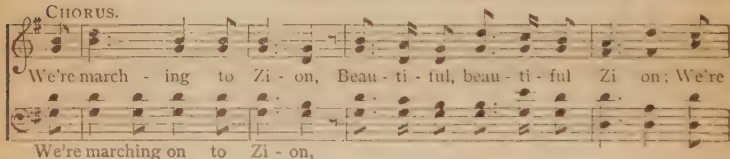
1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known, Join in a song with sweet accord, Join
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But children of the heav'nly King, But
3. The hill of Zi-on yields A thousand sacred sweets, Before we reach the heav'nly fields, Be-
4. Then let our songs abound, And ev - ery tear be-er; We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, We're



in a song with sweet accord, And thus surround the throne, And thus surround the throne.
children of the heav'nly King, May speak their joys abroad, May speak their joys abroad.
fore we reach the heav'nly fields, Or walk the golden streets, Or walk the gold-en streets.
marching thro' Immanuel's ground, To fairer worlds on high, To fairer worlds on high.

thus surround the throne, And thus surround the throne.

CHORUS.



We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Zi on; We're

We're marching on to Zi - on,



march-ing up-ward to Zi - on, The beau - ti - ful cit - y of God.

Zi - on, Zi - on,

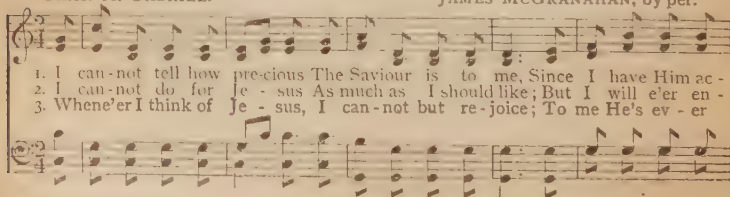
No. 251.

I cannot Tell how Precious.

"Unto you therefore which believe he is precious."—1 Peter 2: 7.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.



1. I can-not tell how pre-cious The Saviour is to me, Since I have Him ac -
2. I can-not do for Je - sus As much as I should like; But I will e'er en -
3. Whene'er I think of Je - sus, I can-not but re-joice; To me He's ev - er

I Cannot Tell how Precious.

cept-ed, And He hath made me free; I can-not tell His goodness, Enough to sat - is -
deav-or To work with all my might; For, was not my dear Saviour For sinners cru - ci -
pre-cious, For Him I raise my voice: I know He has in glo - ry A place prepar'd for

CHORUS.

fy; And if you'll on - ly take Him, You'll see the rea-son why. I can-not tell how
fied? For me, then, sure-ly, Je - sus Hung on the cross and died.
me, Where I shall live for - ev - er, So hap-py, and so free.

precious The Saviour is to me; I on-ly can entreat you To come, and taste and see.

No. 252.

Beautiful Valley of Eden.

"A rest to the people of God."—Heb. 4: 9.

REV. W. O. CUSHING.

WM. F. SHERWIN, by per.

1. Beau - ti - ful val - ley of E - den! Sweet is thy noon-tide calm;
2. O - ver the heart of the mourn - er Shin - eth thy gold - en day,
3. There is the home of my Sav - iour; There, with the blood-wash'd throng,

O - ver the hearts of the wea - ry, Breath-ing thy waves of balm.
Waft-ing the songs of the an - gels Down from the far a - way.
O - ver the high-lands of glo - ry Roll - eth the great new song.

Beautiful Valley of Eden.

REFRAIN.

Beau-ti-ful val-ley of E-den, Home of the pure and blest, How
the pure and blest,
oft-en a-mid the wild bil-lows I dream of thy rest—sweet rest!

rit.

No. 253.

I'll Stand by Thee.

This song was suggested by a thrilling incident of a wreck and rescue at sea.

W. W. D.

JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.

1. Fierce and wild the storm is rag-ing Round a help-less bark,
2. Wea-ry, help-less, hope-less sea-men Faint-ing on the deck,
3. On a wild and storm-y o-ocean, Sink-ing neath the wave,
4. Dar-ing death thy soul to res-cue, He in love has come,
On to doom 'tis swift-ly driv-ing, O'er the wa-ters dark!
With what joy they hail their Sav-iour, As He hails the wreck!
Souls that per-ish heed the mes-sage, Christ has come to save!
Leave the wreck, and in Him trust-ing, Thou shalt reach thy home!

CHORUS.

Joy, . . be-hold the Sav-iour, Joy, . . the message hear,

Joy, O joy, be-hold the Sav-iour, Joy, O joy, the message hear,

I'll Stand by You.

I'll stand by un - til the morn - ing, I've come to save you, do not fear," Yes,

I'll stand by un - til the morning, I've come to save you, do not fear, do not fear.

No. 254.

Saved by the Blood.

"The blood of Christ cleanseth us from all sin."—1 John 1: 7.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE, by per.

1. We're saved by the blood That was drawn from the side Of Je - sus our
 2. O yes, 'tis the blood Of the Lamb that was slain; He conquered the
 3. We're saved by the blood, We are sealed by its power; 'Tis life to the
 4. That blood is a fount Where the vil - est may go, And wash till their
 5. We're saved by the blood, Hal - le - lu - jah a - gain; We're saved by the

REFRAIN.

Lord, When He lan - guished and died. Hal - le - lu - jah to God, For re -
 grave, And He liv - eth a - gain.
 soul, And its hope ev - 'ry hour.
 souls Shall be whit - er than snow.
 blood, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men.

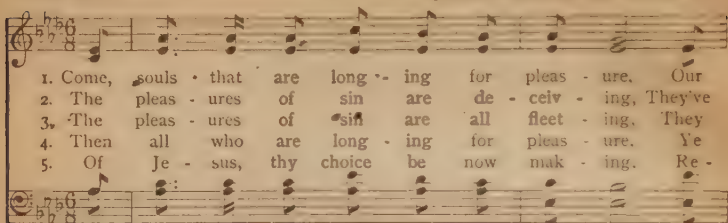
- demption so free; Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Dear Saviour, to Thee.

No. 255. Come now saith the Lord.

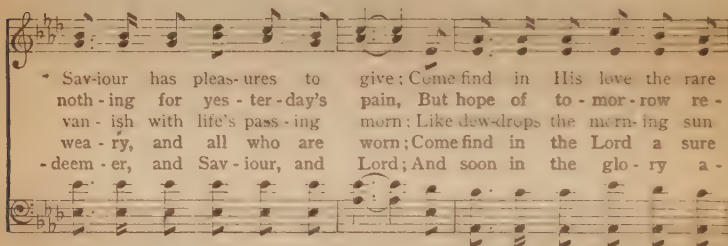
"Come now let us reason together, saith the Lord."—Isa. i: 18.

W. W. D.

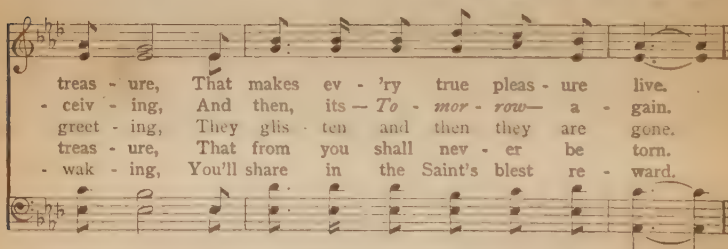
JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.



1. Come, souls that are long - ing for pleas - ure, Our
 2. The pleas - ures of sin are de - ceiv - ing, They've
 3. The pleas - ures of sin are all fleet - ing, They
 4. Then all who are long - ing for pleas - ure, Ye
 5. Of Je - sus, thy choice be now mak - ing. Re -



Sav - iour has pleas - ures to give; Come find in His love the rare
 noth - ing for yes - ter - day's pain, But hope of to - mor - row re -
 van - ish with life's pass - ing morn: Like dew - drops the morn - ing sun
 wea - ry, and all who are worn; Come find in the Lord a sure
 - deem - er, and Sav - iour, and Lord; And soon in the glo - ry a -

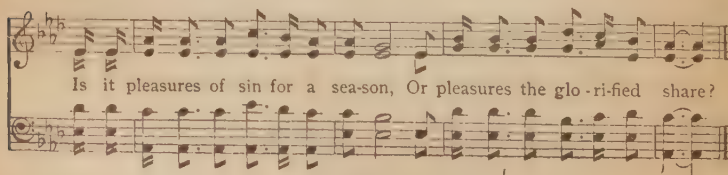


treas - ure, That makes ev - 'ry true pleas - ure live.
 - ceiv - ing, And then, its - To - mor - row - a - gain.
 greet - ing, They glis - ten and then they are gone.
 treas - ure, That from you shall nev - er be torn.
 - wak - ing, You'll share in the Saint's blest re - ward.

CHORUS.



Come now saith the Lord, let us rea - son, Come now and your purpose de - clare;



Is it pleasures of sin for a sea - son, Or pleasures the glo - ri - fied share?

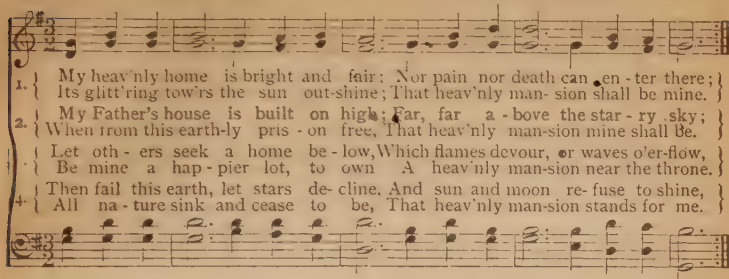
No. 256.

I'm going Home.

"In my Father's house are many mansions."—John 14: 2.

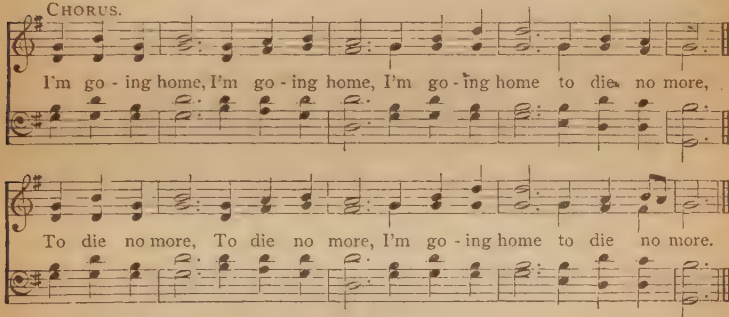
REV. WILLIAM HUNTER.

Arr. by WILLIAM MILLER, M. D.



1. My heav'nly home is bright and fair: Nor pain nor death can en-ter there; }
 Its glitt'ring tow'rs the sun out-shine; That heav'nly man-sion shall be mine. }
 2. My Father's house is built on high; Far, far a-bove the star-ry sky; }
 When from this earth-ly pris-on free, That heav'nly man-sion mine shall be. }
 { Let oth-ers seek a home be-low, Which flames devour, or waves o'er-flow, }
 { Be mine a hap-pier lot, to own A heav'nly man-sion near the throne. }
 { Then fail this earth, let stars de-cline, And sun and moon re-fuse to shine, }
 { All na-ture sink and cease to be, That heav'nly man-sion stands for me. }

CHORUS.



I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home to die no more,
 To die no more, To die no more, I'm go-ing home to die no more.

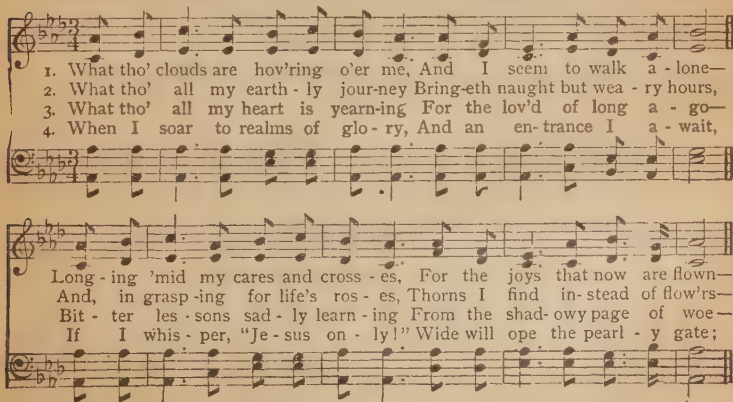
No. 257.

Jesus Only.

"They saw no man, save Jesus only."—Matt. 17: 8.

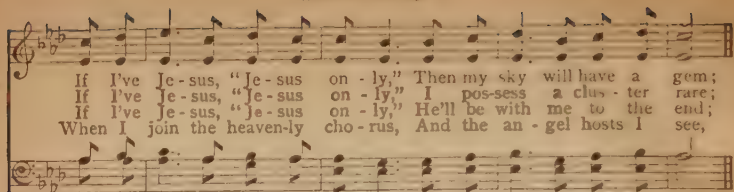
HATTIE M. CONREY.

REV. R. LOWRY, by per.

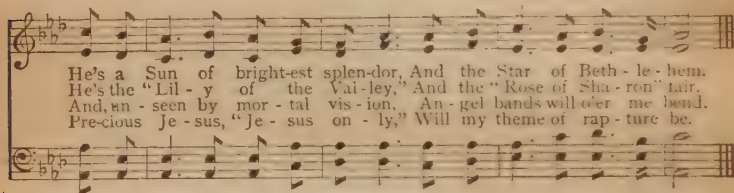


1. What tho' clouds are hov'ring o'er me, And I seem to walk a-lone—
 2. What tho' all my earth-ly jour-ney Bring-eth naught but wea-ry hours,
 3. What tho' all my heart is yearn-ing For the lov'd of long a-go—
 4. When I soar to realms of glo-ry, And an en-trance I a-wait,
 Long-ing 'mid my cares and cross-es, For the joys that now are flown—
 And, in grasp-ing for life's ros-es, Thorns I find in-stead of flow'rs—
 Bit-ter les-sons sad-ly learn-ing From the shad-owypage of woe—
 If I whis-per, "Je-sus on-ly!" Wide will ope the pearl-y gate;

Jesus Only.



If I've Je-sus, "Je-sus on-ly," Then my sky will have a gem;
 If I've Je-sus, "Je-sus on-ly," I pos-sess a clus-ter rare;
 If I've Je-sus, "Je-sus on-ly," He'll be with me to the end;
 When I join the heav-en-ly cho-rus, And the an-gel hosts I see,



He's a Sun of bright-est splen-dor, And the Star of Beth-le-hem.
 He's the "Lil-y of the Vai-ley," And the "Rose of Sha-ron" fair.
 And, un-seen by mor-tal vis-ion, An-gel bands will o'er me bend.
 Pre-cious Je-sus, "Je-sus on-ly," Will my theme of rap-ture be.

No. 258.

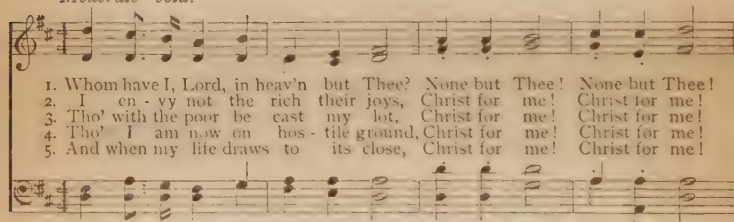
Christ for Me.

"The Lord is my helper."—Heb. 13: 6.


R. G. H.

R. GEO. HALLS, by per.

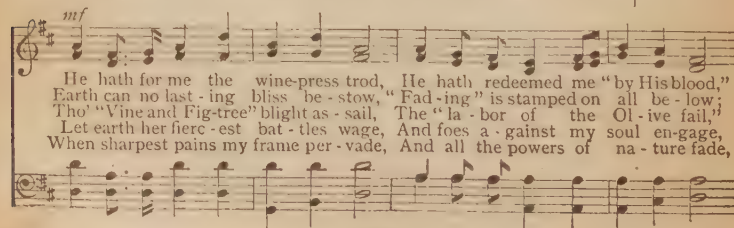
Moderato—bold.



1. Whom have I, Lord, in heav'n but Thee? None but Thee! None but Thee!
 2. I en-vy not the rich their joys, Christ for me! Christ for me!
 3. Tho' with the poor be cast my lot, Christ for me! Christ for me!
 4. Tho' I am now on hos-tile ground, Christ for me! Christ for me!
 5. And when my life draws to its close, Christ for me! Christ for me!

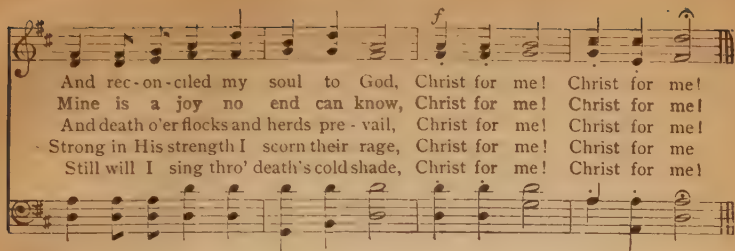


And this my song thro' life shall be, Christ for me! Christ for me!
 I cov-et not earth's glitt'ring toys, Christ for me! Christ for me!
 "He knoweth best,"—I mur-mur not, Christ for me! Christ for me!
 And sin be-set me all a-round, Christ for me! Christ for me!
 Safe in His arms I shall re-pose, Christ for me! Christ for me!



He hath for me the wine-press trod, He hath redeemed me "by His blood,"
 Earth can no last-ing bliss be-stow, "Fad-ing" is stamped on all be-low;
 Tho' "Vine and Fig-tree" blight as-sail, The "la-bor of the Ol-ive fail,"
 Let earth her fierc-est bat-tles wage, And foes a-gainst my soul en-gage,
 When sharpest pains my frame per-vade, And all the powers of na-ture fade,

Christ for Me.



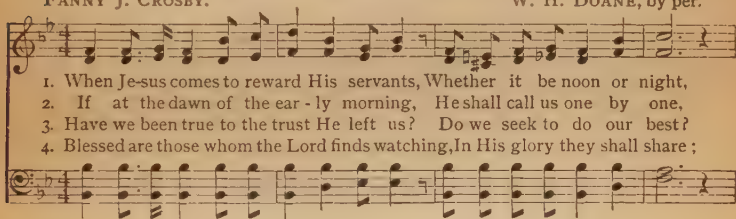
And re-con-ciled my soul to God, Christ for me! Christ for me!
 Mine is a joy no end can know, Christ for me! Christ for me!
 And death o'er flocks and herds pre-vail, Christ for me! Christ for me!
 Strong in His strength I scorn their rage, Christ for me! Christ for me!
 Still will I sing thro' death's cold shade, Christ for me! Christ for me!

No. 259. Will Jesus Find us Watching?

"Watch therefore; for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come."—Matt. 24. 42.

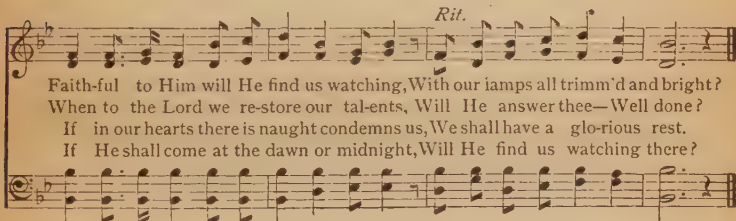
FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE, by per.



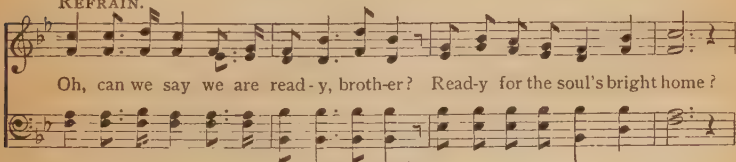
1. When Je-sus comes to reward His servants, Whether it be noon or night,
2. If at the dawn of the ear-ly morning, He shall call us one by one,
3. Have we been true to the trust He left us? Do we seek to do our best?
4. Blessed are those whom the Lord finds watching, In His glory they shall share;

Rit.

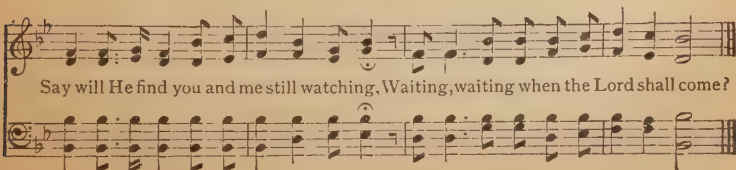


Faith-ful to Him will He find us watching, With our lamps all trimm'd and bright?
 When to the Lord we re-store our tal-ents, Will He answer thee—Well done?
 If in our hearts there is naught condemns us, We shall have a glo-rious rest.
 If He shall come at the dawn or midnight, Will He find us watching there?

REFRAIN.



Oh, can we say we are read-y, broth-er? Read-y for the soul's bright home?



Say will He find you and me still watching, Waiting, waiting when the Lord shall come?

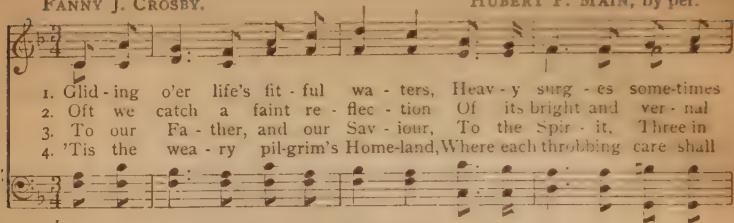
No. 260.

Blessed Home-Land.

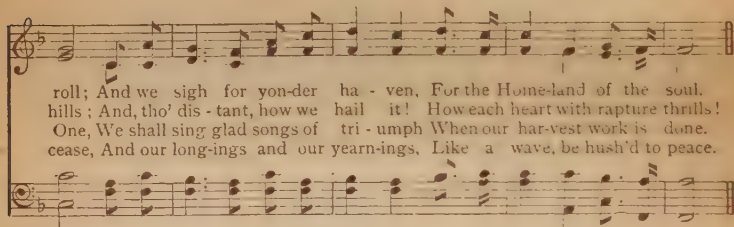
•There remaineth therefore a rest."—Heb. 4: 9.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

HUBERT P. MAIN, by per.



1. Glid - ing o'er life's fit - ful wa - ters, Heav - y surg - es some-times
 2. Oft we catch a faint re - flec - tion Of its bright and ver - nal
 3. To our Fa - ther, and our Sav - iour, To the Spir - it, Three in
 4. 'Tis the wea - ry pil - grim's Home-land, Where each throbbing care shall

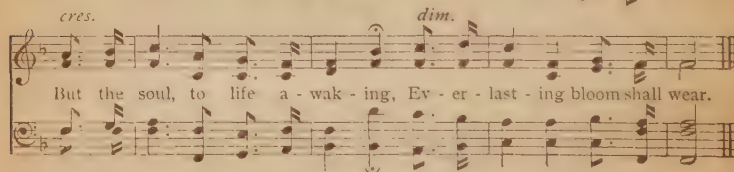


roll; And we sigh for yon - der ha - ven, For the Home-land of the soul.
 hills; And, tho' dis - tant, how we hail it! How each heart with rapture thrills!
 One, We shall sing glad songs of tri - umph When our har - vest work is done.
 cease, And our long - ings and our yearn - ings, Like a wave, be hush'd to peace.

REFRAIN.



cres. *dim.*
 Bless - ed Home-land, ev - er fair! Sin can nev - er en - ter there;



cres. *dim.*
 But the soul, to life a - wak - ing, Ev - er - last - ing bloom shall wear.

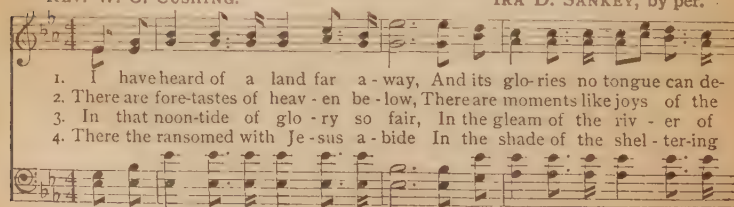
No. 261.

To be There.

"Having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ."—Phil. 1: 23.

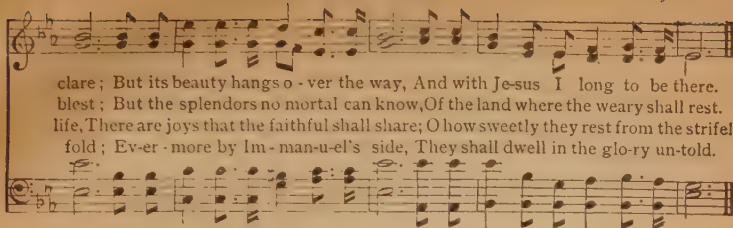
REV. W. O. CUSHING.

IRA D. SANKEY, by per.

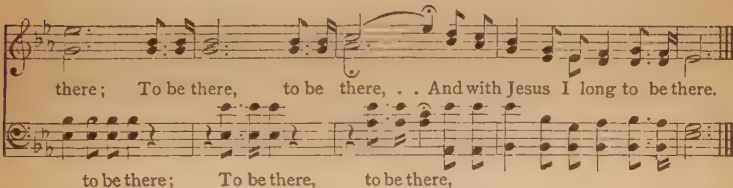
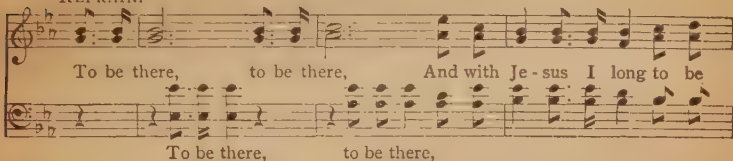


1. I have heard of a land far a - way, And its glo - ries no tongue can de -
 2. There are fore-tastes of heav - en be - low, There are moments like joys of the
 3. In that noon-tide of glo - ry so fair, In the gleam of the riv - er of
 4. There the ransomed with Je - sus a - bide In the shade of the shel - ter - ing

To be There.



REFRAIN.



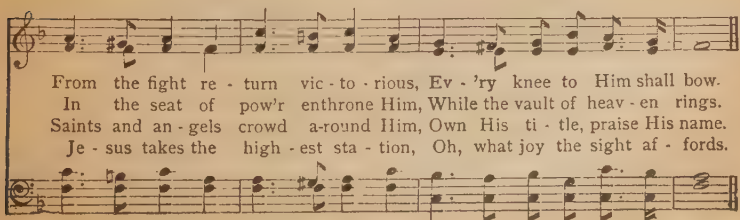
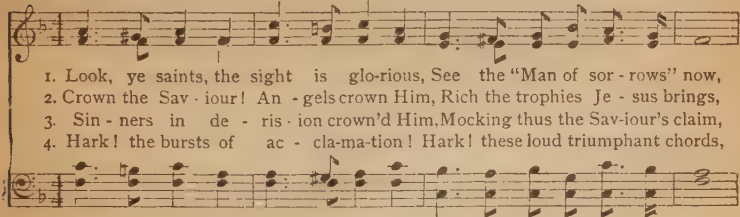
No. 262.

Crown Him.

"Thou hast crowned him with glory and honor."—Ps. 8: 5.

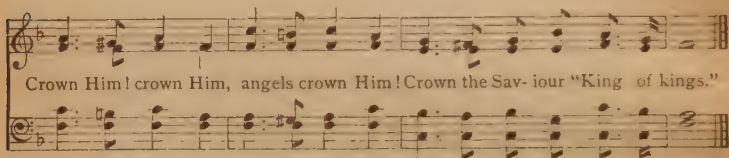
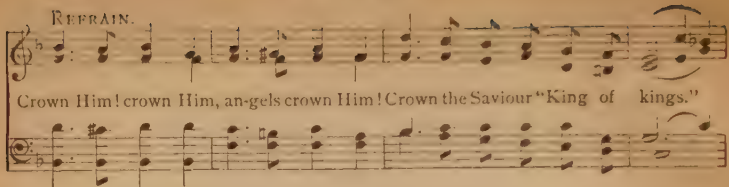
REV. THOS. KELLY.

Arr. by GEO. C. STEBBINS, by per.



Crown Him.

REFRAIN.

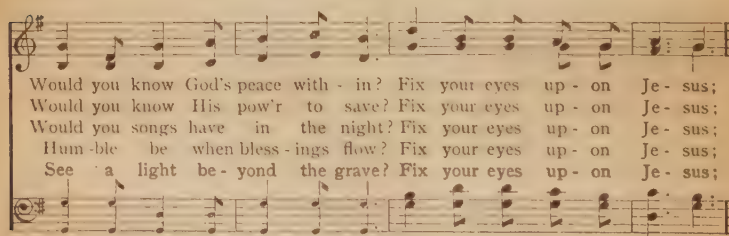
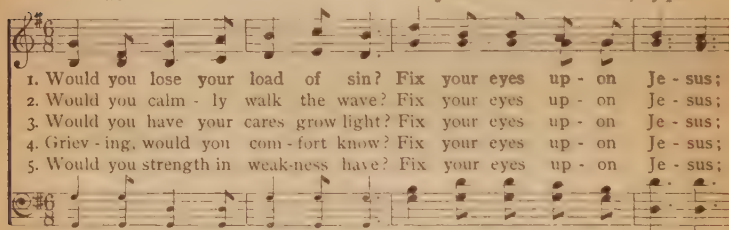


No. 263. Fix your Eyes upon Jesus.

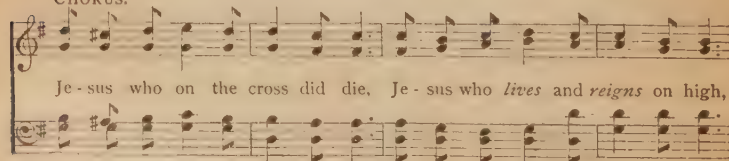
"Look unto me and be ye saved."—Isa. 45: 22.

W. W. D.

JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.



CHORUS.



Fix your Eyes upon Jesus.

He a - lone can jus - ti - fy; Fix your eyes up - on Je - sus.

No. 264. The Heavenly Canaan.

"Thine eyes shall behold the land that is very far off."—Isa. 33: 17.

REV. ISAAC WATTS.

WILLIAM HENRY OAKLEY, by per.

1. There is a land of pure de - light, Where saints im - mor - tal reign;
2. Sweet fields, be - yond the swell - ing flood, Stand dress'd in liv - ing green;
3. O could we make our doubts re - move,—Those gloomy doubts that rise,—

E - ter - nal day ex - cludes the night, And pleas - ures ban - ish pain.
So to the Jews fair Ca - naan stood, While Jor - dan rolled be - tween.
And see the Ca - naan that we love, With un - be - cloud - ed eyes,—

There ev - er - last - ing spring a - bides, And nev - er - fad - ing flow'rs;
But tim' - rous mor - tals start and shrink To cross this nar - row sea,
Could we but climb where Mo - ses stood, And view the landscape o'er,—

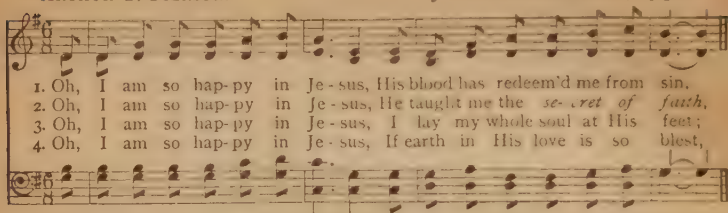
Death, like a nar - row sea, di - vides That heav - en - ly land from ours.
And lin - ger, tremb - ling on the brink, And fear to launch a - way.
Not Jor - dan's stream, nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore.

No. 265. Oh, I am so Happy in Jesus.

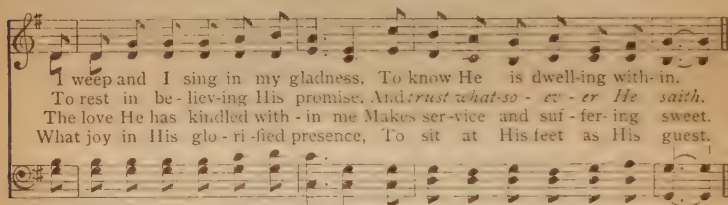
"Happy are thy men, happy are these thy servants."—1 Kings 10: 8.

ARTHUR T. PIERSON.

JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.

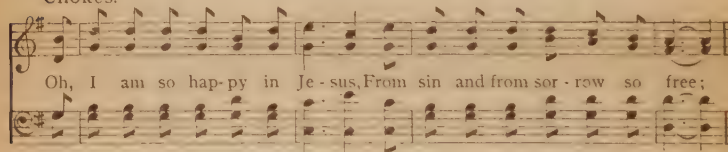


1. Oh, I am so hap-py in Je-sus, His blood has redeem'd me from sin.
 2. Oh, I am so hap-py in Je-sus, He taught me the se-cret of faith.
 3. Oh, I am so hap-py in Je-sus, I lay my whole soul at His feet;
 4. Oh, I am so hap-py in Je-sus, If earth in His love is so blest,

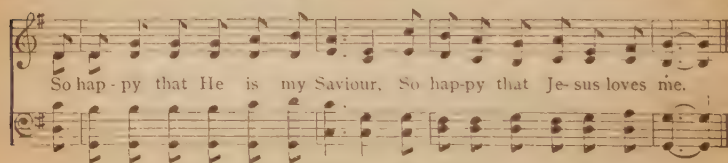


I weep and I sing in my gladness, To know He is dwell-ing with-in.
 To rest in be-liev-ing His promise, And trust what-so-ev-er He saith.
 The love He has kindled with-in me Makes ser-vice and suf-fer-ing sweet.
 What joy in His glo-ri-fied presence, To sit at His feet as His guest.

CHORUS.



Oh, I am so hap-py in Je-sus, From sin and from sor-row so free;



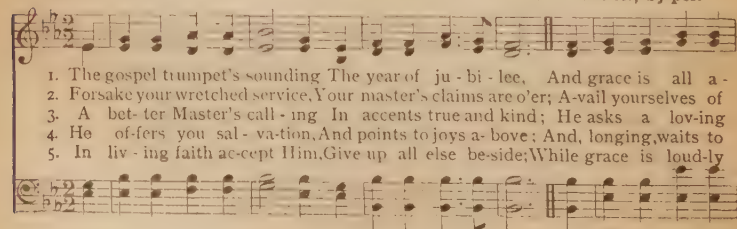
So hap-py that He is my Saviour, So hap-py that Je-sus loves me.

No. 266. The Gospel Trumpet's Sounding.

Lev. 25: 8-13.

ENGLISH.

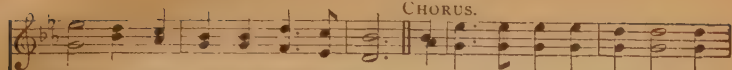
R. S. THAIN, by per.



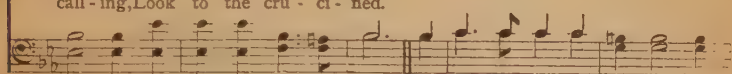

1. The gospel trumpet's sounding The year of ju-bi-lee, And grace is all a-
 2. Forsake your wretched service, Your master's claims are o'er; A-vail yourselves of
 3. A bet-ter Master's call-ing In accents true and kind; He asks a lov-ing
 4. He of-fers you sal-va-tion, And points to joys a-bove; And, longing, waits to
 5. In liv-ing faith ac-cept Him, Give up all else be-side; While grace is loud-ly

The Gospel Trumpet's Sounding.

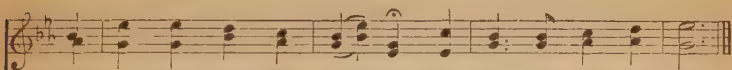
CHORUS.



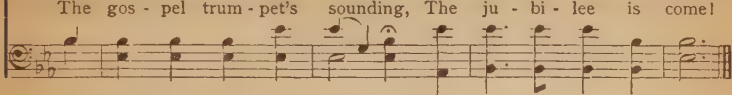
bound-ing, To set the bondmen free. Re-turn, re-turn, ye cap-tives, Re -
 free-dom, Be Sa-tan's slaves no more.
 ser-vice, And claims a will-ing mind.
 make you The ob-jects of His love.
 call-ing, Look to the cru-ci-fied.

turn unto your home, The gospel trumpet's sounding, The ju-bi-lee is come!

The gos-pel trum-pet's sounding, The ju-bi-lee is come!




No. 267. The Hem of His Garment.

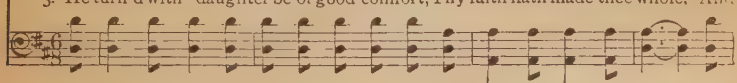
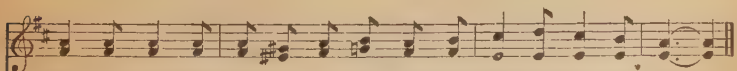
"If I may but touch his garment, I shall be whole."—Matt. 9: 21.

G. F. R.

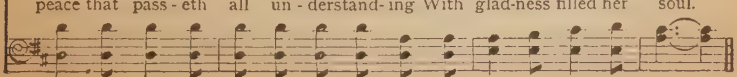
GEO. F. ROOT, by per.



1. She on-ly touch'd the hem of His garment As to His side she stole, A -
 2. She came in fear and trembling before Him, She knew her Lord had come, She
 3. He turn'd with "daughter be of good comfort, Thy faith hath made thee whole," And

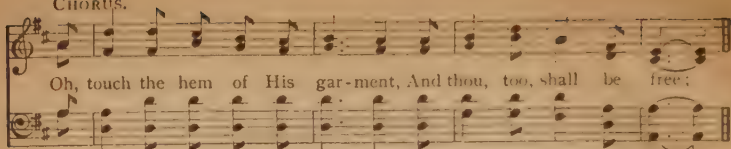



mid the crowd that gather'd around Him, And straightway she was whole.
 felt that from Him vir-tue had healed her. The might-y deed was done.
 peace that pass-eth all un-derstand-ing With glad-ness filled her soul.

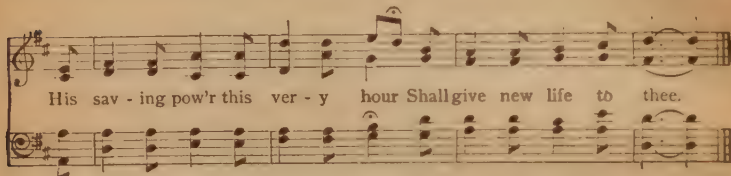


The Hem of His Garment.

CHORUS.



Oh, touch the hem of His gar-ment, And thou, too, shall be free;



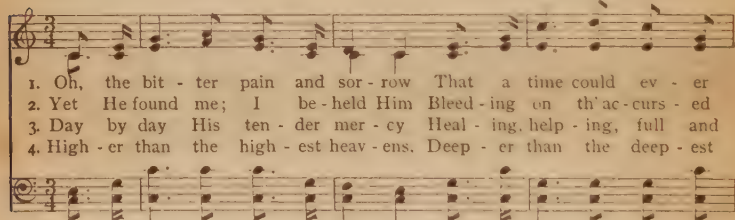
His sav-ing pow'r this ver-y hour Shall give new life to thee.

No. 268. "None of self and all of Thee."

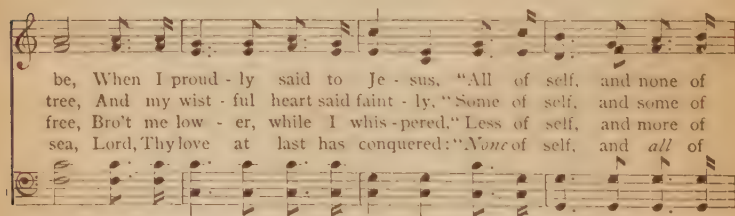
"But Christ is all and in all."—Col. 3: 11.

REV. THEO. MONOD, arr.

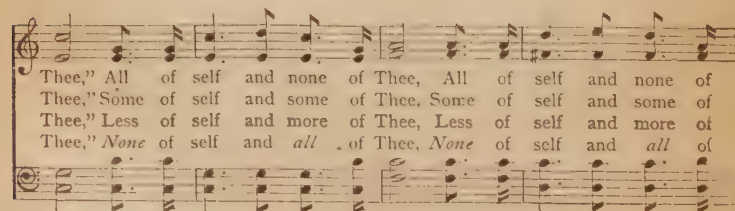
JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.



1. Oh, the bit-ter pain and sor-row That a time could ev-er
2. Yet He found me; I be-held Him Bleed-ing on th'ac-curs-ed
3. Day by day His ten-der mer-cy Heal-ing, help-ing, full and
4. High-er than the high-est heav-ens. Deep-er than the deep-est



be, When I proud-ly said to Je-sus, "All of self, and none of
tree, And my wist-ful heart said faint-ly, "Some of self, and some of
free, Bro't me low-er, while I whis-pered, "Less of self, and more of
sea, Lord, Thy love at last has conquered: "None of self, and all of



Thee," All of self and none of Thee, All of self and none of
Thee," Some of self and some of Thee, Some of self and some of
Thee," Less of self and more of Thee, Less of self and more of
Thee," None of self and all of Thee, None of self and all of

"None of Self and all of Thee."

Thee, When I proud-ly said to Je - sus "All of self and none of Thee."
 Thee, And my wist-ful heart said faint-ly, "Some of self and some of Thee."
 Thee, Bro't me low - er while I whispered "Less of self and more of Thee."
 Thee, Lord, Thy love at last has conquered: "None of self and all of Thee."

No. 269.

Can it be Right?

"Wherefore didst thou doubt?"—Matt. 14: 31.

REV. A. T. PIERSON.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. Can it be right for me to go On in this
 2. Can it be right in doubt to wait, Wait for the
 3. Can it be right such loads to bear, While He says
 4. Can it be right to doubt His pow'r, Both to for -

dark, un - cer - tain way? Say, I be - lieve," and yet not
 day that tries the heart, Ere I shall learn what is my
 "come, I'll give you rest"? Bid - ding me cast on Him my
 give and van-quish sin? E - ven in trials of dark - est

know state, Wheth - er my sins are put a - way?
 care, Fear - ing the Judge should say de - part?
 hour, Lean - ing in love, up - on His breast.
 Can not His love give peace with - in?

CHORUS.

I will no longer doubt Thee, O Lord! I will for - ev - er rest in Thy word.

5 Can it be right no soul to seek,
 Lest I should prove unfit to guide?
 Can He not teach my tongue to speak,
 Will He not ample strength provide?

6 Can it be right with *such* a Lord,
 Even to dread the hour of death?
 Waiting in faith the great reward,
 Calmly I'll yield my dying breath

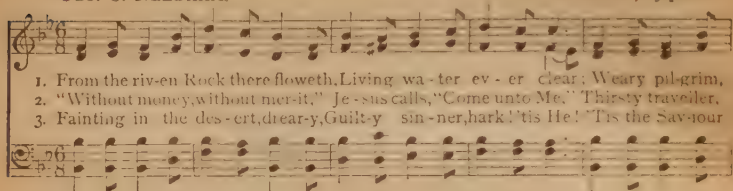
No. 270.

The Smitten Rock.

"They drank of that spiritual rock that followed them, and that rock was Christ."—I Cor. 10: 4.

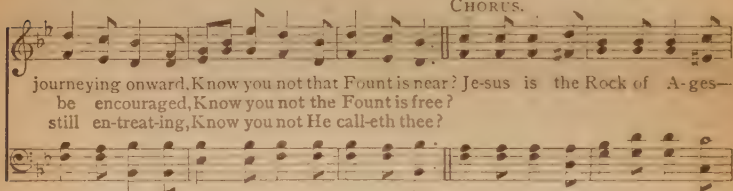
GEO. C. NEEDHAM.

IRA D. SANKEY, by per.

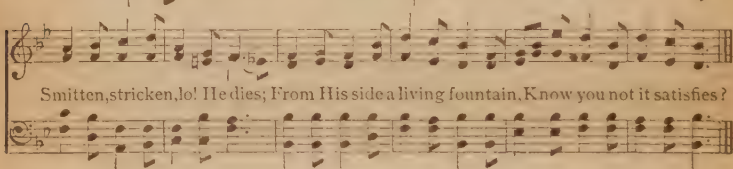


1. From the riv-en Rock there floweth, Living wa-ter ev-er clear; Weary pil-grim,
2. "Without money, without mer-it," Je-sus calls, "Come unto Me," Thirsty traveller,
3. Fainting in the des-ert, de-ar-y, Guilt-y sin-ner, hark! 'tis He! 'Tis the Sav-our

CHORUS.



journeying onward. Know you not that Fount is near? Je-sus is the Rock of A-ges-
be encouraged, Know you not the Fount is free?
still en-treat-ing, Know you not He call-eth thee?



Smitten, stricken, lo! He dies; From His side a living fountain, Know you not it satisfies?

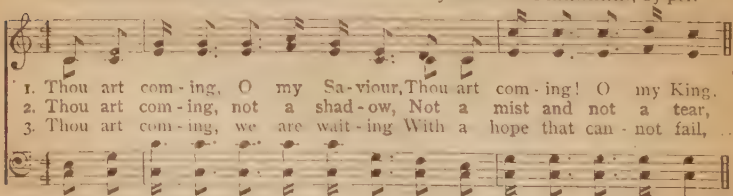
No. 271.

Thou art Coming!

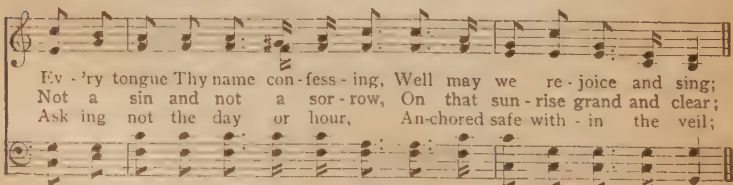
"Looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour, Jesus Christ."—Titus 2: 13.

Arr. from FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.



1. Thou art com-ing, O my Sa-viour, Thou art com-ing! O my King.
2. Thou art com-ing, not a shad-ow, Not a mist and not a tear,
3. Thou art com-ing, we are wait-ing With a hope that can-not fail,



Ev-'ry tongue Thy name con-fess-ing, Well may we re-joice and sing;
Not a sin and not a sor-row, On that sun-rise grand and clear;
Ask-ing not the day or hour, An-chored safe with-in the veil;

Thou art Coming!

S.

Thou art com - ing! rays of glo - ry, Thro' the veil Thy death has rent,
 Thou art com - ing! Je - sus Sav - iour, Noth - ing else seems worth a thought,
 Thou art com - ing! At Thy ta - ble We are wit - ness - es for this,
D.S. Thou art com - ing! Thou art com - ing! Je - sus our be - lov - ed Lord,

FINE.

Glad - den now our pil - grim path - way, Glo - ry from Thy pres - ence sent.
 Oh, how mar - vel - ous the glo - ry, And the bliss Thy pain hath bought.
 As we meet Thee in com - mun - ion, Ear - nest of our com - ing bliss.
 O the joy to see Thee reign - ing, Wor - ship'd, glo - ri - fied, a - dored.

CHORUS. *D.S.*

{ Thou art com - ing, Thou art com - ing, We shall meet Thee on Thy way, }
 { Thou art com - ing, we shall see Thee, And be like Thee on that day. }

No. 272. Only Trusting in my Saviour.

"Jesus Christ and him crucified."—I Cor. 2: 2.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. F. SHERWIN, by per.

♯56

1. On - ly trust - ing in my Sav - iour, All to Him my soul would leave;
 2. On - ly trust - ing, noth - ing doubt - ing, This is all that I can do;
 3. There are break - ers in the dis - tance, Yet no dan - ger will I fear;
 4. On - ly trust - ing, on - ly trust - ing, This is joy and life to me,

♯56

♯56

He has suf - fered to re - deem me, And His word I now be - lieve.
 Ev - 'ry tri - al that be - falls me He will safe - ly bring me thro'.
 On the rock my feet are rest - ing, Naught of harm can reach me here.
 Thou wilt nev - er leave me friend - less While I cling, O Christ, to Thee.

Only Trusting in my Saviour.

REFRAIN.

Now to Christ a - lone I'm cling - ing, Tho' the tem - pest round me blow;
Heed - ing not the clouds a - bove me, Dreading not the waves be - low.

No. 273. There is a Green Hill far away.

"And they took Jesus and led him away."—John 19: 16.

MRS. CECIL F. ALEXANDER.

GEO. C. STEBBINS, by per.

1. There is a green hill far a - way, With - out a cit - y wall;
2. We may not know, we can - not tell What pains He had to bear;
3. He died that we might be for - given, He died to make us good;
4. There was no oth - er good e - nough, To pay the price of sin;

Where the dear Lord was cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all.
But we be - lieve it was for us He hung and suf - fered there.
That we might go at last to heav'n, Sav'd by His pre - cious blood.
He on - ly could un - lock the gate Of heav'n and let us in.

CHORUS.

Oh! dear - ly, dear - ly has He loved, And we must love Him too;

There is a Green Will far away.

And trust in His re - deem-ing blood, And try His works to do.

No. 274. Forever with Jesus there.

"In my Father's house are many mansions."—John 14: 2.

REV. ARTHUR T. PIERSON.

JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.

1. In my Father's house there is ma - ny a room, And my Lord has gone to pre -
 2. In my Father's house there is end - less day, With no cloud of sor - row or
 3. In my Father's house there's no want or woe, And there can be no more
 4. In my Father's house there is no more death, For the life of God we
 5. In my Father's house there are bless - ed saints, Who His ho - ly im - age

- pare A place for me; O can it be That I shall be with Him there?
 care, No tear-ful eyes, no groans or sighs, They know who are with Him there.
 pray'r; For what be-side can God pro-vide, Since we shall be with Him there.
 share; No tho't of sin can en-ter in, For we shall be with Him there.
 bear; They find in this their sweetest bliss, That they may be with Him there.

CHORUS.

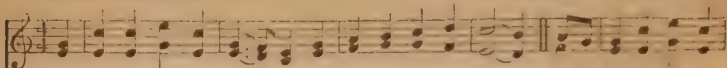
For - ev - er with Je - sus there, For - ev - er with Je - sus there;

What grace di-vine, that He is mine! And I shall be with Him there.

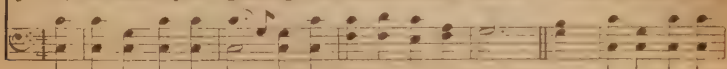
"The number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand."—Rev. 5: 11.

HENRY ALFORD, D. D.

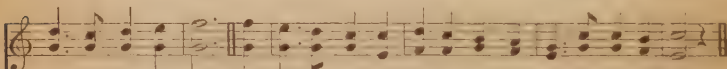
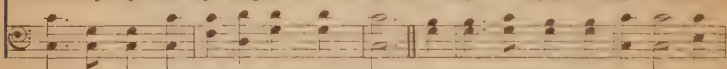
IRA D. SANKEY, by per.



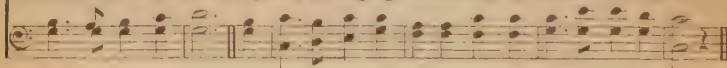
1. Ten thousand times ten thousand, In sparkling raiment bright, The armies of the
 2. What rush of hal - le - lu - jahs Fill all the earth and sky! What ringing of a
 3. O, then what raptur'd greetings On Canaan's happy shore! What knitting severed



ransom'd saints Throng up the steeps of light; 'Tis finished, all is finished, Their
 thousand harps Bespeaks the triumphs nigh! O day, for which cre - a - tion And
 friendships up, Where partings are no more! Then eyes with joy shall sparkle, That



fight with death and sin; Fling o - pen wide the golden gates, And let the victors in.
 all its tribes were made! O joy, for all its former woes A thousand-fold repaid!
 brimm'd with tears of late; Orphans no longer father-less, Nor widows des - o - late.



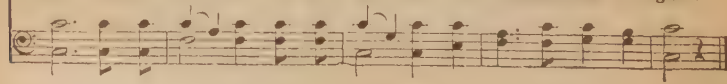
REFRAIN.



Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah To the Lamb who once was



slain! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah To Him who lives a - gain!



No. 276.

Singing all the Time.

"Then was our mouth filled with singing."—Ps. 126: 2.

REV. E. P. HAMMOND.

GEO. C. STEBBINS, by per.



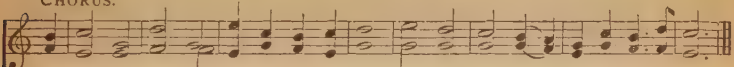
1. I feel like sing - ing all the time, My tears are wiped a - way;
2. When on the cross my Lord I saw, Nail'd there by sins of mine;
3. When fierce temp - ta - tions try my heart, I sing, Je - sus is mine;
4. The won - drous sto - ry of the Lamb, Tell with that voice of thine,



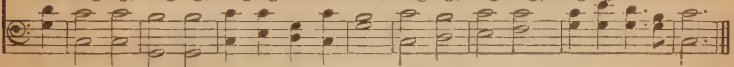
For Je - sus is a friend of mine, I'll serve Him ev - 'ry day.
Fast fell the burn - ing tears; but now, I'm sing - ing all the time.
And so, though tears at times may start, I'm sing - ing all the time.
Till oth - ers, with the glad new song Go sing - ing all the time.



CHORUS.



I'm singing, singing, Singing all the time; Singing, sing - ing, Singing all the time.



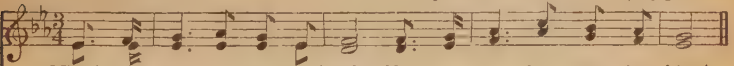
No. 277.

Mine!

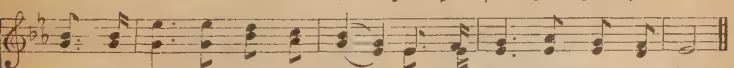
"And all mine are thine, and thine are mine."—John 17: 10.

E. L. B. *All.*

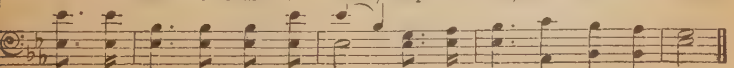
JAMES MCGRANAHAN, by per.



1. Mine! what rays of glo - ry bright Now up - on the prom - ise shine!
2. Mine! the prom - ise oft - en read, Now in liv - ing truth im - press'd,
3. Mine! the prom - ise can - not change, Mine! tho' oft my eyes are dim;
4. Mine! tho' oft my hand may fail, He is strong and holds me fast;
5. Mine! when death the bars shall break, 'Mid those glo - ries all di - vine,



I have found the Lord my light; I am His, and He is mine.
Once ac - knowl - edg'd in the head, Now a fire with - in the breast.
Naught can from His love es - trange, Those who place their trust in Him.
By His blood I shall pre - vail, He shall lead me home at last.
"Sat - is - fied" I shall a - wake, Clasp His feet, and call Him mine.



CHORUS.



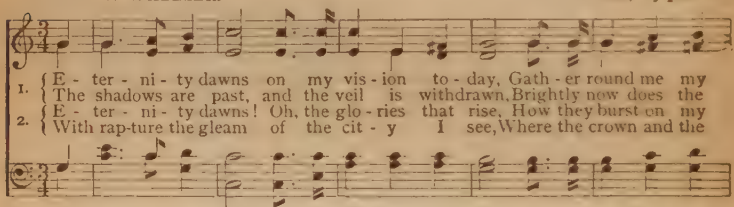
No. 278.

"Sing and Pray!"

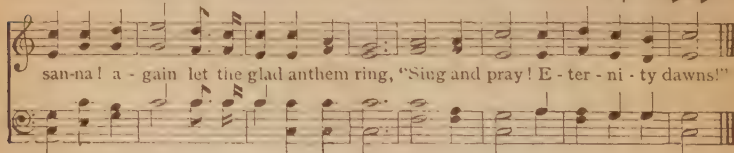
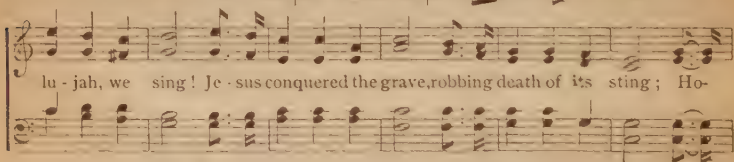
Last words of a faithful minister of Christ, who recently died in the hope of the gospel.

MARY S. WHEELER.

P. P. BLISS, by per.



CHORUS.



- 3 "Eternity dawns!" There will be no more night,
I am nearing the gates of the City of Light;
The shadows of time are passing away,
Tarry not, O my Saviour, come quickly, I pray.
- 4 "Eternity dawns!" Earth recedes from my view;
Weeping friends, now farewell, I must bid you adieu;
I'm resting in Jesus, His merits I plead,
Fear ye not, "for my God shall supply all your need."
- 5 "Eternity dawns!" 'Tis a source of content,
That in preaching salvation my life has been spent;
'Tis "Jesus my All," and the Saviour of men,
May His grace be upon you forever. Amen.

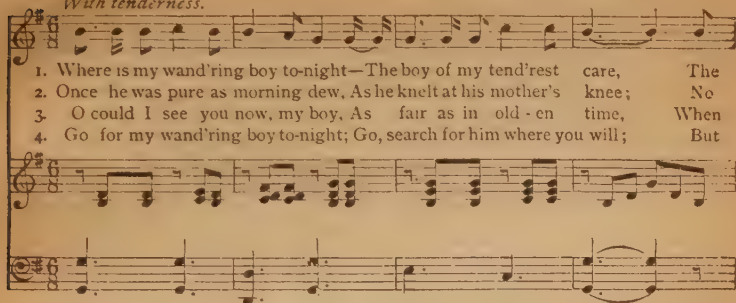
No. 279. Where is my Boy to-night?

"A foolish son is the heaviness of his mother."—PROV. 10. 1.

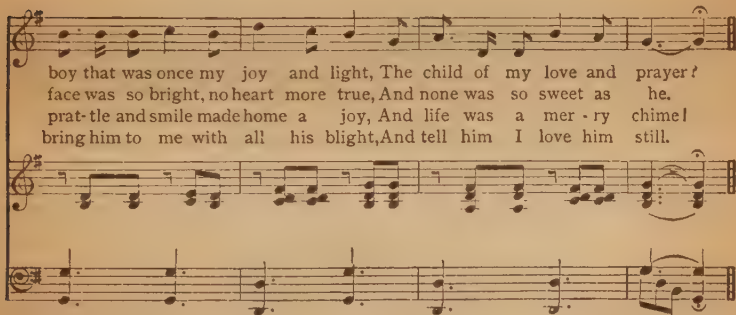
R. L.

REV. R. LOWRY, by per.

With tenderness.

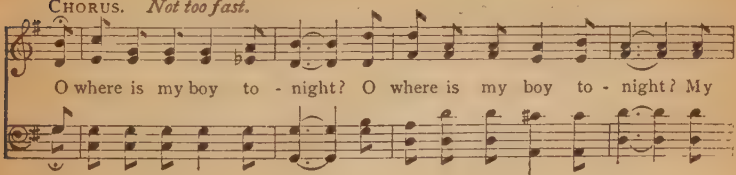


1. Where is my wand'ring boy to-night—The boy of my tend'rest care, The
2. Once he was pure as morning dew, As he knelt at his mother's knee; No
3. O could I see you now, my boy, As fair as in old-en time, When
4. Go for my wand'ring boy to-night; Go, search for him where you will; But

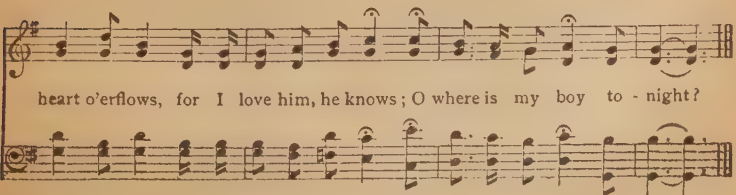


boy that was once my joy and light, The child of my love and prayer!
face was so bright, no heart more true, And none was so sweet as he.
prat-tle and smile made home a joy, And life was a mer-ry chime!
bring him to me with all his blight, And tell him I love him still.

CHORUS. *Not too fast.*



O where is my boy to - night? O where is my boy to - night? My



heart o'erflows, for I love him, he knows; O where is my boy to - night?

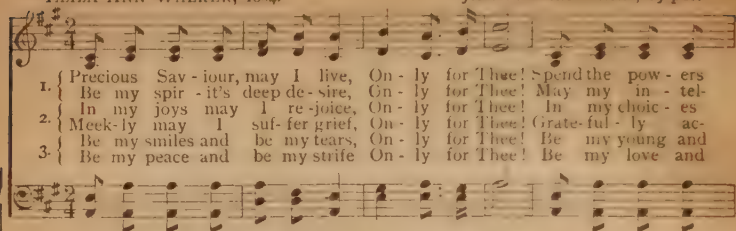
No. 280.

Only for Thee.

"To me to live is Christ."—Phil. 1: 21.

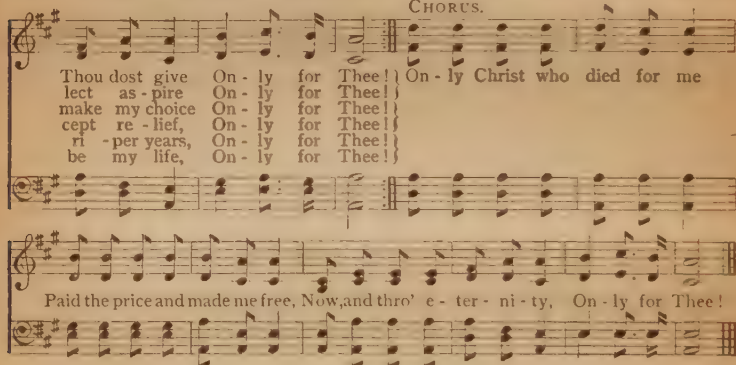
ELIZA ANN WALKER, 1864.

JAS. McGRANAHAN, by per.



1. Precious Sav - iour, may I live, On - ly for Thee! Spend the pow - ers
 2. Be my spir - it's deep de - sire, On - ly for Thee! May my in - tel -
 3. In my joys may I re - joice, On - ly for Thee! In my choic - es
 4. Meek - ly may I suf - fer grief, On - ly for Thee! Grate - ful - ly ac -
 5. Be my smiles and be my tears, On - ly for Thee! Be my young and
 6. Be my peace and be my strife On - ly for Thee! Be my love and

CHORUS.



Thou dost give On - ly for Thee! On - ly Christ who died for me
 lect as - pire On - ly for Thee!
 make my choice On - ly for Thee!
 cept re - lief, On - ly for Thee!
 ri - per years, On - ly for Thee!
 be my life, On - ly for Thee!

Paid the price and made me free, Now, and thro' e - ter - ni - ty, On - ly for Thee!

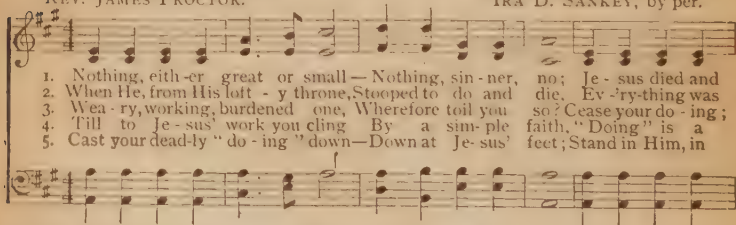
No. 281.

It is Finished!

"What shall I do to inherit eternal life?"—Luke 18: 18.

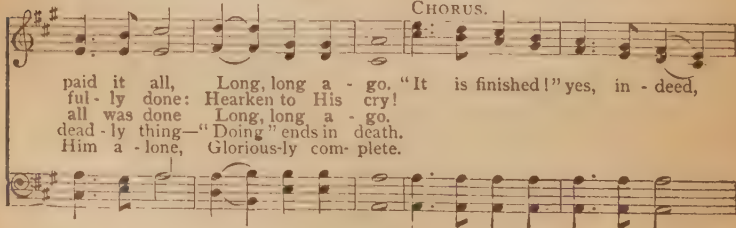
REV. JAMES PROCTOR.

IRA D. SANKEY, by per.



1. Nothing, eith - er great or small—Nothing, sin - ner, no; Je - sus died and
 2. When He, from His loft - y throne, Stooped to do and die. Ev - ry - thing was
 3. Wea - ry, working, burdened one, Wherefore toil you so? Cease your do - ing;
 4. 'Till to Je - sus' work you cling By a sim - ple faith, "Doing" is a
 5. Cast your dead - ly "do - ing" down—Down at Je - sus' feet; Stand in Him, in

CHORUS.



paid it all, Long, long a - go. "It is finished!" yes, in - deed,
 ful - ly done: Hearken to His cry!
 all was done Long, long a - go.
 dead - ly thing—"Doing" ends in death.
 Him a - lone, Glorious - ly com - plete.

It Is Finished!

Fin-ished ev-'ry jot; Sin-ner, this is all you need, Tell me, is it not?

No. 282. Wonderful Words of Life.

"The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life."—John 6: 63.

P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Won - der - ful words of
 2. Christ, the bless - ed One, gives to all Won - der - ful words of
 3. Sweet - ly ech - o the gos - pel call, Won - der - ful words of

Life; Let me more of their beau - ty see, Won - der - ful words of
 Life; Sin - ner, list to the lov - ing call, Won - der - ful words of
 Life; Of - fer par - don and peace to all, Won - der - ful words of

Life. Words of life and beau - ty, Teach me faith and du - ty;
 Life. All so free ly giv - en, Woo-ing us to heav - en.
 Life. Je - sus, on - ly Sav - iour, Sanc - ti - fy for - ev - er.

Beau - ti - ful words, won - der - ful words, Wonderful words of Life, Life.

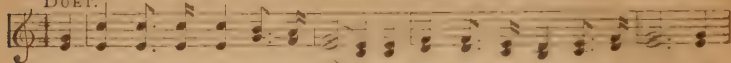
No. 283. What must it be to be There?

"There shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying."—Rev. 21: 4.

MRS. ELIZABETH MILLS.

GEO. C. STEBBINS, by per.

DUET.

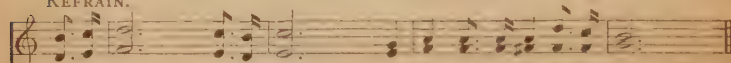


1. We speak of the land of the blest, A coun-try so bright and so fair, And
2. We speak of its pathways of gold, Its walls deck'd with jewels so rare, Its
3. We speak of its peace and its love, The robes which the glo-ri-fied wear, The
4. We speak of its freedom from sin, From sor-row, temp-ta-tion and care, From
5. Do Thou, Lord, midst pleasure or woe, For heav-en our spir-its pre-pare, Then

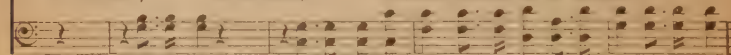


oft are its glo-ries con-fest, But what must it be to be there?
won-ders and pleas-ures un-told, But what must it be to be there?
songs of the bless-ed a-bove, But what must it be to be there?
tri-als with-out and with-in, But what must it be to be there?
short-ly we al-so shall know, And feel what it is to be there?

REFRAIN.



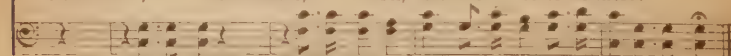
To be there, to be there, Oh, what must it be to be there?



To be there, to be there, to be there?



To be there, to be there, Oh, what must it be to be there?



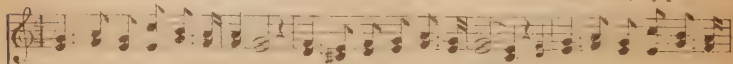
To be there, to be there, to be there?

No. 284. Have you any Room for Jesus?

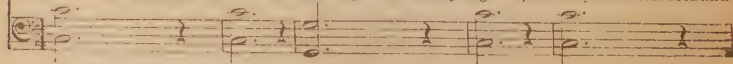
"Behold I stand at the door and knock."—Rev. 3: 20.

Arr. by W. W. D.

C. C. WILLIAMS, by per.

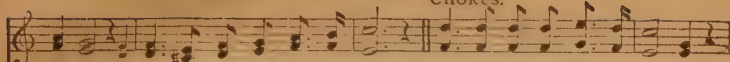


1. Have you any room for Jesus, He who bore your load of sin; As He knocks and asks ad-
2. Room for pleasure, room for business, But for Christ the crucified; Not a place that He can
3. Have you any time for Jesus, As in grace He calls a- gain? O to-day is time ac-
4. Room and time now give to Jesus, Soon will pass God's day of grace; Soon thy heart left cold and

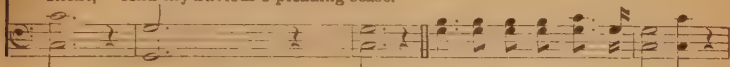


Make You any Room for Jesus?

CHORUS.



mission, Sin-ner, will you let Him in? Room for Je-sus, King of glo-ry,
en-ter, In the heart for which He died?
cept-ed; To-mor-row you may call in vain.
silent, And thy Saviour's pleading cease.



Hasten, now, His word obey, Swing the heart's door widely open, Bid Him enter while you may.



No. 285. There's a Work for each of Us.

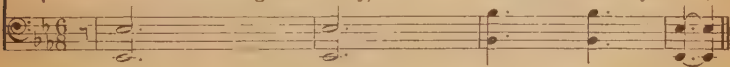
"For the Son of man is as a man taking a far journey, who left his home, and gave authority to his servants, and to every man his work."—Mark 13: 34.

A. A. A.

JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.



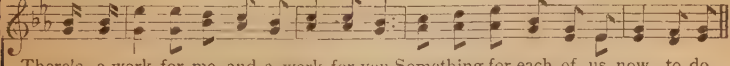
1. Our Mas-ter has taken His jour-ney To a coun-try that's far a-way,
2. In this "lit-tle while," doth it mat-ter, As we work, and we watch, and we wait.
3. There's on-ly one thing should concern us, To find just the task that is ours;
4. Our Mas-ter is coming most surely, To reck-on with ev-'ry one;



And has left us the care of the vine-yard, To work for Him day by day.
If we're fill-ing the place He assigns us, Be its ser-vices small or great.
And then, hav-ing found it, to do it With all our God-given pow'rs.
Shall we then, count our toil or our sor-row, If His sen-tence be, "Well done."



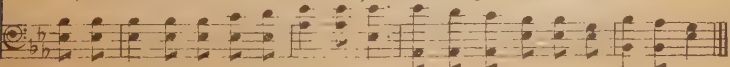
CHORUS.



There's a work for me and a work for you, Something for each of us now to do,



Yes, a work for me and a work for you, Something for each of us now to do.



No. 286.

Jesus, only Jesus.

"They saw no man, save Jesus only."—Matt. 17: 8.

MISS SELINA P. PIERCE.

GEO. C. STEBBINS, by per.



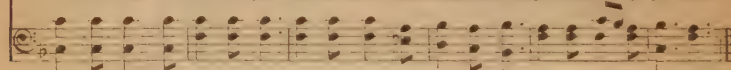
1. Be our joy-ful song to-day, Je-sus, on-ly Je-sus, He who took our
2. Once we wander'd far from God, Knowing not of Je-sus, Treading still the
3. Be our trust thro' years to come, Je-sus, on-ly Je-sus, Password to the



- sins a-way, Je-sus, on-ly Je-sus, Name with ev'-ry bless-ing rife,
downward road, Lead-ing far from Je-sus, Till the spir-it taught us how,
heav'nly home, Je-sus, on-ly Je-sus, When from sin and sor-row free,



- Be our joy and hope thro' life, Be our strength in ev'-ry strife, Je-sus, on-ly Je-sus.
'Neath the Saviour's yoke to bow, And we fain would follow now, Je-sus, on-ly Je-sus.
On thro' all e-ter-ni-ty, This our theme and song shall be, Je-sus, on-ly Je-sus.



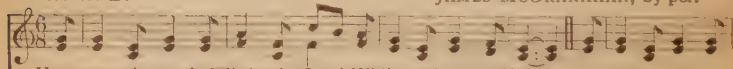
No. 287.

Paradise.

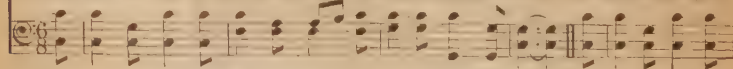
"And Jesus said unto him, Verily I say unto thee, To-day thou shalt be with me in Paradise."—Luke 23: 43.

W. W. D.

JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.



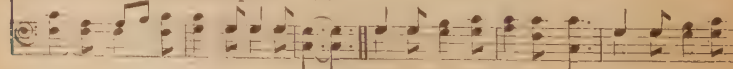
1. How sweet the word of Christ the Lord, While on the cross He dies. A word to all who
2. The dy-ing thief, in full be-lief, On Jesus fixed his eyes: His on-ly plea, "Re-
3. By man condemn'd, without a friend, Will Jesus heed his cries? O blessed Lord, how
4. Tho' vile as he, O sin-ner, flee While Jesus calls, be wise: His word believe, and

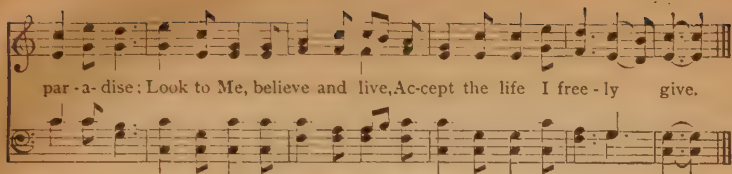


CHORUS.



- on Him call For life in par-a-dise. From the cross the Saviour cries, Come with Me to
- member me, O Lord, in par-a-dise."
quick Thy word, "To-day in par-a-dise."
now re-ceive A life in par-a-dise.





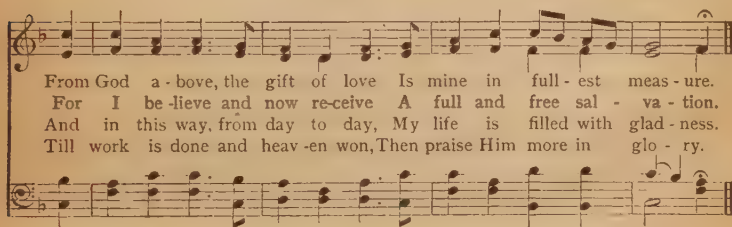
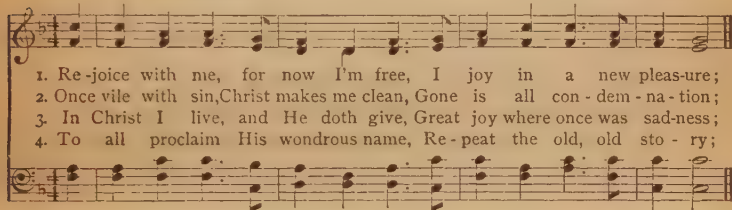
No. 288.

Rejoice with Me.

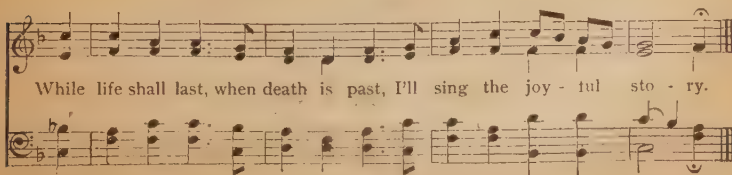
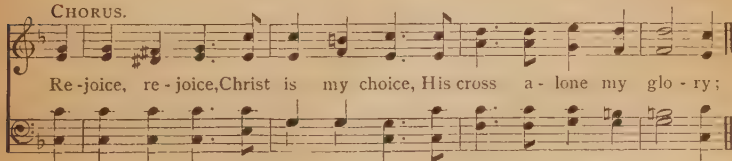
"Rejoice in the Lord alway."—Phil. 4: 4.

REV. J. B. ATCHINSON.

P. P. BLISS, by per.



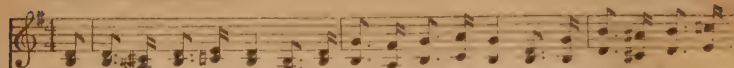
CHORUS.



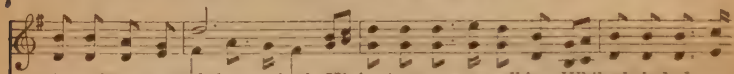
"I press toward the mark."—Phil. 3: 14.

DR. C. R. BLACKALL.

H. R. PALMER, by per.



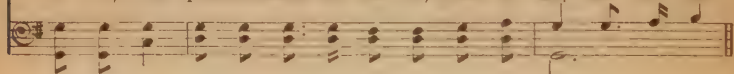
1. The prize is set be - fore us, To win, His words implore us, The eye of God is
2. We'll follow where He leadeth, We'll pasture where He feedeth, We'll yield to Him who
3. Our home is bright a - bove us, No tri - als dark to move us, But Je - sus dear to



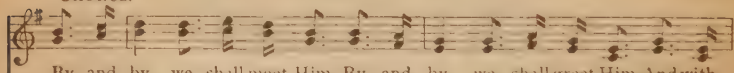
o'er us From on high, from on high; His lov - ing tones are call - ing While sin is dark, ap -
plead - eth From on high, from on high; Then naught from Him shall sever, Our hope shall brighten
love us There on high, there on high; We'll give Him best endeavor, And praise His name for -



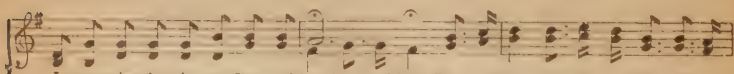
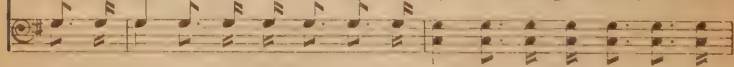
call - ing, 'Tis Je - sus gen - tly call - ing, He is nigh, He is nigh.
ev - er, And faith shall fail us nev - er, He is nigh, He is nigh.
ev - er, His pre - cious words can nev - er, Nev - er die, nev - er die.



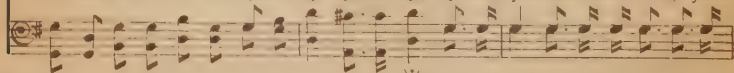
CHORUS.



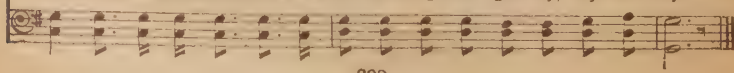
By and by we shall meet Him, By and by we shall greet Him, And with



Je - sus reign in glo - ry, By and by, by and by; By and by we shall meet Him, By and



by we shall greet Him, And with Je - sus reign in glo - ry, By and by.



No. 290.

I am Trusting Thee.

"Trusting in the Lord."—Ps. 112: 7.

MISS FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

IRA D. SANKEY, by per.

1. I am trust - ing Thee, Lord Je - sus, Trust - ing on - ly
 2. I am trust - ing Thee for par - don, At Thy feet I
 3. I am trust - ing Thee for cleans - ing In the crim - son
 4. I am trust - ing Thee to guide me, Thou a - lone shalt
 5. I am trust - ing Thee for pow - er; Thine can nev - er
 6. I am trust - ing Thee, Lord Je - sus, Nev - er let me

rit.
 Thee! Trust - ing Thee for full sal - va - tion, Great and free.
 bow; For Thy grace and ten - der mer - cy, Trust - ing now.
 flood; Trust - ing Thee to make me ho - ly By Thy blood.
 lead, Ev - 'ry day and hour sup - ply ing All my need.
 fail; Words which Thou Thy-self shalt give me Must pre - vail.
 fail! I am trust - ing Thee for - ev - er And for all!

No. 291.

Good News.

"The glorious gospel of the blessed God."—I Tim. 1: 11.

ANON.

JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.

1. Good news from heav'n, good news for thee, There flows a par - don, full and free,
 2. Good news from heav'n, good news for thee, The Sav - iour cries, "Come un - to Me
 3. Good news from heav'n, good news for thee, Has ech - oed from e - ter - ni - ty;

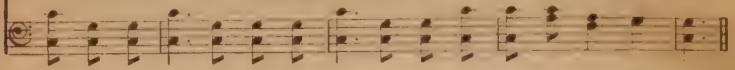
To guilt - y sin - ners, thro' the blood Of the In - car - nate Son of God;
 All ye who toil, with fears op - prest; Come, wea - ry one, oh, come and rest;
 And loud shall our ho - san - nas ring, When with the ran - som'd throng we sing.

He paid the debt that thou did'st owe, He suf - fer'd death for thee be - low,
 He loves thee with o'er - flow - ing love, He hears thy pray'r in heav'n a - bove,
 "Wor - thy the Lamb," whose precious blood Has made us kings and priests to God,

Good News.



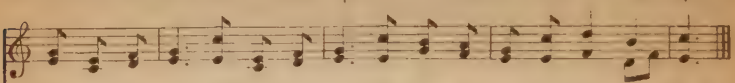
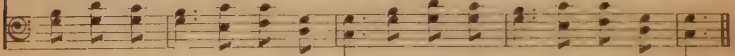
He bore the wrath di-vine for thee, He groan'd and bled on Calva - ry.
 He all thy pas - ture shall prepare, And lead thee with a shepherd's care.
 Our harps we'll tune to no-blest strains, And glo - ry give to Him who reigns.



CHORUS.



Good news from heav'n, good news for thee, There flows a pardon, full and free,



To guilt - y sin - ners thro' the blood Of the In - car - nate Son of God.



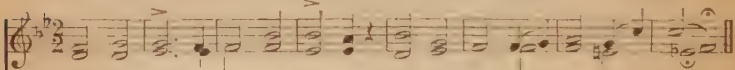
No. 292.

Evening Prayer.

"Bless me — O my Father." — Gen. 27: 38.

J. EDMESTON.

GEO. C. STEBBINS, by per.



- | | |
|--|-------|
| 1. Sav-iour, breathe an eve-ning bless-ing, Ere re - pose our spir-its | seal: |
| 2. Tho' de-struc-tion walk a - round us, Tho' the ar - rows past us | fly; |
| 3. Tho' the night be dark and drear - y, Dark-ness can - not hide from | Thee; |
| 4. Should swift death this night o'er-take us, And our couch be - come our | tomb, |



Rit.



Sin and want we come con - fess-ing,	Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.
An-gel-guards from Thee sur-round us,	We are safe if Thou art nigh.
Thou art He who, nev - er wea - ry,	Watch-est where Thy peo - ple be.
May the morn in heaven a - wake us,	Clad in bright and death-less bloom.

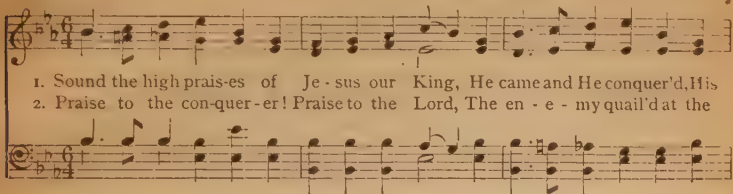


No. 293. Sound the High Praises.

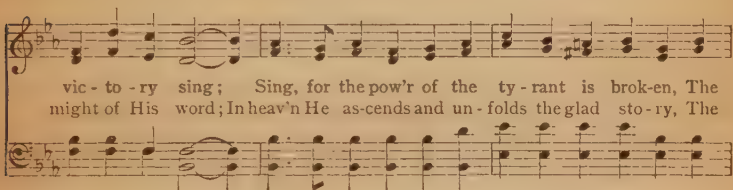
"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing."—Rev. 5: 12.

ANON.

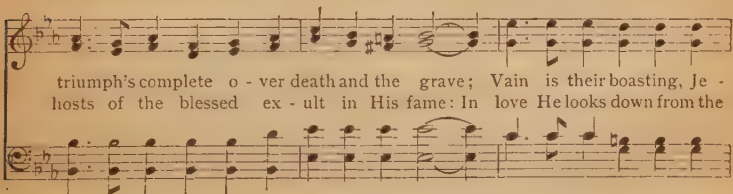
JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.



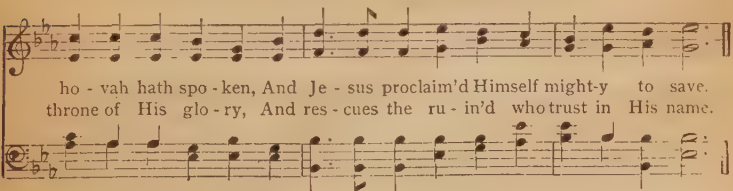
1. Sound the high prais-es of Je - sus our King, He came and He conquer'd, His
2. Praise to the con-quer-er! Praise to the Lord, The en - e - my quail'd at the



vic - to - ry sing; Sing, for the pow'r of the ty - rant is brok-en, The
might of His word; In heav'n He as-cends and un - folds the glad sto - ry, The

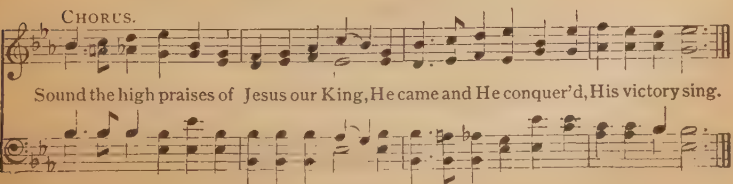


triumph's complete o - ver death and the grave; Vain is their boasting, Je -
hosts of the blessed ex - ult in His fame: In love He looks down from the



ho - vah hath spo - ken, And Je - sus proclaim'd Himself might-y to save.
throne of His glo - ry, And res - cues the ru - in'd who trust in His name.

CHORUS.



Sound the high praises of Jesus our King, He came and He conquer'd, His victory sing.

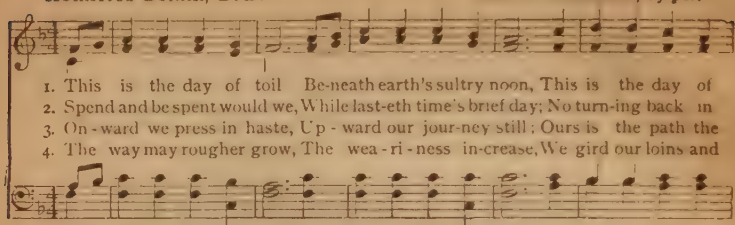
No. 294.

Pressing On.

"There remaineth therefore a rest."—Heb. 4: 9.

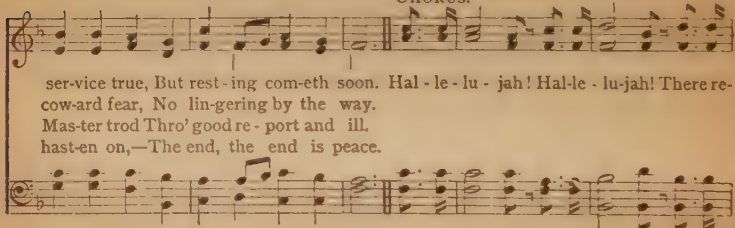
HORATIUS BONAR, D. D.

GEO. C. STEBBINS, by per.

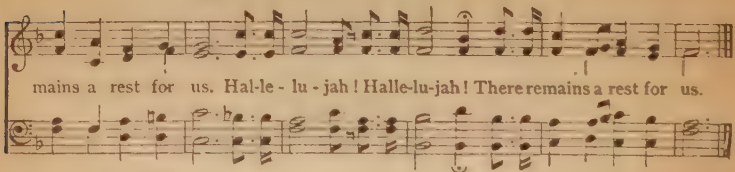


1. This is the day of toil Be-neath earth's sultry noon, This is the day of
 2. Spend and be spent would we, While last-eth time's brief day; No turn-ing back in
 3. On-ward we press in haste, Up-ward our jour-ney still; Ours is the path the
 4. The way may rougher grow, The wea-ri-ness in-crease, We gird our loins and

CHORUS.



ser-vice true, But rest-ing com-eth soon. Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! There re-
 cew-ard fear, No lin-gering by the way.
 Mas-ter trod Thro' good re-port and ill.
 hast-en on,—The end, the end is peace.



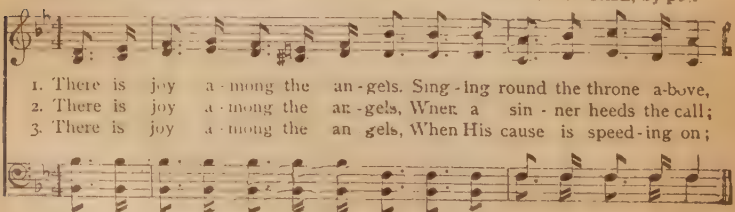
mains a rest for us. Hal-le-lu-jah! Halle-lu-jah! There remains a rest for us.

No. 295. There is Joy among the Angels.

"There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."—Luke 15: 10.


EDWARD A. BARNES.

C. C. CLEB, by per.




1. There is joy a-mong the an-gels. Sing-ing round the throne a-bove,
 2. There is joy a-mong the an-gels, When a sin-ner heeds the call;
 3. There is joy a-mong the an-gels, When His cause is speed-ing on;

There is Joy among the Angels.

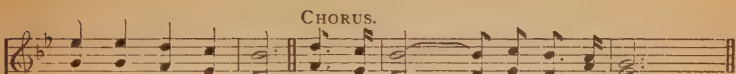


When re - pent - ant tears are flow - ing, While the ris - en Lord is showing
When he turns to Christ be - liev - ing, And from Him is love re - ceiv - ing,
When the notes of praise are ring - ing, That the gos - pel work is bring - ing

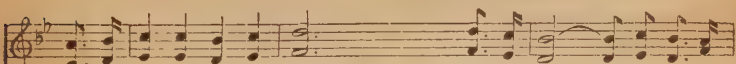


All the rich - es of His love, All the rich - es of His love, All the
Grace that saves us one and all, Grace that saves us one and all, Grace that
Precious sheaves for har - vest morn, Precious sheaves for har - vest morn, Precious


CHORUS.



rich - es of His love. There is joy, oh, there is joy,
saves us one and all.
sheaves for har - vest morn,
glad joy, there is joy, glad joy,



Joy that nev - er can be told, When a soul that long has
nev - er can be told, When a soul that long has



wan - der'd, Comes with - in the Sav - iour's fold.
wan - der'd, long has wan - der'd,

No. 296.

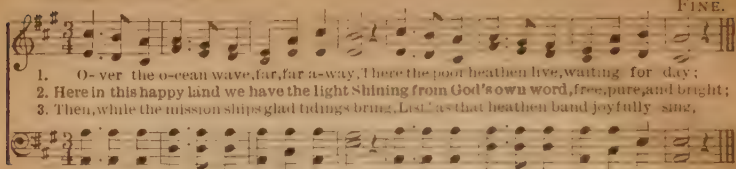
Over the Ocean Wave.

"I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance"—Ps. 2: 8.

MISS JULIA SAMPSON.

(MISSIONARY.) WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.

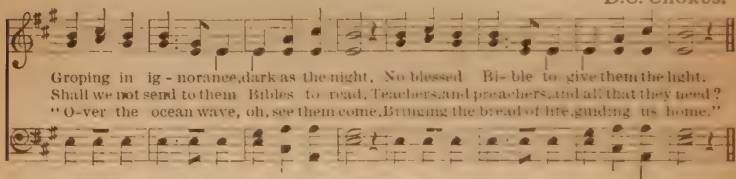
FINE.



1. O-ver the o-cean wave, far, far a-way, There the poor heathen live, waiting for day;
2. Here in this happy land we have the light Shining from God's own word, free, pure and bright;
3. Then, while the mission ships glad tidings bring, Let 'as that heathen band joyfully sing,

Cho. — Pit-y them, pit-y them, Christians at home, Haste with the bread of life, hasten and come.

D.C. CHORUS.



Groping in ig-norance, dark as the night, No blessed Bi-ble to give them the light.
Shall we not send to them Bibles to read, Teachers and preachers, and all that they need?
"O-ver the ocean wave, oh, see them come, Bringing the bread of life, guiding us home."

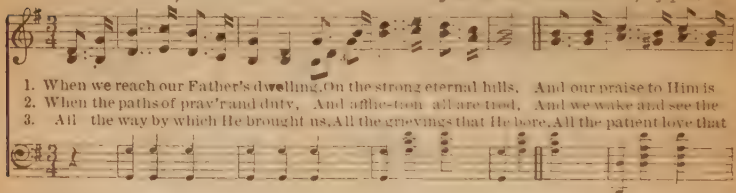
No. 297.

Memories of Earth.

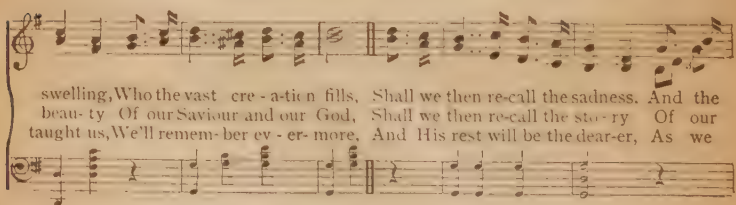
"These are they which came out of great tribulation."—Rev. 7: 14.

W. P. MACKAY, M.D.

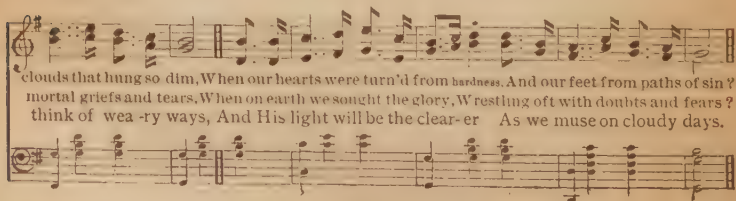
JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.



1. When we reach our Father's dwelling, On the strong eternal hills, And our praise to Him is
2. When the paths of pray'r and duty, And afflic-tion all are trod, And we wake and see the
3. All the way by which He brought us, All the grievings that He bore, All the patient love that



swelling, Who the vast cre-a-tion fills, Shall we then re-call the sadness. And the
beau-ty Of our Saviour and our God, Shall we then re-call the sto-ry Of our
taught us, We'll remem-ber ev-er-more, And His rest will be the dear-er, As we



clouds that hung so dim, When our hearts were turn'd from hardness, And our feet from paths of sin?
mortal griefs and tears, When on earth we sought the glory, Wrestling oft with doubts and fears?
think of wea-ry ways, And His light will be the clear-er As we muse on cloudy days.

Memories of Earth.

CHORUS.

Yes, we sure - ly shall re - mem - ber, And His grace we'll free - ly
own; For the love so strong and ten - der, That redeem'd and bro't us home.

No. 298. Must I Go and Empty Handed?

After a month only of Christian life, nearly all of it upon a sick bed, a young man of nearly 30 years lay dying. Suddenly a look of sadness crossed his face, and to the query of a friend he exclaimed: "No, I am not afraid, Jesus saves me now; but oh, *must I go, and empty handed?*"

C. C. LUTHER.

(DAN. 12: 3.)

GEO. C. STEBBINS, by per.

DUET.

1. "Must I go and emp - ty hand - ed," Thus my dear Re - deem - er meet?
2. Not at death I shrink nor fal - ter, For my Sav - iour saves me now;
3. Oh, the years of sin - ning wast - ed, Could I but re - call them now,
4. Oh, ye saints, a - rouse, be earn - est, Up and work while yet 'tis day,

Not one day of ser - vice give Him, Lay no tro - phy at His feet.
But to meet Him emp - ty hand - ed, Thought of that now clouds my brow.
I would give them to my Sav - iour, To His will I'd glad - ly bow.
Ere the night of death o'ertakes thee, Strive for souls while still you may.

CHORUS.

"Must I go and emp - ty hand - ed," Must I meet my Sav - iour so?

Not one soul with which to greet Him, Must I emp - ty hand - ed go?

No. 299.

My Faith still Clings.

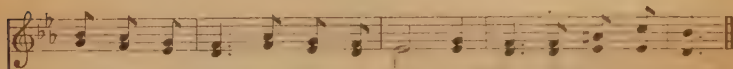
"Watch, stand fast in the faith."—1 Cor. 6 : 13.

REV. H. F. COLBY.

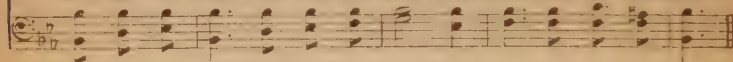
W. H. DOANE, by per.



1. My sin is great, my strength is weak, My path be-set with snares;
2. The world is dark with-out Thee, Lord, I turn me from its strife
3. Tem-pa-tions lure, and fears as-sail My frail, in-constant heart:
4. Un-fold Thy pre-cepts to my mind, And cleanse my blind-ed eyes



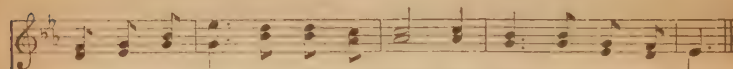
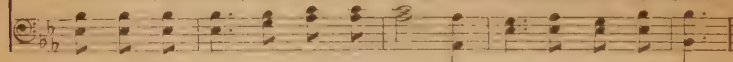
But Thou, O Christ, hast died for me, And Thou wilt hear my pray'rs.
To find Thy love a sweet re-lief; Thou art the light of life.
But pre-cious are Thy prom-is-es, And they new strength in-part.
Grant me to work for Thee on earth, Then praise Thee in the skies.



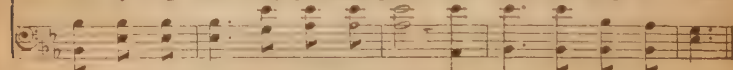
REFRAIN.



To Thee, to Thee, the Cru-ci-fied, The sin-ner's on-ly plea,



Re-ly-ing on Thy promised grace, My faith still clings to Thee.



No. 300. The Pearl of Greatest Price.

"One pearl of great price."—Matt. 13 : 46.

REV. JOHN MASON.


P. P. BLISS, by per.



1. I've found the pearl of great-est price! My heart doth sing for joy;
2. Christ is my Proph-et, Priest, and King; My Proph-et full of light,
3. For He in-deed is Lord of lords, And He the King of kings;
4. Christ is my peace; He died for me, For me He shed His blood;
5. Christ Je-sus is my all in all, My com-fort and my love;

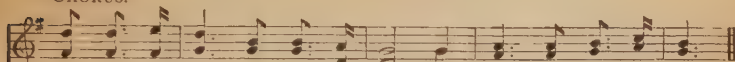


The Pearl of Greatest Price.

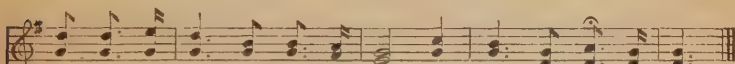


And sing I must, for Christ is mine! Christ shall my song em-ploy.
My great High Priest be-fore the throne, My King of heav'n-ly might.
He is the Sun of Right-eous-ness, With heal-ing in His wings.
And as my won-drous Sac-ri-fice, Of-fered Him-self to God.
My life be-low, and He shall be My joy and crown a-bove.

CHORUS.



I've found the pearl of great-est price! My heart doth sing for joy;



And sing I must, for Christ is mine! Christ shall my song em-ploy.


No. 301.

Faint, yet Pursuing.

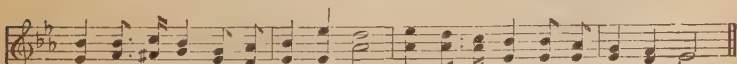
MRS. E. W. GRISWOLD.

(JUDGES 8: 4.)

GEO. C. STEBBINS, by per.



1. "Faint, yet pur-su-ing," we press our way Up to the glo-ri-ous gates of day;
2. "Faint, yet pur-su-ing," whate'er be-fall, He who has died for us, died for all;
3. "Faint, yet pur su-ing," till e-ven-tide, Un-der the cross of the Cru-ci-fied;
4. "Faint, yet pur-su-ing," the eye a-far Sees thro' the darkness the Morning Star.



Fol-lowing Him who has gone before, O-ver the path to the brighter shore.
So should they come, as a mighty throng, Bearing His banner a-loft with song.
Knowing, when darkly are skies o'er-cast, Sorrow and sighing will end at last.
Shedding its ray for the wea-ry feet, Keeping the way to the gold-en street.

Faint, yet Pursuing.

CHORUS.

"Faint, yet pur-su-ing," from day to day, O-ver the sure and blood-marked way;

Strengthen and keep us, O Saviour, Friend, Ev-er pur-su-ing, un-to life's end.

No. 302. Ho, every One that Thirsteth.

"Come ye, buy and eat."—Isa. 55: 1.

ANON.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

DUET.

1. Be-side the well at noon-time, I hear a sad one say: "I want that liv-ing
2. Be-side the pool Bethes-da, I hear a mournful cry: "No help, no hope is
3. While seat-ed on the hill-side, The hungry ones were fed By Him who said most

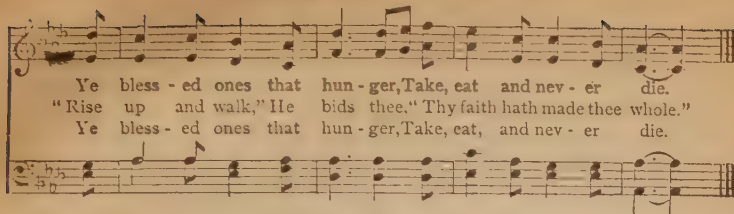
wa-ter, Give me a drink, I pray; The well is deep, O pil-grim, But
of-fered To one so weak as I;" Oh, cease thy sad complaining, The
tru-ly: "I am the liv-ing bread;" 'Tis He, the heav'nly man-na, Who

deep-er is my need; I thirst for life e-ter-nal, The 'Gift of God' in-deed."
gospel gives thee cheer; Come to the house of mercy, For Christ, the Pool, is here.
doth our souls re-store; By faith of Him partak-ing We live for-ev-er-more.

CHORUS.

Ho, ev-'ry one that thirst-eth, The liv-ing wa-ter buy!
'Tis He, the great Phy-si-cian, Can cure the sin-sick soul;
Ho, ev-'ry one that thirst-eth, The liv-ing wa-ter buy!

No, every One that Thirsteth.



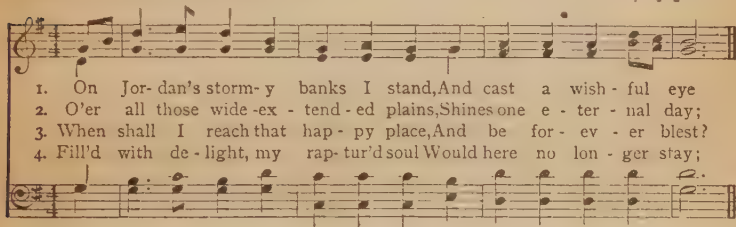
Ye bless - ed ones that hun - ger, Take, eat and nev - er die.
 "Rise up and walk," He bids thee, "Thy faith hath made thee whole."
 Ye bless - ed ones that hun - ger, Take, eat, and nev - er die.

No. 303. On Jordan's Stormy Banks.

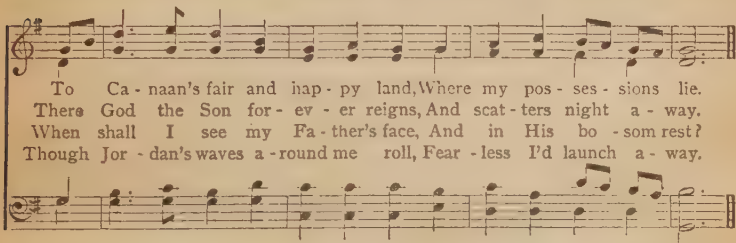
"Thine eyes shall behold the land."—Isa. 33: 17.

REV. SAMUEL STENNETT.

T. C. O'KANE, by per.

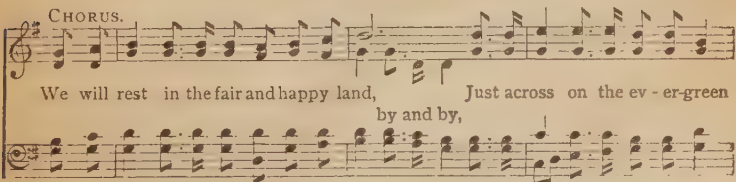


1. On Jor - dan's storm - y banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye
 2. O'er all those wide - ex - tend - ed plains, Shines one e - ter - nal day;
 3. When shall I reach that hap - py place, And be for - ev - er blest?
 4. Fill'd with de - light, my rap - tur'd soul Would here no lon - ger stay;

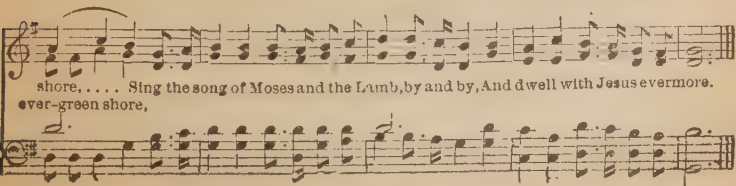


To Ca - naan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie.
 There God the Son for - ev - er reigns, And scat - ters night a - way.
 When shall I see my Fa - ther's face, And in His bo - som rest?
 Though Jor - dan's waves a - round me roll, Fear - less I'd launch a - way.

CHORUS.



We will rest in the fair and happy land, Just across on the ev - er-green
 by and by,



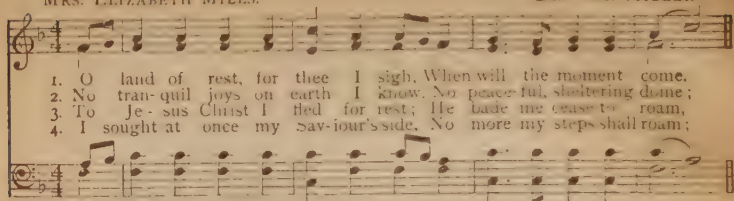
shore. . . . Sing the song of Moses and the Lamb, by and by, And dwell with Jesus evermore.
 ever-green shore,

No. 304. We'll Work till Jesus comes.

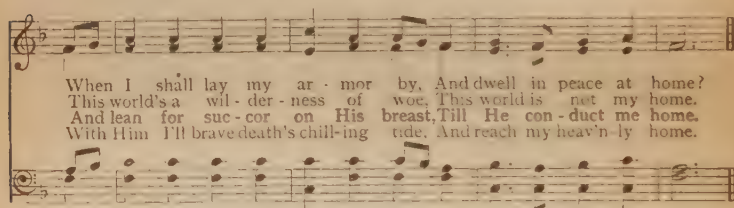
"Thy work shall be rewarded."—Jer. 31: 16

MRS. ELIZABETH MILLS.

DR. WM. MILLER

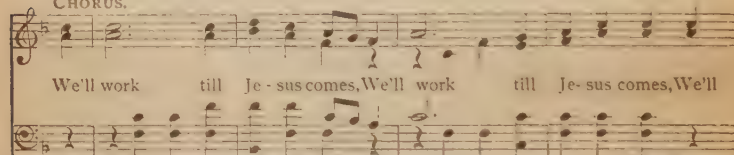


1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh, When will the moment come.
2. No tran-quil joys on earth I know. No peace-ful, sheltering dome;
3. To Je-sus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam;
4. I sought at once my Sav-iour's side. No more my steps shall roam;



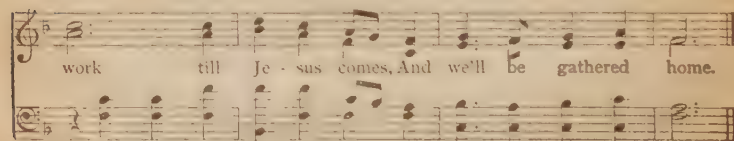
When I shall lay my ar-mor by, And dwell in peace at home?
This world's a wil-der-ness of woe, This world is not my home.
And lean for suc-cor on His breast, Till He con-duct me home.
With Him I'll brave death's chill-ing tide, And reach my heav'n-ly home.

CHORUS.



We'll work till Je-sus comes, We'll work till Je-sus comes, We'll

We'll work till Je-sus comes, We'll work till Je-sus comes,



work till Je-sus comes, And we'll be gathered home.

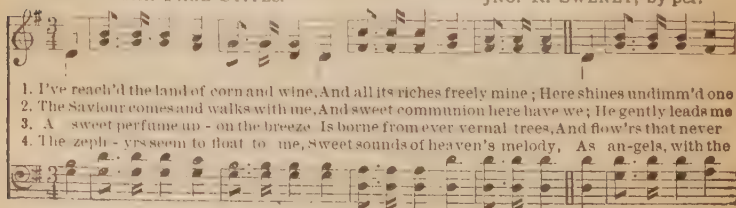
We'll work till Je-sus comes,

No. 305. Beulah Land.

"Sorrow and sighing shall flee away."—Isa. 35: 10.

REV. EDGAR PAGE STITES.

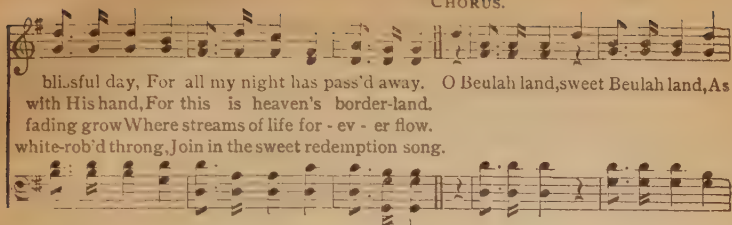
JNO. R. SWENEY, by per.



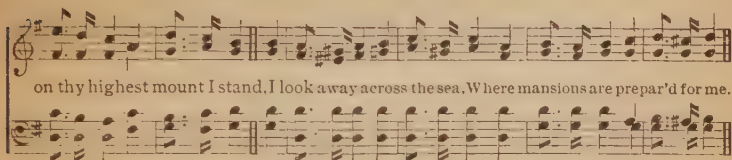
1. I've reach'd the land of corn and wine, And all its riches freely mine; Here shines undimm'd one
2. The Saviour comes and walks with me, And sweet communion here have we; He gently leads me
3. A sweet perfume up - on the breeze Is borne from ever vernal trees, And flow'rs that never
4. The zeph-yrs seem to float to me, Sweet sounds of heaven's melody, As an-gels, with the

Beulah Land.

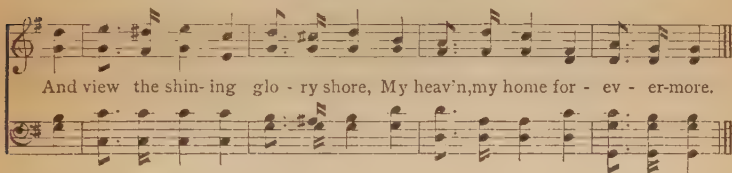
CHORUS.



blissful day, For all my night has pass'd away. O Beulah land, sweet Beulah land, As
with His hand, For this is heaven's border-land.
fading grow Where streams of life for - ev - er flow.
white-rob'd throng, Join in the sweet redemption song.



on thy highest mount I stand, I look away across the sea, Where mansions are prepar'd for me.



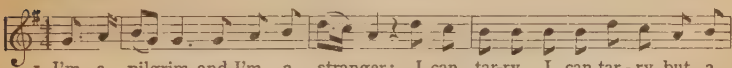
And view the shin- ing glo - ry shore, My heav'n, my home for - ev - er - more.

No. 306.

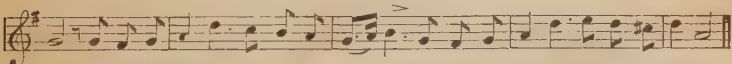
I'm a Pilgrim.

MRS. MARY S. B. DANA SHINDLER.

ITALIAN AIR.

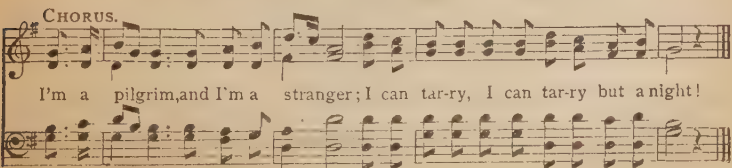


1. I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger; I can tar-ry, I can tar-ry but a
2. Of that cit - y, to which I journey; My Redeemer, my Redeemer is the
3. There the sunbeams are ev - er shining, Oh, my longing heart, my longing heart is



night! Do not detain me, for I am go-ing To where the streamlets are ever flowing.
light; There is no sorrow, nor any sighing, Nor any tears there, nor any dy-ing:
there; Here in this country, so dark and dreary, I long have wander'd forlorn and weary:

CHORUS.

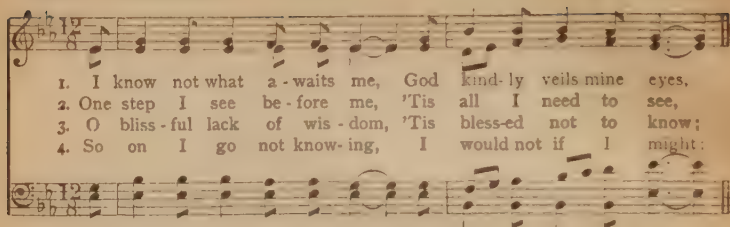


I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger; I can tar-ry, I can tar-ry but a night!

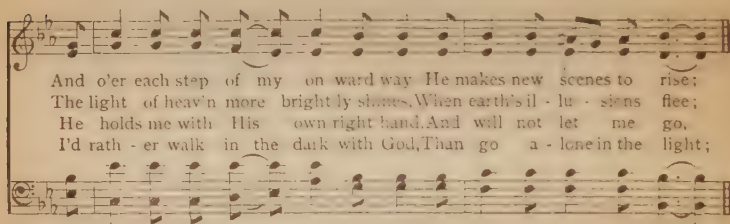
Words arranged by P. P. Bliss.

MARY G. BRAINARD.

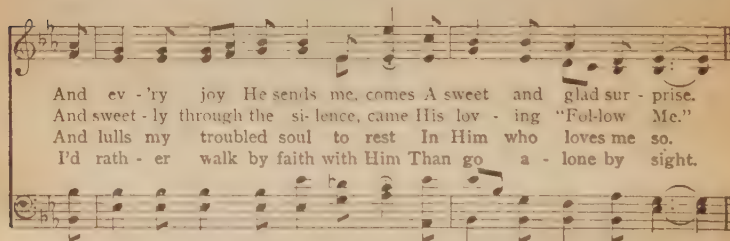
P. P. BLISS.



1. I know not what a-waits me, God kind-ly veils mine eyes,
 2. One step I see be-fore me, 'Tis all I need to see,
 3. O bliss-ful lack of wis-dom, 'Tis bless-ed not to know;
 4. So on I go not know-ing, I would not if I might;



And o'er each step of my on-ward way He makes new scenes to rise;
 The light of heav'n more bright-ly shines, When earth's il-lu-sions flee;
 He holds me with His own right hand, And will not let me go.
 I'd rath-er walk in the dark with God, Than go a-lone in the light;

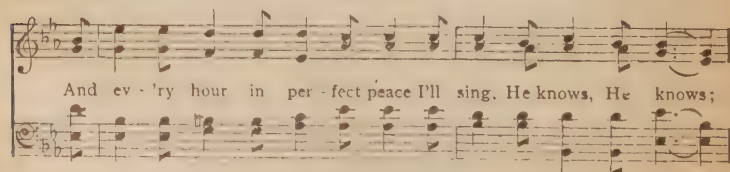


And ev-'ry joy He sends me, comes A sweet and glad sur-prise.
 And sweet-ly through the si-lence, came His lov-ing "Fol-low Me."
 And lulls my troubled soul to rest In Him who loves me so.
 I'd rath-er walk by faith with Him Than go a-lone by sight.

CHORUS.



Where He may lead I'll fol-low, My trust in Him re- pose;



And ev-'ry hour in per-fect peace I'll sing, He knows, He knows;

We Knows.

And ev - 'ry hour in per - fect peace I'll sing, He knows, He knows;

After last verse only.

He knows, He knows, He knows. He knows.

No. 308.

When we get Home.

"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."—1 Cor. 2: 9.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

JAMES MCGRANAHAN, by per.

1. When we get home from our sor - row and care, And we
2. When we get home to the man - sions a - bove, With the
3. When we get home, when the morn - ing is come, And

stand with the an - gels of light, Oh, what a meet - ing in
loved ones gone o - ver be - fore, Oh, who can tell what a
forth from the cit - y of gold An - gels of God, com - ing

heav - en there'll be, In that land with - out shad - ow or night;
joy that will be There, to live and re - joice ev - er - more:
down, shall call home All of those who be - long to His fold;

When we get Home.

Sor-row and care, trib-u - la - tion and pain We'll leave, when we pass thro' the tomb;
An-gels will praise, the Re-deem-er will smile, And loved ones we'll clasp by the hand;
Will you be there, broth-er, loved ones to greet, Or will you for - ev- er be lost?

Clouds of de - spair, storms of tri - al and care We shall leave for that beau-ti-ful home.
Free from all pain, far be - yond earthly stain, We shall dwell in that beau-ti-ful land.
What is thy choice fleet-ing pleasures of earth, Or a home when death's river is cross'd.

CHORUS.

When we get home, oh, when we get home, Get home to glo - ry land,
Prais-es we'll sing to Je - sus, our King, A ransomed, a glo - ri - fied band.

No. 309.

"Come."

"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." — Matt. II : 28.

MRS. JAMES GIBSON JOHNSON.

JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.

1. Oh word of words, the sweetest, Oh word, in which there lie All prom-ise, all ful-
2. Oh soul! why shouldst thou wander From such a loving Friend? Cling clos-er, clos-er
3. Oh, each time draw me near-er, That soon the "Come" may be Naught but a gen - tle

"Come."

all-ment, And end of mys-ter - y; La-ment-ing, or re-joic-ing, With doubt or terror nigh,
to Him. Stay with Him to the end, A - las! I am so help-less, So ver-y full of sin,
whis-per, To one close, close to Thee; Then, o-ver sea and mountain, Far from, or near my home,

I hear the "Come" of Je - sus, And to His cross I fly.
For I am ev - er wand'ring, And com - ing back a - gain.
I'll take Thy hand and fol - low, At that sweet whis - per "Come!"

REFRAIN.

Come, oh, come to me, Come, oh, come to me, Wea-ry, heav - y

Come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come,

la - den. Come, oh, come to me, Come, oh, come to me,

me, Oh, come, come, come, come, come,

Come, oh, come to me, . . . Wea-ry, heav-y la - den, come, oh, come to me.

come, come, come, come, come,

No. 310. Not Half has ever been Told.

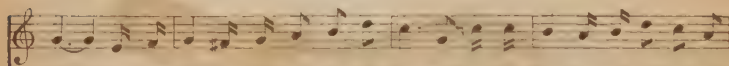
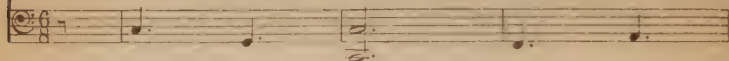
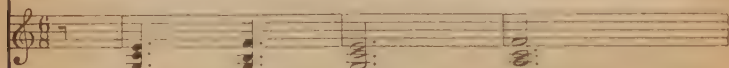
"And the building of the wall of it was of jasper, and the city was pure gold, like unto clear glass."—Rev. 21: 18.

REV. J. B. ATCHINSON.

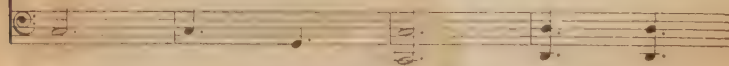
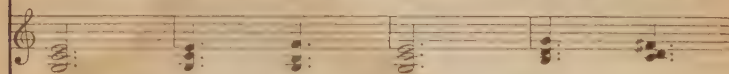
O. F. PRESBRY, by per.



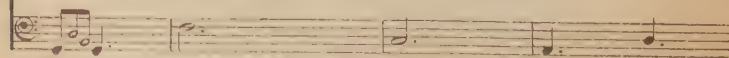
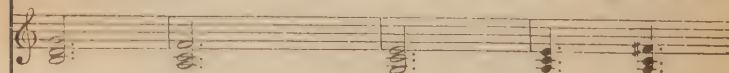
1. I have read of a beau-ti-ful cit-y, Far a-way in the kingdom of
2. I have read of bright mansions in Heaven, Which the Saviour has gone to pre-
3. I have read of white robes for the righteous, Of bright crowns which the glo-ri-fied
4. I have read of a Christ so for-giv-ing, That vile sin-ners may ask and re



God; I have read how its walls are of jas-per. How its streets are all golden and
pare; And the saints who on earth have been faith-ful, Rest for-ev-er with Christ over
wear, When our Father shall bid them "Come, enter, And my glo-ry e-ter-nal-ly
ceive Peace and par-don from ev-ry trans-gres-sion, If when ask-ing they on-ly be-



broad. In the midst of the street is life's riv-er, Clear as crystal, and pure to be-
there; There no sin ev-er en-ters, nor sor-row, The in-hab-i-tants nev-er grow
share;" How the righteous are ev-er-more blessed As they walk thro' the streets of pure
heve. I have read how He'll guide and protect us, If for safe-ty we en-ter His



Not Half has ever been Told.

hold; But not half of that city's bright glo-ry To mortals has ev-er been told.
old; But not half of the joys that await them To mortals has ev-er been told.
gold; But not half of the won-der-ful sto-ry To mortals has ev-er been told.
fold; But not half of His goodness and mer-cy To mortals has ev-er been told.

CHORUS.

Not half has ev - er been told; . . Not half has ev - er been told; . . . Not
been told; been told;

Repeat the Chorus p.

half of that cit - y's bright glo - ry To mortals has ev - er been told.

No. 311. Are you coming Home to-night?

"All things are ready, come." — Matt. 22:4.

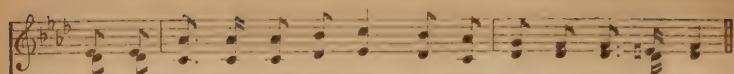
Arranged.

JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.

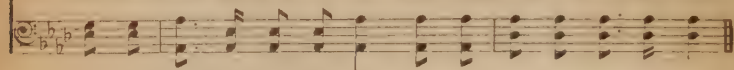
1. Are you com - ing Home, ye wand'ers, Whom Je - sus died to win,
2. Are you com - ing Home, ye lost ones? Be - hold your Lord doth wait:
3. Are you com - ing Home, ye guil - ty, Who bear the load of sin;

All foot - sore, lame and wea - ry, Your gar - ments stain'd with sin;
Come, then no lon - ger lin - ger, Come ere it be too late;
Out - side you've long been standing, Come now and ven - ture in;

Are you coming Home to-night?



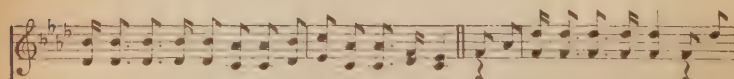
Will you seek the blood of Je - sus To wash your garments white;
Will you come and let Him save you, O trust His love and might;
Will you heed the Saviour's prom - ise, And dare to trust Him quite;



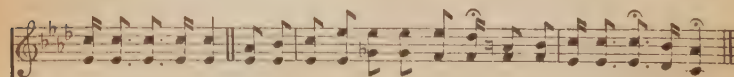
Will you trust His precious promise, Are you coming Home to-night?
Will you come while He is calling, Are you coming Home to-night?
"Come un - to me," saith Jesus, Are you coming Home to-night?



Are you coming Home to-night, Are you coming Home to-night, Are you



coming Home to Je-sus, Out of darkness in - to light? Are you coming Home to-night, Are you



coming home to-night? To your loving heav'nly Father, Are you coming Home to-night?



"What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul." — Matt. 16: 26.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

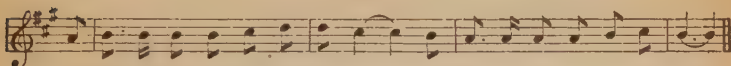
SILAS J. VAIL, by per.



1. Say, where is thy refuge, poor sin - ner, And what is thy prospect to - day?
2. The Master is calling thee, sin - ner, In tones of compassion and love,
3. As summer is waning, poor sin - ner, Re - pent, ere the sea - son is past;



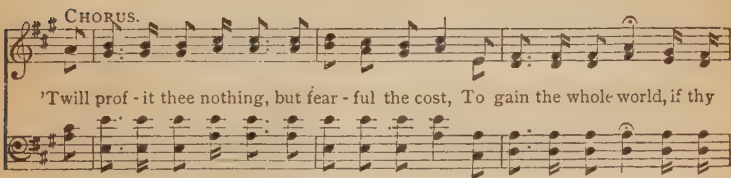
Why toil for the wealth that will perish, The treasures that rust and de - cay?
To feel that sweet rapture of par - don, And lay up thy treasure a - bove:
God's goodness to thee is ex - tend - ed, As long as the day-beam shall last;



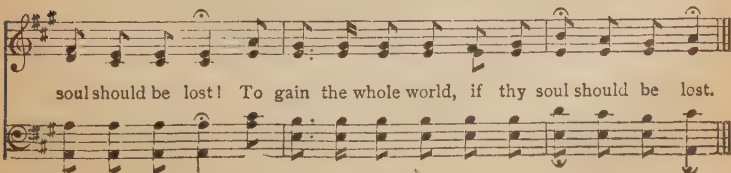
Oh! think of thy soul, that for - ev - er, Must live on e - ter - ni - ty's shore,
Oh! kneel at the cross where He suffered, To ransom thy soul from the grave;
Then slight not the warning re - peated With all the bright moments that roll,



When thou, in the dust art for - got - ten, When pleasure can charm thee no more.
The arm of His mercy will hold thee, The arm that is mighty to save.
Nor say, when the harvest is end - ed, That no one hath cared for thy soul.



'Twill prof - it thee nothing, but fear - ful the cost, To gain the whole world, if thy



soul should be lost! To gain the whole world, if thy soul should be lost.

No. 313. Brightly Gleams our Banner.

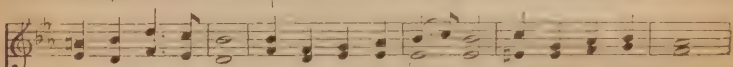
"Lift ye up a banner upon the high mountains." Isa. 13. 2.

REV. THOMAS J. POTTER.

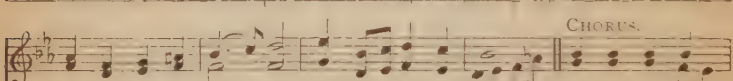
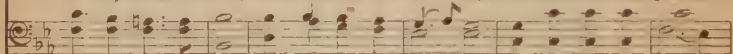
SIR ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN alt.



1. Brightly gleams our ban - ner, Point - ing to the sky, Wav - ing wand'ers on - ward,
2. Je - sus, Lord and Mas - ter, At Thy sa - cred feet, Here with hearts re - joic - ing,
3. All our days di - rect us, In the way we go. Lead us on vic - to - rious
4. Then with Sants and An - gels May we join a - bove, Off'ring end - less prais - es



To their home on high; Journeying o'er the des - ert, Glad - ly thus we pray,
See Thy chil - dren meet; Of - ten have we left Thee, Of - ten gone a - stray,
O - ver ev - 'ry foe: Bid Thine an - gels shield us, When the storm - clouds lower,
At Thy throne of love; When the toil is o - ver, Then comes rest and peace,—



And with hearts u - nit - ed, Take our heav'nward way. Brightly gleams our
Keep us, might - y Sav - iour, In the narrow way.
Par - don, Lord, and save us In the last dread hour.
Je - sus, in His beau - ty;— Songs that nev - er cease.



ban - ner, Pointing to the sky, Waving wand'ers onward To their home on high.



No. 314. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

"Mine are thine and thine are mine." — John 17: 10.

London Hymn Book, 1864.

A. J. GORDON, by per.



1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine,
2. I love Thee, be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me,
3. I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death,
4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light,



My Jesus, I Love Thee.

For Thee all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign;
And pur - chased my par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree;
And praise Thee as long as Thou lend - est me breath;
I'll ev - er a - dore Thee in heav - en so bright;

My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my Sav - iour art Thou,
I love Thee for wear - ing the thorns on Thy brow;
And say when the death - dew lies cold on my brow,
I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing crown on my brow,

If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

No. 315.

He that Believeth.

"He that believeth on me hath everlasting life." — John 6: 47.

P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

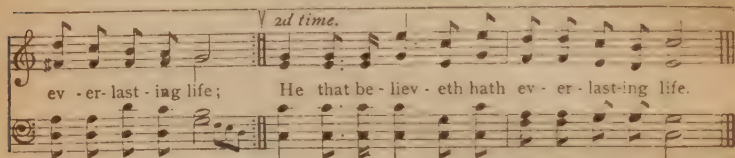
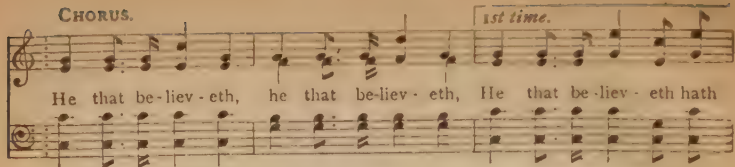
1. Hear ye the glad Good News from heav'n? Life to a death-doomed race is given!
2. When we were lost, the Son of God Made an a - tone - ment by His blood;
3. Why not be - lieve the glad Good News? Why still the voice of God re - fuse?

Christ on the cross for you and me Pur-chased a par-don full and free.
When we the glad Good News be - lieve, Then the a - tone ment we re - ceive.
Why not be-lieve, when God hath said, All, *all* our guilt "on Him" was laid.

We that Believe.

CHORUS.

1st time.



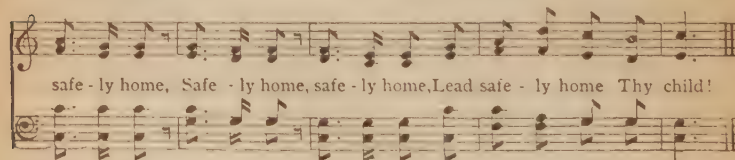
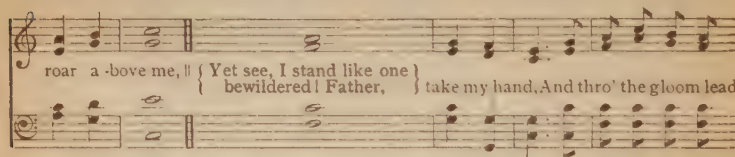
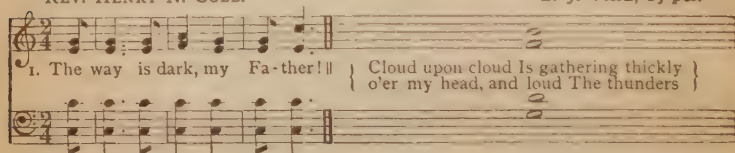
No. 316.

Father, Take my Hand.

"For thy name's sake lead me, and guide me."—Ps. 31: 3.

REV. HENRY N. COBB.

S. J. VAIL, by per.



2 The day declines, my Father! || and the night
Is drawing darkly down. My faithless sight
Sees | ghostly | visions. || Fears like a spectral band
Encompass me. O Father, I take my | hand,
And from the night lead up to light,
Up to light, up to light,
Lead up to light Thy child!

3 The way is long, my Father! || and my soul
Longs for the rest and quiet | of the | goal; ||
While yet I journey through this weary land,
Keep me from wandering. Father, I take my | hand,
And in the way to endless day,
Endless day, endless day,
Lead safely on Thy child!

Father, Take my Hand.

- 4 The path is rough, my Father! || Many a thorn
Has pierced me! and my feet, all torn
And bleeding, | mark the | way. || Yet Thy command
Bids me press forward. Father, | take my | hand;
Then safe and blest, O lead to rest,
Lead to rest, lead to rest,
O lead to rest Thy child!
- 5 The throng is great, my Father! || Many a doubt
And fear of danger compass me about;
And foes op- | press me | sore. || I cannot stand
Or go, alone. O Father! | take my | hand;
And through the throng, lead safe along,
Safe along, safe along,
Lead safe along Thy child.
- 6 The cross is heavy, Father! || I have borne
It long, and | still do | bear it. || Let my worn
And fainting spirit rise to that bright land,
Where crowns are given. Father, | take my | hand;
And, reaching down, lead to the crown,
To the crown, to the crown,
Lead to the crown Thy child.

No. 317.

Parting Hymn.

"The blessing of the Lord be upon you."—Ps. 129: 8.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

REV. R. LOWRY, by per.



1. Heav'nly Fa-ther, we beseech Thee, Grant Thy blessing ere we part;
2. Lov-ing Sav-iour, go Thou with us, Be our com-fort and our stay;
3. Ho-ly Spir-it, dwell with-in us, May our souls Thy tem-ple be;
4. Heav'nly Fa-ther, Lov-ing Saviour, Ho-ly Spir-it, Three in One,



Take us in Thy care and keep-ing, Guard from e-vil ev-'ry heart.
Grate-ful praise to Thee we ren-der, For the joy we feel to-day.
May we tread the path to glo-ry, Led and guid-ed still by Thee.
As a-mong Thy saints and an-gels, So on earth, Thy will be done.



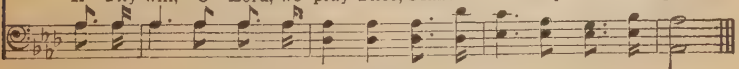
CHORUS.



Bless the words we here have spok-en, Of-fered pray'r and cheer-ful strain;



If Thy will, O Lord, we pray Thee, Grant we all may meet a-gain.



No. 318.

Mercy's Free.

"Without money and without price."—Isa. 55: 1.

R. JUKES.

From D. F. E. AUBER.

1. { By faith I view my Sav-iour dy-ing, On the tree, On the tree: }
 1. { To ev-'ry na-tion He is cry-ing, Look to me, Look to me: }

He bids the guilt-y now draw near, Re-pent, believe, dis-miss their fear:

Hark, hark, what pre-cious words I hear, Mer-cy's free, Mer-cy's free.

- 2 Did Christ, when I was sin pursuing,
 Pity me, Pity me?
 And did He snatch my soul from ruin?
 Can it be, Can it be?
 Oh, yes! He did salvation bring;
 He is my Prophet, Priest, and King;
 And now my happy soul can sing,
 Mercy's free, Mercy's free.

- 3 Jesus my weary soul refreshes:
 Mercy's free, Mercy's free,
 And every moment Christ is precious
 Unto me, Unto me;
 None can describe the bliss I prove,
 While through this wilderness I rove,
 All may enjoy the Saviour's love,
 Mercy's free, Mercy's free.

- 4 Long as I live, I'll still be crying,
 Mercy's free, Mercy's free,
 And this shall be my theme when dying,
 Mercy's free, Mercy's free,
 And when the vale of death I've passed,
 When lodged above the stormy blast,

I'll sing, while endless ages last,
 Mercy's free, Mercy's free.

No. 319. Tune—MEAR, C. M. Key F.

- 1 Spirit of truth, oh, let me know
 The love of Christ to me;
 Its conqu'ring, quick'ning pow'r bestow,
 To set me wholly free.
- 2 I long to know its depth and height,
 To scan its breadth and length;
 Drink in its ocean of delight,
 And triumph in its strength.
- 3 It is Thine office to reveal
 My Saviour's wondrous love;
 Oh, deepen on my heart Thy seal,
 And bless me from above.
- 4 Thy quick'ning pow'r to me impart
 And be my constant Guide;
 And richer gladness fill my heart;
 Be Jesus glorified.

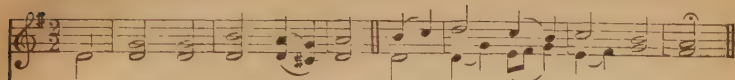
ANON.

No. 320.

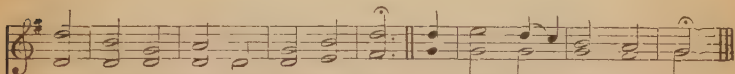
St. Thomas. S. M.

REV. WM. HAMMOND.

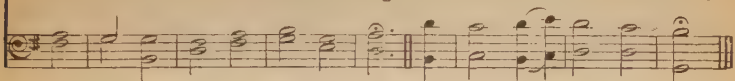
Arr. by AARON WILLIAMS.



1. A - wake, and sing the song Of Mo - ses and the Lamb;
2. Sing of His dy - ing love; Sing of His ris - en pow'r;
3. Ye pil - grims, on the road To Zi - on's cit - y, sing;
4. There shall each rap - tured tongue His end - less praise pro - claim;



Wake, ev - 'ry heart and ev - 'ry tongue, To praise the Sav - iour's Name.
Sing how He in - ter - cedes a - bove For those whose sins He bore.
Re - joice ye in the Lamb of God, — In Christ, th'e - ter - nal King.
And sweet - er voic - es tune the song Of Mos - es and the Lamb.



No. 321. Tune—DUKE STREET. L. M.

- 1 From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's Name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

- 2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends Thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

ISAAC WATTS.

No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fear to quell, no soul to save.

- 5 Till then, nor is my boasting vain,
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
And oh, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

JOSEPH GRIGG.

No. 322. Tune—WARD. L. M.

- 1 Jesus, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine thro' endless days?

- 2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

- 3 Ashamed of Jesus, that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No, when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His Name.

- 4 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,

No. 323. Tune—WINDHAM. L. M.

- 1 Stay, Thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Tho' I have done Thee such despite,
Cast not the sinner quite away,
Nor take Thine everlasting flight.

- 2 Though I have most unfaithful been
Of all who e'er Thy grace received;
Ten thousand times Thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times Thy goodness
grieved.

- 3 Yet oh, the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High Priest;
Nor in Thy righteous anger swear
I shall not see Thy people's rest.

- 4 O Lord, my weary soul release,
Upraise me by Thy gracious hand;
Guide me into Thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

CHARLES WESLEY.

No. 324. Tune--ST. THOMAS. S. M.

- 1 O Holy Spirit, come,
And Jesus' love declare;
Oh, tell us of our heavenly home,
And guide us safely there.
- 2 Our unbelief remove
By Thine almighty breath;
Oh, work the wondrous work of love,
The mighty work of faith.
- 3 Come with resistless power,
Come with almighty grace,
Come with the long-expected shower,
And fall upon this place.

OSWALD ALLEN.

No. 325. Tune--NO. 1, NO. 119.

- 1 Come, every joyful heart,
That loves the Saviour's name!
Your noblest powers exert
To celebrate His fame;
Tell all above, and all below,
The debt of love to Him we owe.
- 2 He left His starry crown,
And laid His robes aside;
On wings of love came down,
And wept, and bled, and died;
What He endured, no tongue can tell,
To save our souls from death and hell.
- 3 From the dark grave He rose—
The mansion of the dead;
And thence His mighty foes
In glorious triumph led;

Up thro' the sky the Conqueror rode,
And reigns on high the Saviour God.

- 4 From thence He'll quickly come—
His chariot will not stay—
And bear our spirits home
To realms of endless day;
There shall we see His lovely face,
And ever be in His embrace.

SAMUEL STENNETT.

No. 326. LOOKING HOME. Tune--BRADBURY TRIO, p. 160.

- 1 Ah, this heart is void and chill,
'Mid earth's noisy thronging;
For my Father's mansion, still
Earnestly, I'm longing.
- CHO.— Looking home, looking home,
T'wards the heavenly mansion
Jesus hath prepared for me,
In His Father's kingdom.
- 2 Soon the glorious day will dawn,
Heavenly pleasures bringing;
Night will be exchanged for morn,
Sighs give place to singing.
- 3 Oh, to be at home, and gain
All for which we're sighing;
From all earthly want and pain
To be swiftly flying.
- 4 Blessed home! oh, blessed home!
There no more to sever;
Soon we'll meet around the throne
Praising God forever.

C. J. T. SPITTA.

No. 327. The Gospel of Thy Grace.

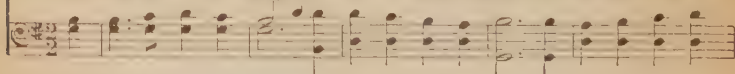
"God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son."—John 3: 16.

REV. A. T. PIERSON.

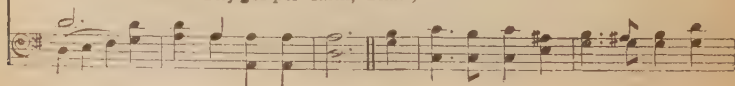
JAMES McGRANAHAN.



1. The gos-pel of Thy grace My stubborn heart has won, For "God so loved the
2. The serpent "lift-ed up" Could life and heal-ing give, So Je-sus on the
3. "The soul that sinneth dies:" My aw-ful doom I heard; I was for-ev-er
4. "Not to condemn the world" The "Man of sorrows" came; But that the world might
5. "Lord, help my un-be-lief!" Give me the peace of faith, To rest with childlike

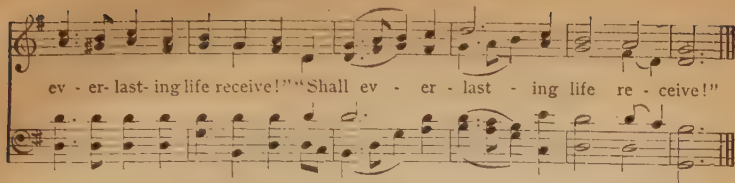


world,	He gave His on-ly Son, That	} "Whosoev-er will be-lieve, shall
cross	Bids me to look and live; For	
lost,	But for Thy gracious word That	
have	Sal-va-tion thro' His name; For	
trust	On what Thy gos-pel saith, That	



Copyright, 1878, by James McGranahan.

The Gospel of Thy Grace.

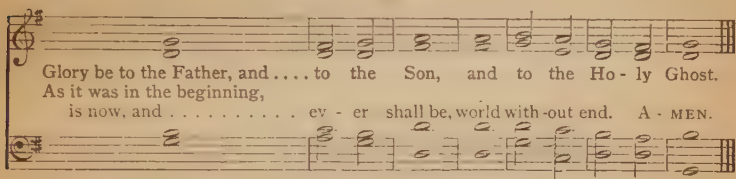


ev - er - last - ing life receive!" "Shall ev - er - last - ing life re - ceive!"

No. 328.

Gloria Patri.

ANON.



Glory be to the Father, and . . . to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost.
As it was in the beginning,
is now, and ev - er shall be, world with - out end. A - MEN.

No. 329.

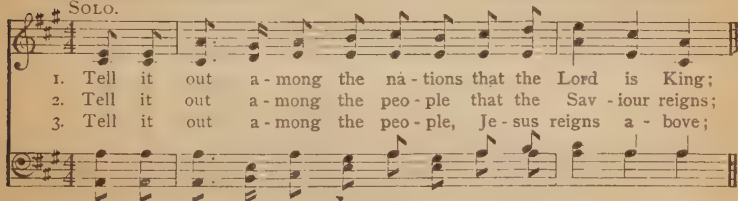
Tell it Out.

"The Lord is King for ever and ever."—Ps. 10: 16.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

Arr. by IRA D. SANKEY.

SOLO.



1. Tell it out a - mong the na - tions that the Lord is King;
2. Tell it out a - mong the peo - ple that the Sav - iour reigns;
3. Tell it out a - mong the peo - ple, Je - sus reigns a - bove;

CHORUS

SOLO.



Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out a - mong the
Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out a - mong the
Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out a - mong the

CHORUS.



na - tions, bid them shout and sing; Tell it out! Tell it out!
hea - then, bid them break their chains; Tell it out! Tell it out!
na - tions that His reign is love; Tell it out! Tell it out!

Tell It Out.

SOLO OR DUET

Tell it out with ad - o - ra - tion that He shall in - crease, That the
 Tell it out a - mong the weep - ing ones that Je - sus lives, Tell it
 Tell it out a - mong the high - ways and the lanes at home, Let it

might - y King of glo - ry is the King of Peace; Tell it
 out a - mong the wea - ry ones what rest He gives, Tell it
 ring a - cross the mountains and the o - cean's foam, That the

ff CHORUS.

out with ju - bi - la - tion, let the song ne'er cease; Tell it out! Tell it out!
 out a - mong the sinners that He came to save; Tell it out! Tell it out!
 wea - ry, hea - y - la - den, need no lon - ger roam; Tell it out! Tell it out!

No. 330.

Light after Darkness.

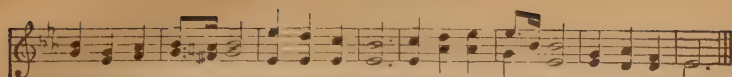
"Sorrow and sighing shall flee away."—Isa. 35: 10.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Light af - ter dark - ness, Gain af - ter loss, Strength af - ter weak - ness, Crown af - ter cross;
2. Sheaves af - ter sow - ing, Sun af - ter rain, Sight af - ter mys - tery, Peace af - ter pain;
3. Near af - ter dis - tant, Gleam af - ter gloom, Love af - ter lon - eliness, Life af - ter tomb;

Copyright, 1891, by Ira D. Sankey.



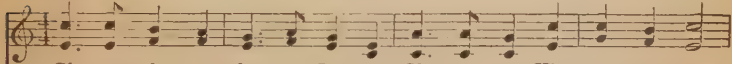
Sweet af-ter bit - ter, Hope af-ter fears, Home after wand'ring, Praise after tears.
 Joy af-ter sor - row, Calm af-ter blast, Rest after weariness, Sweet rest at last.
 Af-ter long ag - o - ny, Rapture of bliss, Right was the pathway, Leading to this.

No. 331. Glory be to Jesus' Name.

"Lift up your heads, O ye gates; * * * and the King of glory shall
 come in."—Ps. 24: 7.


ANON.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.



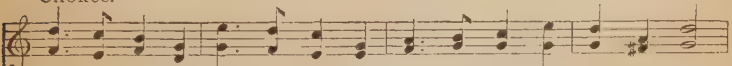
1. Glo - ry, glo - ry be to Je - sus, Glo - ry to His precious name;
 2. In the place of His re - jec - tion, Where He suf - fer - ed, where He died,
 3. Here was marred His bless - ed vis - age, Here His brow was wreathed with thorn,
 4. Yes, tri - umph - ant hal - le - lu - jahs Still a - rise to greet His name;

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Sweet it is to sound His prais - es, Blest it is to spread His fame.
 Bursts of ho - ly praise as - cend - ing, Greets the glo - rious Cru - ci - fied.
 Here the ob - ject of de - ri - sion, Bit - ter taunt and mock - ing scorn.
 Sweet it is to sound His prais - es, Blest it is to spread His fame.

CHORUS.



Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry be to Je - sus' name,



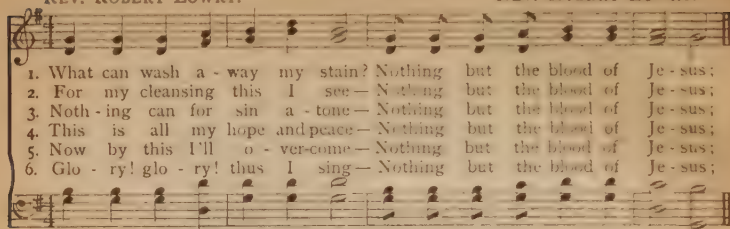
Sweet it is to sound His prais - es, Blest it is to spread His fame.

No. 332. Nothing but the Blood of Jesus.

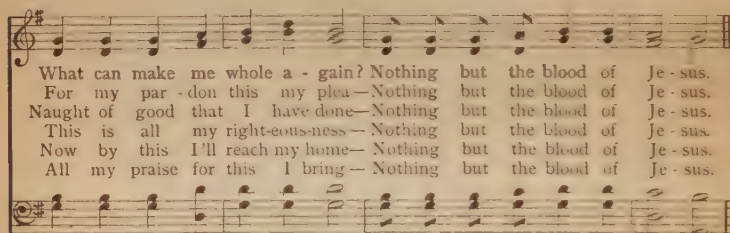
"Without shedding of blood is no remission." — Heb. 9: 22.

REV. ROBERT LOWRY.

REV. ROBERT LOWRY.

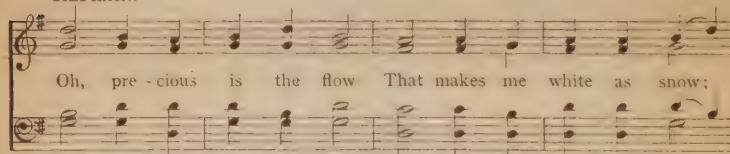


1. What can wash a - way my stain? Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;
 2. For my cleansing this I see— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;
 3. Noth - ing can for sin a - tone— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;
 4. This is all my hope and peace— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;
 5. Now by this I'll o - ver - come— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;
 6. Glo - ry! glo - ry! thus I sing— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;

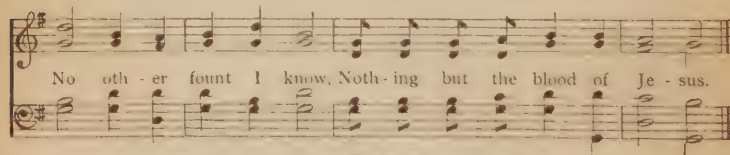


What can make me whole a - gain? Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.
 For my par - don this my plea— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.
 Naught of good that I have done— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.
 This is all my right - eous - ness— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.
 Now by this I'll reach my home— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.
 All my praise for this I bring— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.

REFRAIN.



Oh, pre - cious is the flow That makes me white as snow;



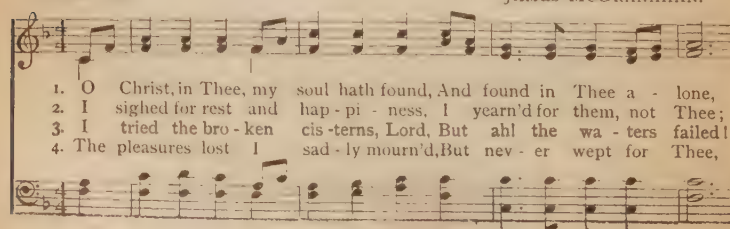
No oth - er fount I know, Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus.

No. 333. None but Christ can Satisfy.

"We also joy in God, through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom we have now received the atonement." — Rom. 5: 11.

B. E. Arr.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

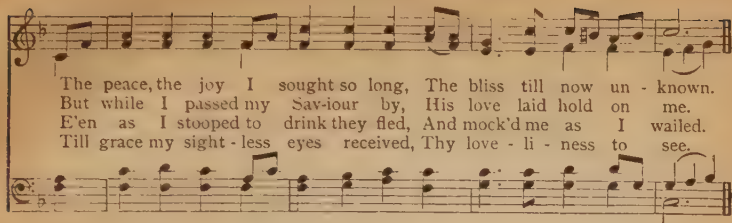


1. O Christ, in Thee, my soul hath found, And found in Thee a - lone;
 2. I sighed for rest and hap - pi - ness, I yearn'd for them, not Thee;
 3. I tried the bro - ken cis - terns, Lord, But ahl the wa - ters failed!
 4. The pleasures lost I sad - ly mourn'd, But nev - er wept for Thee,

Copyright, 1896, by Rev. Robert Lowry

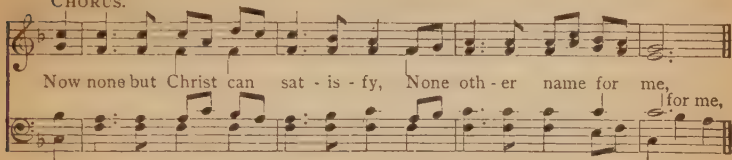
Copyright, 1879, by James McGranahan.

None but Christ can Satisfy.

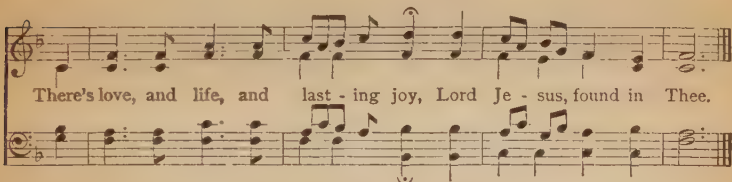


The peace, the joy I sought so long, The bliss till now un - known.
But while I passed my Sav-iour by, His love laid hold on me.
E'en as I stooped to drink they fled, And mock'd me as I wailed.
Till grace my sight - less eyes received, Thy love - li - ness to see.

CHORUS.



Now none but Christ can sat - is - fy, None oth - er name for me,
for me,



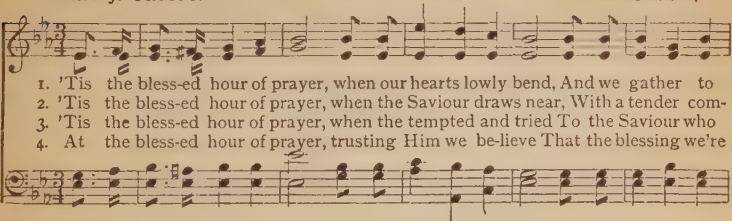
There's love, and life, and last - ing joy, Lord Je - sus, found in Thee.

No. 334. 'Tis the Blessed Hour of Prayer.

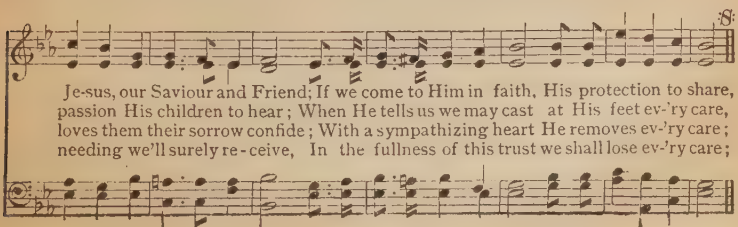
"— went into the temple at the hour of prayer." — Acts 3: 1.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.




1. 'Tis the bless-ed hour of prayer, when our hearts lowly bend, And we gather to
2. 'Tis the bless-ed hour of prayer, when the Saviour draws near, With a tender com-
3. 'Tis the bless-ed hour of prayer, when the tempted and tried To the Saviour who
4. At the bless-ed hour of prayer, trusting Him we be-lieve That the blessing we're



Je-sus, our Saviour and Friend; If we come to Him in faith, His protection to share,
passion His children to hear; When He tells us we may cast at His feet ev'-ry care;
loves them their sorrow confide; With a sympathizing heart He removes ev'-ry care;
needing we'll surely re-ceive, In the fullness of this trust we shall lose ev'-ry care;

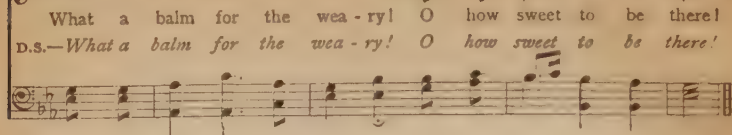
'Tis the Blessed Hour of Prayer.

8 FINE.




What a balm for the wea - ry! O how sweet to be there!

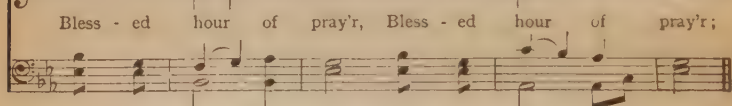
D.S.—What a balm for the wea - ry! O how sweet to be there!



CHORUS. D.S.



Bless - ed hour of pray'r, Bless - ed hour of pray'r;




No. 335. Come, Prodigal, Come.

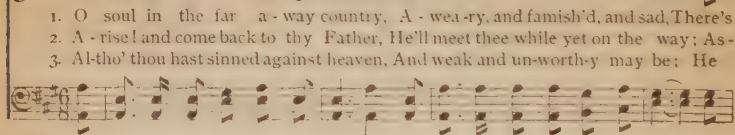
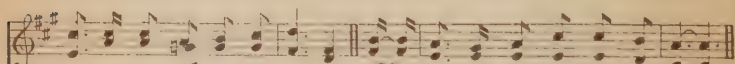
"I will arise and go to my Father."—Luke 15: 18.

MABEL C. FROST.

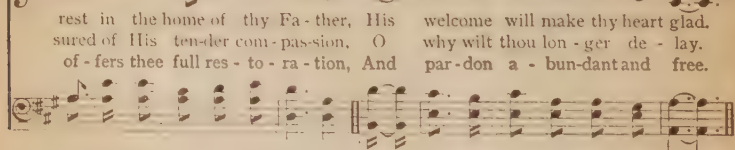
IRA D. SANKEY.




1. O soul in the far a - way country, A - wea - ry, and famish'd, and sad, There's
2. A - rise! and come back to thy Father, He'll meet thee while yet on the way; As -
3. Al-tho' thou hast sinned against heaven, And weak and un-worth-y may be; He

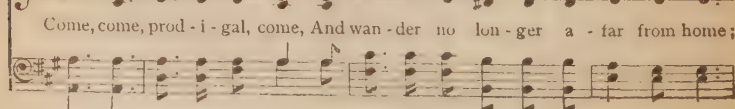
rest in the home of thy Fa - ther, His welcome will make thy heart glad.
sured of His ten - der com - pas - sion, O why wilt thou lon - ger de - lay.
of - fers thee full res - to - ra - tion, And par - don a - bun - dant and free.

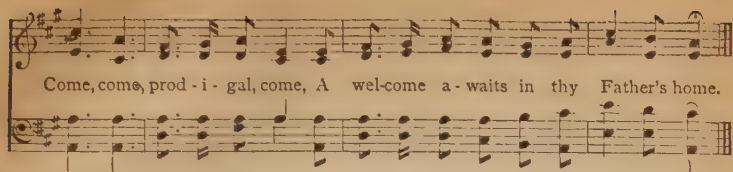


CHORUS.



Come, come, prod - i - gal, come, And wan - der no lon - ger a - far from home;





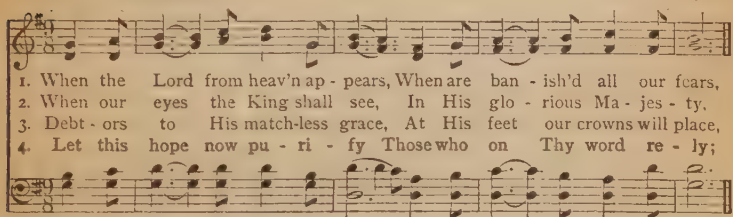
Come, come, prod - i - gal, come, A wel - come a - waits in thy Father's home.

No. 336. We shall Reign.

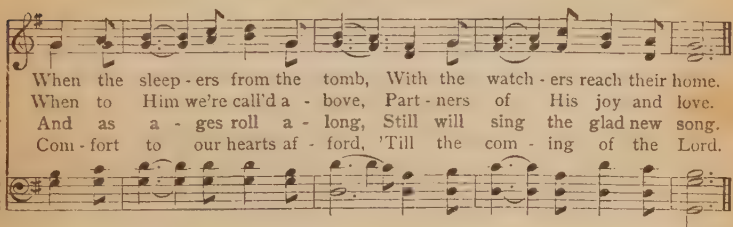
"If we suffer, we shall also reign with him."—2 Tim. 2: 12.

GEO. C. NEEDHAM.

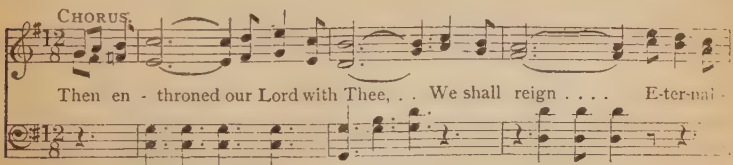
C. C. CASE.



1. When the Lord from heav'n ap - pears, When are ban - ish'd all our fears,
2. When our eyes the King shall see, In His glo - rious Ma - jes - ty,
3. Debt - ors to His match-less grace, At His feet our crowns will place,
4. Let this hope now pu - ri - fy Those who on Thy word re - ly;



When the sleep - ers from the tomb, With the watch - ers reach their home.
When to Him we're call'd a - bove, Part - ners of His joy and love.
And as a - ges roll a - long, Still will sing the glad new song.
Com - fort to our hearts af - ford, 'Till the com - ing of the Lord.



CHORUS.
Then en - throned our Lord with Thee, . . . We shall reign . . . E - ter - nal -



Then enthroned our Lord with Thee, We shall reign
ly, . . . Then en - thron'd our Lord with Thee, We shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.
E - ter - nal - ly, Then enthron'd our Lord with Thee, We shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.

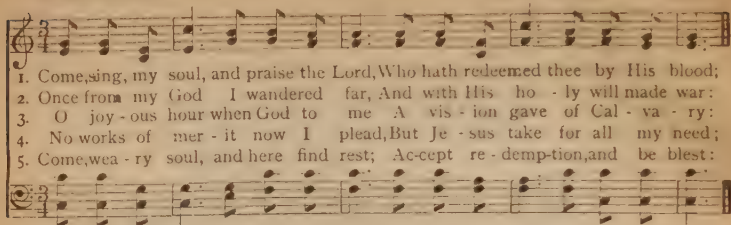
No. 337.

Redemption Ground.

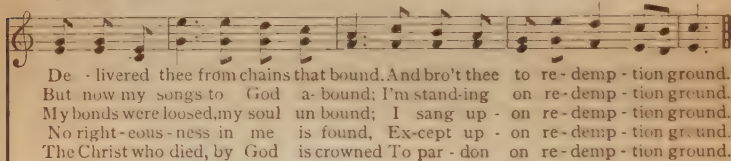
"The redemption of their soul is precious." — Ps. 49:8.

EL. NATHAN.

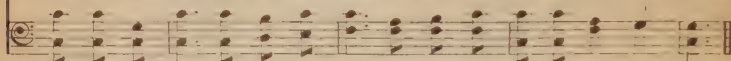
JAMES McGRANAHAN.



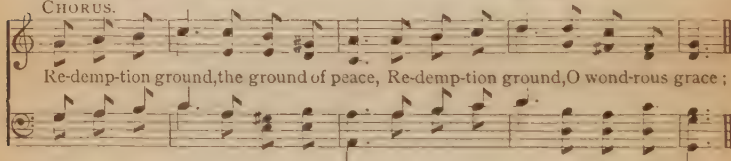
1. Come, sing, my soul, and praise the Lord, Who hath redeemed thee by His blood;
 2. Once from my God I wandered far, And with His ho - ly will made war:
 3. O joy - ous hour when God to me A vis - ion gave of Cal - va - ry:
 4. No works of mer - it now I plead, But Je - sus take for all my need;
 5. Come, wea - ry soul, and here find rest; Ac - cept re - demp - tion, and be blest:



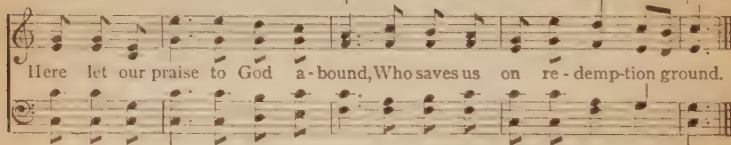
De - livered thee from chains that bound. And bro't thee to re - demp - tion ground.
 But now my songs to God a - bound; I'm stand - ing on re - demp - tion ground.
 My bonds were loosed, my soul un bound; I sang up - on re - demp - tion ground.
 No right - eous - ness in me is found, Ex - cept up - on re - demp - tion ground.
 The Christ who died, by God is crowned To par - don on re - demp - tion ground.



CHORUS.



Re - demp - tion ground, the ground of peace, Re - demp - tion ground, O wond - rous grace;



Here let our praise to God a - bound, Who saves us on re - demp - tion ground.

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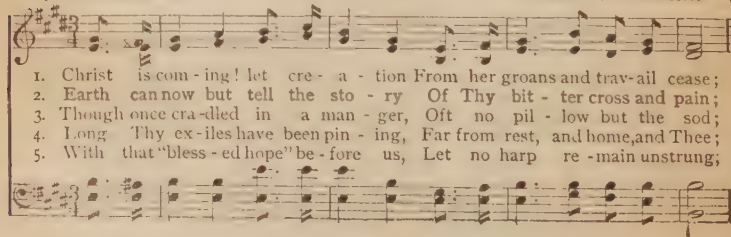
No. 338.

Christ is Coming.

"For the Son of man shall come in the glory of his Father with his angels; and then he shall reward every man according to his works." — Matt. 16:27.

J. R. MACDUFF.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.



1. Christ is com - ing! let cre - a - tion From her groans and trav - ail cease;
 2. Earth can now but tell the sto - ry Of Thy bit - ter cross and pain;
 3. Though once cra - dled in a man - ger, Oft no pil - low but the sod;
 4. Long Thy ex - iles have been pin - ing, Far from rest, and home, and Thee;
 5. With that "bless - ed hope" be - fore us, Let no harp re - main unstrung;

Copyright, 1881, Geo. C. Stebbins.

Christ is Coming.



Let the glorious proc-la-ma-tion Hope re-store and faith in-crease:
 She shall yet be-hold Thy glo-ry When Thou com-est back to reign.
 Here an a-lien and a stran-ger, Mock'd of men, dis-own'd of God.
 But, in heavenly ves-ture shin-ing, Soon they shall Thy glo-ry see.
 Let the migh-ty ransomed cho-rus On-ward roll from tongue to tongue.



CHORUS.



Christ is com-ing! Christ is com-ing! Come, Thou blessed Prince of Peace!



Christ is com-ing! Christ is com-ing! Come, Thou blessed Prince of Peace!



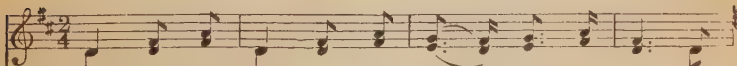
No. 339.

Rise Up and Hasten.

"Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away." — Song of Sol. 2 : 10.

J. DENHAM SMITH. Arr.

Arr. by JAMES McGRANAHAN.



1. { Rise up, and has - ten! my soul, haste a - long! And
 Home, home is near - ing, 'tis coming in - to view, A
2. { Why should we lin - ger when heaven lies be - fore! While
 Pleas - ures and treas - ures which once here we knew, No
3. { Loved ones in Je - sus they've passed on be - fore, Now
 Toils now are end - ed, and noth - ing now but joy, And
4. { No con - dem - na - tion! how bless - ed is the world, And
 He will be with us, who loved us long be - fore, And



Rise Up and Hasten.

speed on thy jour - ney with hope and with song ;
 little more of toil - ing and then to earth a - dieu.
 earth's fast re - ced - ing, and soon will be no more ;
 more can they charm us with such a goal in view ;
 rest - ing in glo - ry, they wea - ry are no more ;
 prais - es as - cend - ing, their ex - er glad em - ply.
 no sep - a - ra - tion, for - ev - er with the Lord ;
 Je - sus, our Je - sus, is ours for ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

Come then, come, and raise the joy - ful song ! Ye chil - dren of the

wil - der - ness, our time can - not be long. Home, home, home, oh, why should we de -

lay ? The morn of heav'n is dawn - ing, we're near the break of day.

No. 340. The Sweet Story of Old.

"And he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them." — Mark 10: 16.

MRS. JEMIMA LUKE.

J. C. ENGLEBRECHT.

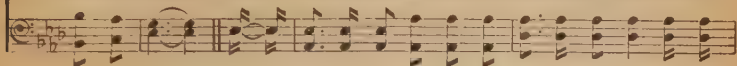
1. I think when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When Je - sus was here
 2. I wish that His hands had been placed on my head, His arms had been thrown
 3. Yet still to His foot-stool in prayer I may go, And ask for a share
 4. In that beau - ti - ful place He is gone to pre - pare, For all that are washed

By per. O. Pilon & Co.

The Sweet Story of Old.

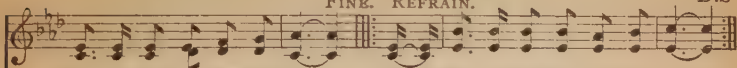


a - mong men, How He called lit - tle chil - dren as lambs to His fold, I should
a - round me, And that I might have seen His kind look when he said, "Let the
in His love; And if I now ear - nest - ly seek Him be - low, I shall
and for - given; And ma - ny dear chil - dren are gathering there, "For of



FINE. REFRAIN.

D.S.



like to have been with them then, I should like to have been with them then.
lit - tle ones come un - to Me." "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to Me."
see Him and hear Him a - bove, I shall see Him and hear Him a - bove.
such is the kingdom of heaven." "For of such is the king - dom of heaven."

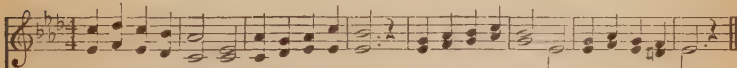


No. 341. Jesus, I will Trust Thee.

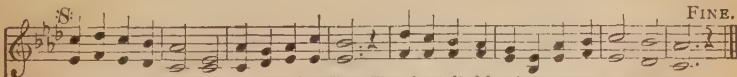
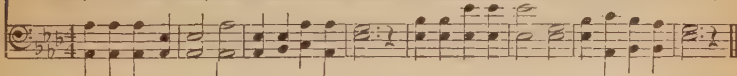
"I will trust in Thee." — Ps. 55:23.

MARY J. WALKER.

IRA D. SANKEY.

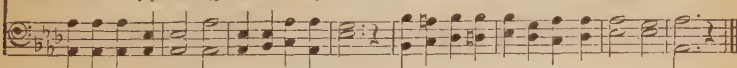


1. Jesus, I will trust Thee, trust Thee with my soul; Guilty, lost and helpless, Thou canst make me whole.
2. Jesus, I can trust Thee, trust Thy written word, Since Thy voice of mercy I have often heard,
3. Jesus, I do trust Thee, trust Thee without doubt: "Whosoever cometh, Thou wilt not cast out,"



FINE.

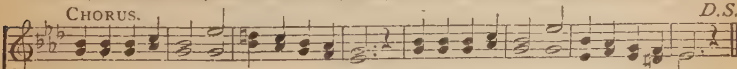
There is none in heaven or on earth like Thee; Thou hast died for sinners—therefore, Lord for me.
When Thy Spirit teacheth, to my taste how sweet—Only may I hearken, sit - ting at Thy feet.
Faithful is Thy promise, precious is Thy blood—These my soul's salvation, Thou my Sav - iour God!



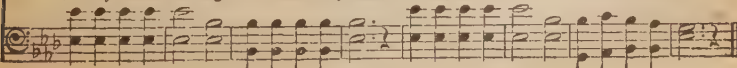
D.S. Jesus, I will trust Thee, trust Thee with my soul; Guilty, lost, and helpless, Thou canst make me whole.

CHORUS.

D.S.



In Thy love confiding I will seek Thy face, Worship and adore Thee for Thy wondrous grace.



No. 342.

Not My Own.

"Ye are not your own, for ye are bought with a price." — I Cor. 6: 19, 20.

EL. NATHAN.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. "Not my own," but saved by Je - sus, Who re - deem - ed me by His blood,
 2. "Not my own!" to Christ, my Sav - iour, I be - liev - ing, trust my soul;
 3. "Not my own!" my time, my tal - ent, Free - ly all to Christ I bring,
 4. "Not my own!" the Lord ac - cepts me, One a - mong the ransomed throng.

Glad - ly I ac - cept the mes - sage. I be - long to Christ the Lord.
 Ev - 'ry - thing to Him com - mit - ted, While e - ter - nal a - ges roll.
 To be used in joy - ful ser - vice For the glo - ry of my King.
 Who in heav'n shall see His glo - ry, And to Je - sus Christ be - long.

CHORUS.
 "Not my own!" Oh, "not my own!" Je - sus, I . . . be - long to

Oh, no! Oh, no! Je - sus, I be - long, be - -
 - long to Thee!

Thee! . . . All I have, and all I hope for, Thine for all e - ter - ni - ty.
 long to Thee!

Copyright, 1878, by James McGranahan.

No. 343.

Ober Jordan.

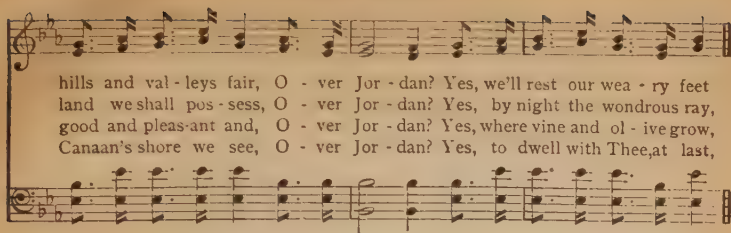
(Read Deut. 11: 31. 8: 7, 8.)

MRS. M. B. C. SLADE.

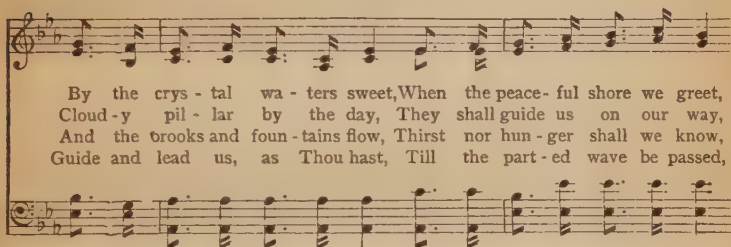
J. R. MURRAY.

1. With His dear and lov - ing care, Will the Sav - iour lead us on, To the
 2. Through the rock - y wil - der - ness, Will the Sav - iour lead us on, To the
 3. With His strong and migh - ty hand, Will the Sav - iour lead us on, To that
 4. In the Promised Land to be, Will the Sav - iour lead us on, Till fair

Ober Jordan.



hills and val - leys fair, O - ver Jor - dan? Yes, we'll rest our wea - ry feet
land we shall pos - sess, O - ver Jor - dan? Yes, by night the wondrous ray,
good and pleas - ant and, O - ver Jor - dan? Yes, where vine and ol - ive grow,
Canaan's shore we see, O - ver Jor - dan? Yes, to dwell with Thee, at last,

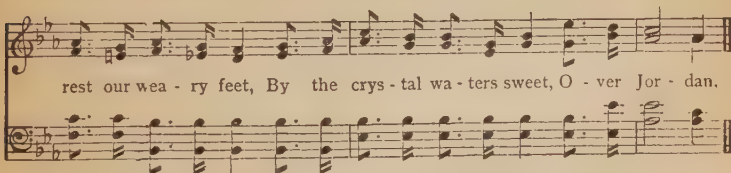


By the crys - tal wa - ters sweet, When the peace - ful shore we greet,
Cloud - y pil - lar by the day, They shall guide us on our way,
And the brooks and foun - tains flow, Thirst nor hun - ger shall we know,
Guide and lead us, as Thou hast, Till the part - ed wave be passed,

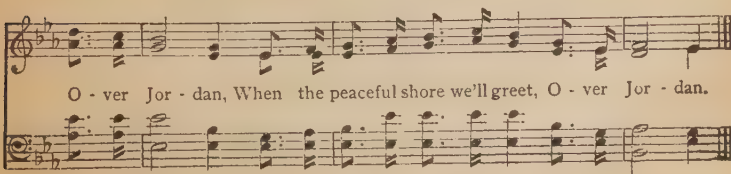
CHORUS.



O - ver Jor - dan. O - ver Jor - dan! O - ver Jor - dan! Yes, we'll



rest our wea - ry feet, By the crys - tal wa - ters sweet, O - ver Jor - dan.



O - ver Jor - dan, When the peaceful shore we'll greet, O - ver Jor - dan.

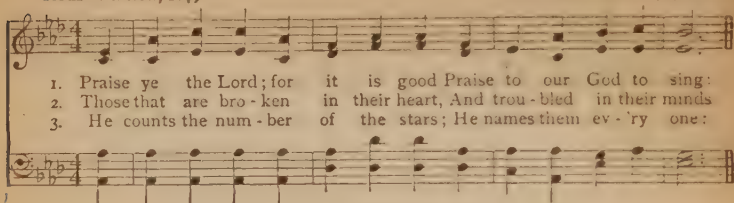
No. 344.

Praise Ye the Lord.

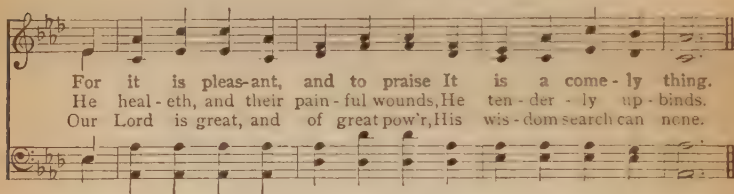
"It is good to sing praises unto our God; He healeth the broken in heart • • He telleth the number of the stars." — Ps. 147: 1, 3, 4.

Rous' Version, 1649.

C. E. POLLOCK, by per.

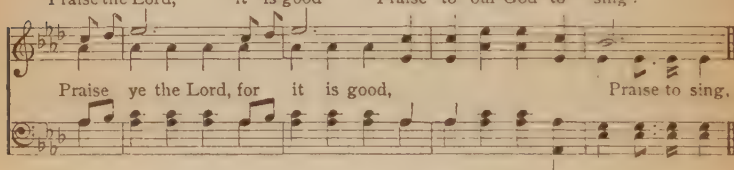


1. Praise ye the Lord; for it is good Praise to our God to sing:
 2. Those that are broken in their heart, And troubled in their minds
 3. He counts the number of the stars; He names them ev'ry one:

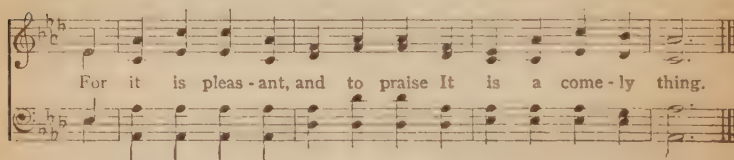


For it is pleasant, and to praise It is a comely thing.
 He heal-eth, and their pain-ful wounds, He ten-der-ly up-binds.
 Our Lord is great, and of great pow'r, His wis-dom search can none.

CHORUS.
 Praise the Lord, it is good Praise to our God to sing:



Praise ye the Lord, for it is good, Praise to sing.



For it is pleasant, and to praise It is a comely thing.

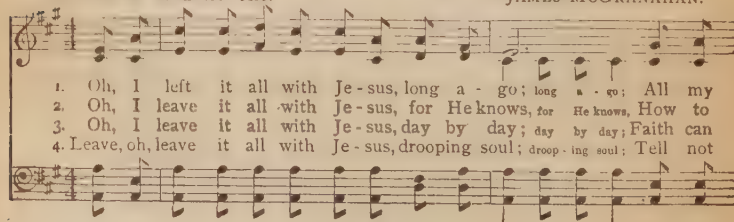
No. 345.

I Left it all with Jesus.

"Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you." — 1 Pet. 5: 7.

MRS. E. H. WILLIS. Arr.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.



1. Oh, I left it all with Je-sus, long a - go; long a - go; All my
 2. Oh, I leave it all with Je-sus, for He knows, for He knows, How to
 3. Oh, I leave it all with Je-sus, day by day; day by day; Faith can
 4. Leave, oh, leave it all with Je-sus, drooping soul; droop-ing soul; Tell not

I Left it all with Jesus.

sins I bro't Him and my woe; When by faith I saw Him bleeding on the
steal the bit-ter from life's woes; and my woe; How to gild the tear of sorrow with His
firmly trust Him, come what may; from life's woes; Hope has dropp'd for aye her anchor, found her
half thy sto-ry, but the whole; come what may. Worlds on worlds are hanging ev-er on His
but the whole;

tree; on the tree; Heard His still small whis-per, "'Tis for thee!" "'Tis for thee!"
smile, with His smile; Make the des-ert gar-den bloom a- while, bloom a- while,
rest; found her rest; In the calm, sure ha- ven of His breast, of His breast,
hand; on His hand; Life and death a- wait-ing His com-mand, His com-mand,

CHORUS.

From my weary heart the burden rolled a- way: Hap-py day! hap-py day!
Then with all my weakness leaning on His might, All is light! all is light!
Love esteems it joy of hea-ven to a- bide At His side! at His side!
Yet His tender, loving mercy makes thee room: Oh, come home! oh, come home!

From my weary heart the burden rolled away; roll'd a- way: Happy day! hap-py day!
Then with all my weakness leaning on His might, All is light! all is light!
Love esteems it joy of hea-ven to a- bide, on His might, At His side! at His side!
Yes, His tender loving mercy makes thee room, Oh, come home! Oh, come home!

No. 346.

Depth of Mercy.

CHARLES WESLEY.

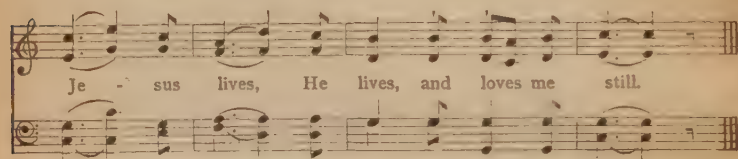
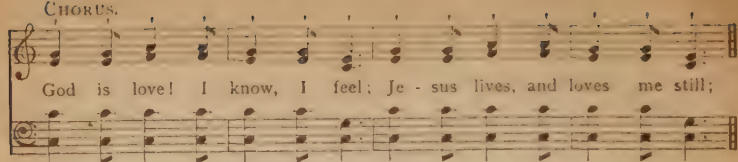
"God is Love."—1 John, 4: 8.

From Stevenson.

1. { Depth of mer-cy! can there be Mer-cy still re-serv'd for me? }
Can my God His wrath for-bear? Me, the chief of sin-ners, spare? }
2. { I have long with-stood His grace, Long pro-vok'd Him to His face: }
Would not hearken to His calls; Grieved Him by a thousand falls. }
3. { Now in-cline me to re-pent; Let me now my sins la-ment; }
Now my foul re-volt de-plore, Weep, be-lieve, and sin no more. }

Depth of Mercy.

CHORUS.



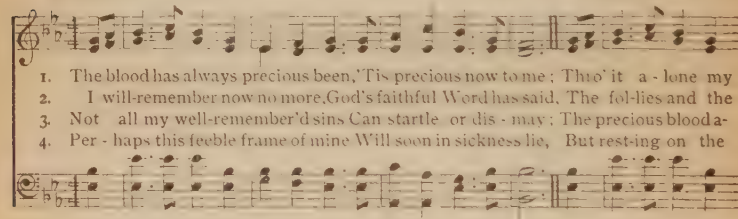
No. 347.

Precious Blood.

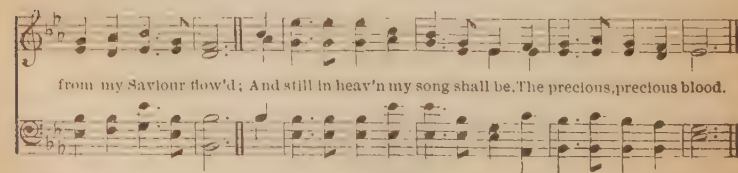
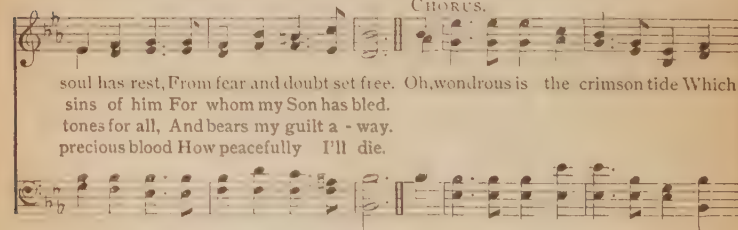
"Ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things as silver and gold... but with the precious blood of Christ."—1 Pet. 1: 18, 19.

MACLEOD WYLIE.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.



CHORUS.

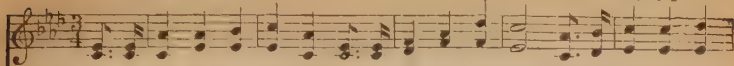


No. 348. Is my Name written There?

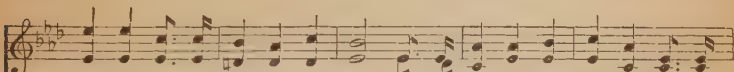
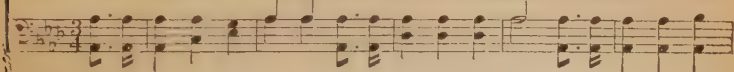
"Rejoice because your names are written in heaven." — Luke 10: 20.

MRS. MARY A. KIDDER.

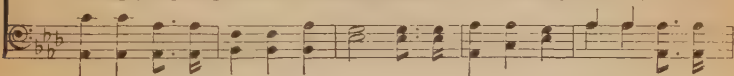
FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.



1. Lord, I care not for rich-es, Nei-ther sil-ver nor gold; I would make sure of
2. Lord, my sins they are man-y, Like the sands of the sea, But Thy blood, oh, my
3. Oh! that beau-ti-ful cit-y, With its man-sions of light, With its glo-ri-fied



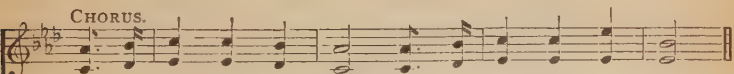
heav-en, I would en-ter the fold. In the book of Thy king-dom, With its Saviour! Is suf-fi-cient for me; For Thy promise is writ-ten, In bright be-ings, In pure garments of white; Where no e-vil thing com-eth, To de-



pa-ges so fair, Tell me, Je-sus, my Saviour, Is my name written there? let-ters that glow, "Tho' your sins be as scar-let, I will make them like snow." spoil what is fair; Where the an-gels are watching, Yes, my name's written there.



CHORUS.



Is my name writ-ten there, On the page white and fair?

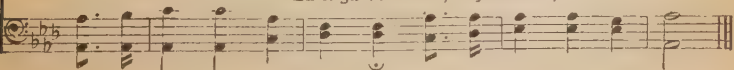
CHORUS for 2d & 3d

Verses. Yes, my name's, etc.



In the book of Thy king-dom, Is my name writ-ten there?

2d & 3d V.— Yes, my name's, etc.



No. 349.

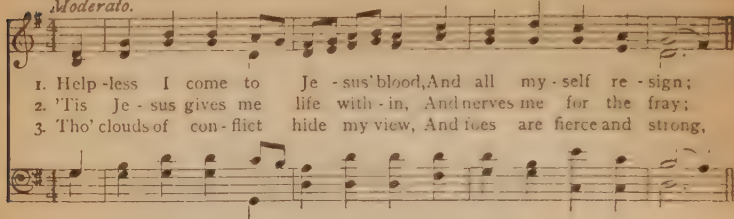
My Soul will Overcome.

"They overcame him by the blood of the Lamb." — Rev. 12: 11.

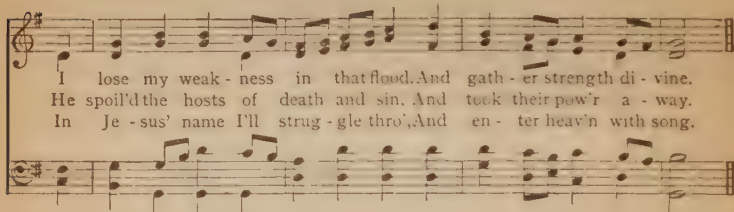
REV. R. LOWRY.

REV. R. LOWRY.

Moderato.

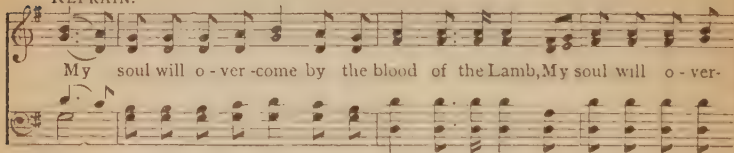


1. Help-less I come to Je - sus' blood, And all my - self re - sign;
 2. 'Tis Je - sus gives me life with - in, And nerves me for the fray;
 3. Tho' clouds of con - flict hide my view, And foes are fierce and strong,

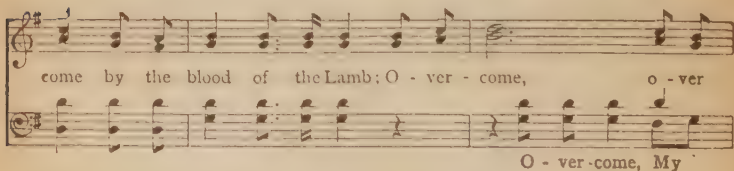


I lose my weak - ness in that flood, And gath - er strength di - vine.
 He spoil'd the hosts of death and sin, And took their pow'r a - way.
 In Je - sus' name I'll strug - gle thro', And en - ter heav'n with song.

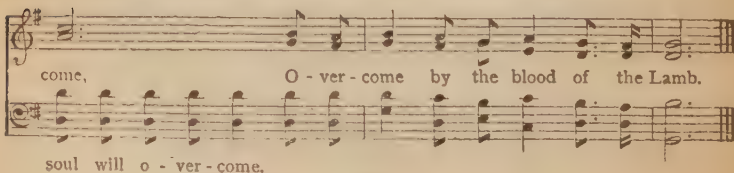
REFRAIN.



My soul will o - ver - come by the blood of the Lamb, My soul will o - ver -



come by the blood of the Lamb; O - ver - come, o - ver
 O - ver - come, My



come, O - ver - come by the blood of the Lamb.
 soul will o - ver - come.

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No. 350.

Woe Adorship Thee.

"Whom having not seen, ye love."—1 Pet. 1: 8.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

FINE.

1. O Sav-iour, pre-cious Sav-iour, Whom, yet un-seen, we love;
 2. O Bring-er of sal-va-tion, Who won-drous-ly hast wrought
 3. In Thee all ful-ness dwell-eth, All grace and pow'r di-vine;
 4. Oh, grant the con-sum-ma-tion Of this our song, a-bove,

D.C.—We praise Thee and con-fess Thee, Our Sav-iour and our King!
 Last v. And ev-er-more con-fess Thee, Our Sav-iour and our King!

O Name of might and fa-vor, All oth-er names a-bove.
 Thy-self the rev-e-la-tion Of love be-yond our thought.
 The glo-ry that ex-cel-eth, O Son of God, is Thine.
 In end-less a-dor-a-tion And ev-er-last-ing love.

CHORUS.

We wor-ship Thee! we bless Thee! To Thee a-lone we sing!
 Last v. Then shall we praise and bless Thee! Where per-fect prais-es ring!

No. 351.

I shall be Satisfied.

"I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness."—Ps. 17: 15.

EL. NATHAN.

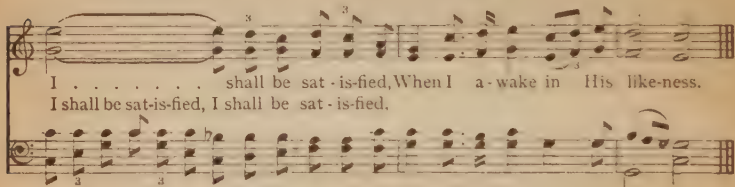
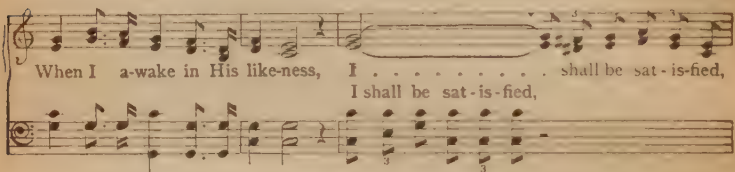
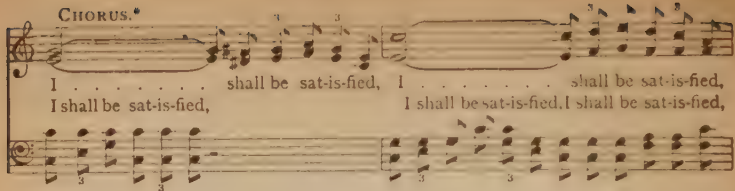
JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. Soul of mine, in earth-ly tem-ple, Why not here con-tent a-bide?
 2. Soul of mine, my heart is cling-ing To the earth's fair pomp and pride;
 3. Soul of mine, must I sur-ren-der, See my-self as cru-ci-fied;
 4. Soul of mine, con-tin-ue plead-ing; Sin re-buke, and fol-ly chide;

Why art thou for-ev-er plead-ing? Why art thou not sat-is-fied?
 Ah, why dost thou thus re-prove me? Why art thou not sat-is-fied?
 Turn from all of earth's am-bi-tion, That thou may'st be sat-is-fied?
 I ac-cept the cross of Je-sus, That thou may'st be sat-is-fied.

It shall be Satisfied.

CHORUS.*



* Changed back to the original form.

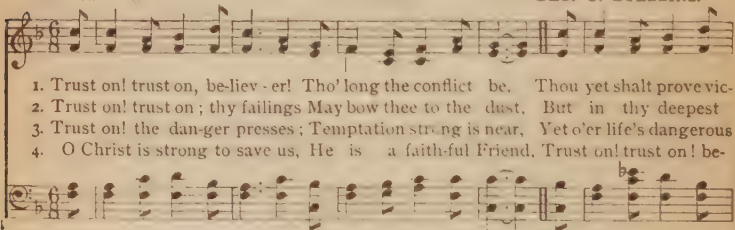
No. 352.

Trust On!

"Trust in the Lord with all thine heart."—Prov. 3: 5.

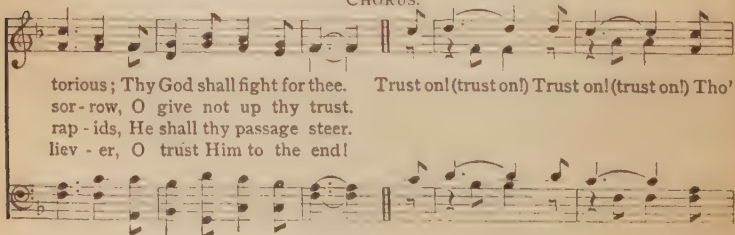
ANON.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.



1. Trust on! trust on, be-liev-er! Tho' long the conflict be, Thou yet shalt prove vic-
2. Trust on! trust on; thy failings May bow thee to the dust, But in thy deepest
3. Trust on! the dan-ger presses; Temptation strong is near, Yet o'er life's dangerous
4. O Christ is strong to save us, He is a faith-ful Friend, Trust on! trust on! be-

CHORUS.



torious; Thy God shall fight for thee.
sor-row, O give not up thy trust.
rap-ids, He shall thy passage steer.
liev-er, O trust Him to the end!

Trust on! (trust on!) Trust on! (trust on!) Tho'

Trust On!

dark the night and drear; Trust on! (trust on!) trust on! (trust on!) The morning dawn is near.

No. 353.

Say, are You Ready?

"Therefore be ye also ready." — Matt. 24: 44.

A. S. KIEFFER.

T. C. O'KANE, by per.

1. Should the Death angel knock at thy chamber, In the still watch of to - night,
 2. Man - y sad spir - its now are de - part - ing In - to the world of des - pair;
 3. Man - y redeem'd ones now are as - cend - ing In - to the mansions of light;

Say, will your spir - it pass in - to torment, Or to the land of de - light?
 Ev - 'ry brief moment brings your doom nearer; Sinner, O sin - ner, be - ware!
 Je - sus is pleading, pa - tient - ly pleading, O let Him save you to - night.

CHORUS.

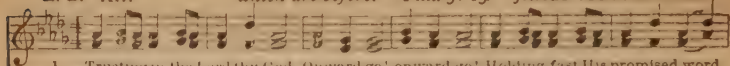
Say are you read-y, O are you read-y? If the Death angel should call;
 should call;

Say are you read-y? O are you read-y? Mer - cy stands waiting for all.

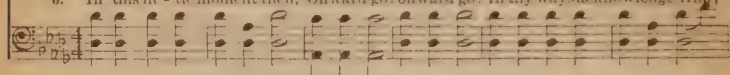
No. 354.

Onward Go!

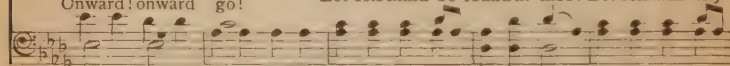
"Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before."—Phil. 3: 13. JAMES McGRANAHAN.



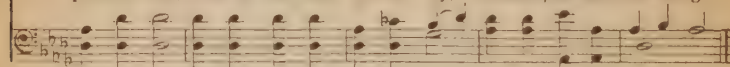
1. Trusting in the Lord thy God, Onward go! onward go! Holding fast His promised word,
2. Has He called thee to the plough? Onward go! onward go! Night is coming, serve Him now;
3. Has He giv'n thee golden grain? Onward go! onward go! Sow, and thou shalt reap again;
4. Has He said the end is near? Onward go! onward go! Serving Him with lowly fear,
5. In this lit - le moment then, Onward go! onward go! In thy waysacknowledge Him;



On - ward go!
Onward! onward go!
On - ward! Onward! onward!



proach and shame; Spreading still His wondrous fame, Onward go!
arm de-pend; Standing fast un - til the end,
waiting there; He will hear and answer prayer; On - ward go!
on the way, Lead-ing on to glorious day;
pleasure be; Thus in life and lib - er - ty, Onward, onward! Onward go!



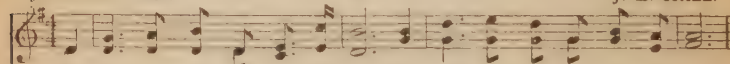
Onward, onward go!

No. 355. More than Tongue can Tell.

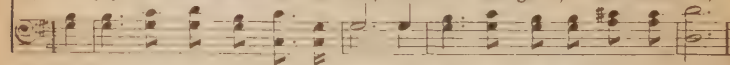
"Greater love hath no man than this."—John 15: 13.

J. E. HALL. Arr.

J. E. HALL.



1. The love that Je - sus had for me, To suf - fer on the cru - el tree,
2. The man - y sor - rows that He bore, And oh, that crown of thorns He wore,
3. The peace I have in Him, my Lord, Who pleads be - fore the throne of God
4. The joy that comes when He is near, The rest He gives, so free from fear,



That I a ran-somed soul might be, . . Is more than tongue can tell.
That I might live for ev - er - more, Is more than tongue can tell.
The mer - it of His pre - cious blood, Is more than tongue can tell.
The hope in Him so bright and clear, Is more than tongue can tell.



More than Tongue can Tell.

CHORUS.

His love is more than tongue can tell; His love is more than tongue can tell;
 tell; The love that Je - sus had for me . . Is more than tongue can tell.

No. 356. Hear Thou my Prayer.

"Hear my prayer, O Lord, give ear to my supplications."—Ps. 143: 1.

REV. HENRY C. GRAVES.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. All see-ing, gracious Lord — My heart before Thee lies; All sin of tho't and
 2. Thou knowest all my need, My in-most tho't dost see; Ah, Lord I from all al-
 3. Thou ho - ly blessed One, To me I pray draw near; My spir - it fill, O
 4. Bind Thou my life to Thine, To me Thy life is given; While I my all to

CHORUS.

life ab-horred, My soul to Thee would rise. Hear Thou my prayer, O God, U-
 lrements freed Like Thee transformed I'd be.
 heavenly Son, With lov - ing, God - ly fear.
 Thee re - sign, Thou art my all in heaven.

rit.

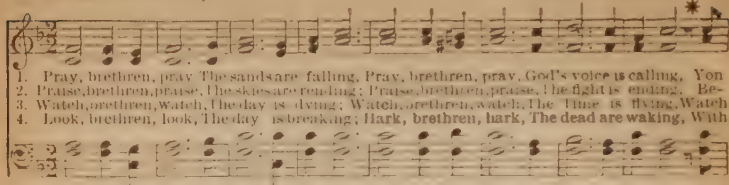
nite my heart to Thee; beneath Thy love, beneath Thy rod, From sin de-liv-er me.

No. 357. Eternity is drawing Nigh.

"The night is far spent, the day is at hand."—Rom. 13: 12.

HORATIUS BONAR, D.D.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.



1. Pray, brethren, pray The sands are falling, Pray, brethren, pray, God's voice is calling, Yon
2. Praise, brethren, praise, The skies are ringing; Praise, brethren, praise, The fight is ending. Be-
3. Watch, brethren, watch, The day is dying; Watch, brethren, watch, The Time is flying, Watch
4. Look, brethren, look, The day is breaking; Hark, brethren, hark, The dead are waking, With



REFRAIN.

tur-ret strikes the dying chime; We kneel up-on the edge of time. E - ter - ni - ty is hold! the glo-ry draweth near, The King Himself will soon appear. as men watch the pating breath, Watch as men watch for life or death. gird-ed loins 'al-read-y stand—Behold! the Bridegroom is at hand.



drawing nigh, E - ter - ni - ty, E - ter - ni - ty, E - ter - ni - ty is drawing nigh.



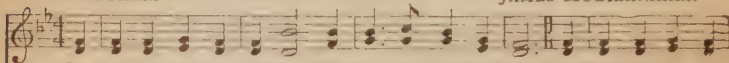
* The next four measures sung in unison are very effective.

No. 358. We are Going Home.

"And so shall we ever be with the Lord."—1 Thess. 4: 17.

EL. NATHAN.

JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



1. Our way is oft - en rugged While here on earth we roam, And thorns are in the
2. To Marah's bit - ter wa-ters We oft have morn'ring come, But God the cup has
3. When of the des - ert wea-ry, Our God His grace has shown, By rest-ing us at
4. With hunger oft - en fainting, We've made complaining moan; But, fed by heav'nly
5. Some stand to-day on Ne-bo, The jour-ney near - ly done, And some are in the

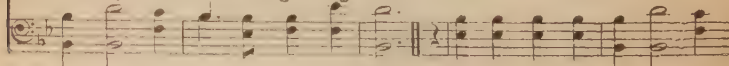


CHORUS.

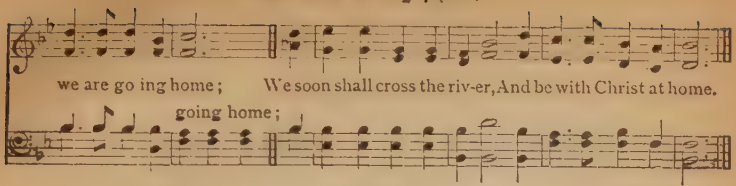
We're go - ing, go-ing,



path - way; But we are go - ing home. go-ing, we are go-ing, Yes, sweetened; And so we're go - ing home. E - lim, With sweet foretastes of home. man - na, We still are go - ing home. val - ley; But all are go - ing home.



We are Going Home.



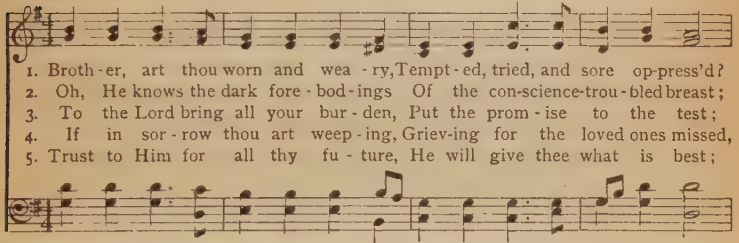
we are go ing home; We soon shall cross the riv-er, And be with Christ at home.
going home;

No. 359. Come unto Me, and Rest.

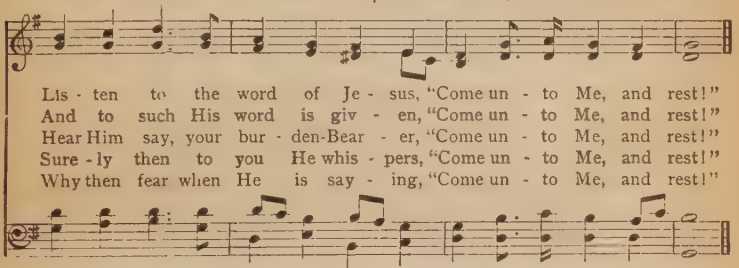
"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest. — Matt. 11:28.

EL. NATHAN.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

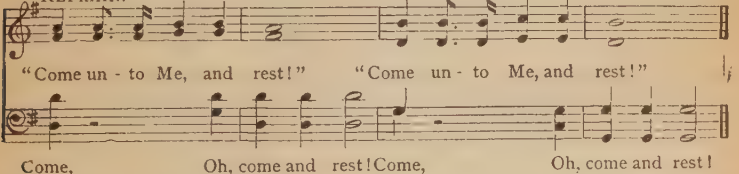


1. Broth-er, art thou worn and wea-ry, Tempt-ed, tried, and sore op-press'd?
2. Oh, He knows the dark fore-bod-ings Of the con-science-trou-bled breast;
3. To the Lord bring all your bur-den, Put the prom-ise to the test;
4. If in sor-row thou art weep-ing, Griev-ing for the loved ones missed,
5. Trust to Him for all thy fu-ture, He will give thee what is best;

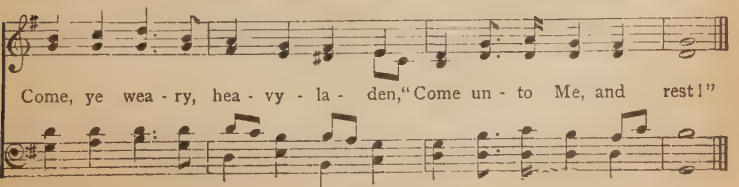


Lis-ten to the word of Je-sus, "Come un-to Me, and rest!"
And to such His word is giv-en, "Come un-to Me, and rest!"
Hear Him say, your bur-den-Bear-er, "Come un-to Me, and rest!"
Sure-ly then to you He whis-pers, "Come un-to Me, and rest!"
Why then fear when He is say-ing, "Come un-to Me, and rest!"

REFRAIN.



"Come un-to Me, and rest!" "Come un-to Me, and rest!"
Come, Oh, come and rest! Come, Oh, come and rest!



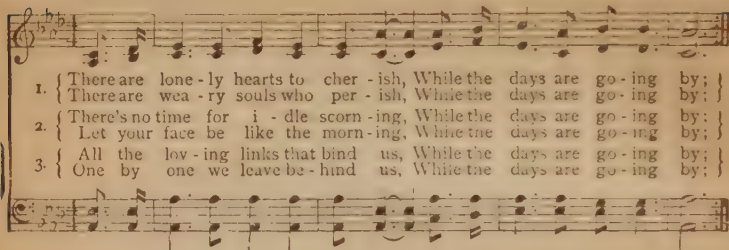
Come, ye wea-ry, hea-vy-la-den, "Come un-to Me, and rest!"

No. 360. While the Days are going by.

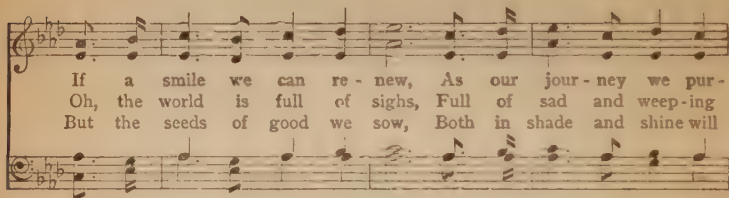
"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."—Ecc. 9. 10.

GEORGE COOPER, by per.

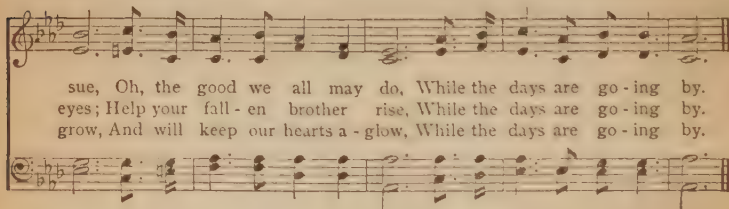
IRA D. SANKEY.



1. { There are lone - ly hearts to cher - ish, While the days are go - ing by; }
 { There are wea - ry souls who per - ish, While the days are go - ing by; }
 2. { There's no time for i - dle scorn - ing, While the days are go - ing by; }
 { Let your face be like the morn - ing, While the days are go - ing by; }
 3. { All the lov - ing links that bind us, While the days are go - ing by; }
 { One by one we leave be - hind us, While the days are go - ing by; }

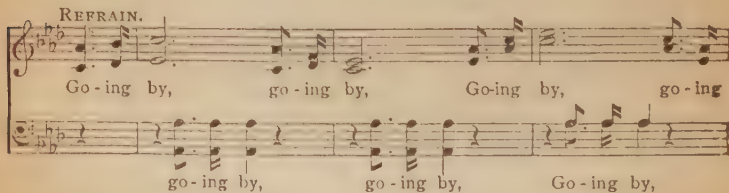


If a smile we can re - new, As our jour - ney we pur -
 Oh, the world is full of sighs, Full of sad and weep - ing
 But the seeds of good we sow, Both in shade and shine will

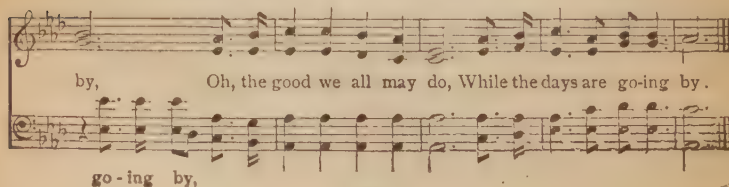


sue, Oh, the good we all may do, While the days are go - ing by.
 eyes; Help your fall - en brother rise, While the days are go - ing by.
 grow, And will keep our hearts a - glow, While the days are go - ing by.

REFRAIN.



Go - ing by, go - ing by, Go - ing by, go - ing
 go - ing by, go - ing by, Go - ing by,



by, Oh, the good we all may do, While the days are go - ing by.
 go - ing by,

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"Ye shall be gathered one by one, O ye children of Israel."—Ps. 27: 12.

MARY LESLIE.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. They're gath'ring homeward from ev'ry land, One by one! one by one! As their
 2. Be - fore they rest they pass thro' the strife, One by one! one by one! Thro' the
 3. We too must come to the riv - er - side, One by one! one by one! We are
 4. O Jesus, Re-deem-er, we look to Thee, One by one! one by one! We

wea - ry feet touch the shin - ing strand, Yes, one by one! They
 waters of death they en - ter life, Yes, one by one! To
 nearer its waters each e - ven - tide, Yes, one by one! We can
 lift up our voi - ces trem - bling - ly, Yes, one by one! The

rest with the Saviour, they wait their crown, Their travel-stain'd garments are all laid down; They
 some are the floods of the riv - er still, As they ford on their way to the heav'nly hill; The
 hear the noise of the dashing stream, Oft now and again, thro' our life's deep dream; Some-
 waves of the riv - er are dark and cold, But we know the place where our feet shall hold; O

wait the white raiment the Lord shall prepare For all who the glory with Him shall share,
 waves to oth - ers run fiercely and wild Yet they reach the home of the un-de-til'd.
 times the dark floods all the banks overflow, Some - times in ripples and small waves go.
 Thou who didst pass thro' the deepest midnight, Now guide us, and send us the staff and light.

REFRAIN.

Gath'ring home! gath'ring home! Ford-ing the riv - er one by one!

Gath - 'ring home! gath - 'ring home, yes, one by one! . .

No. 362.

Only a Little While.

"Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."—Ps. 30: 5.

MRS. M. P. A. CROZIER.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. On - ly a lit - tle while Of walk - ing with wea - ry feet,
 2. Suf - fer if God shall will, And work for Him while we may, From
 3. On - ly a lit - tle while, For toil - ing a few short days, And

Pa - tient - ly o - ver the thorn'y way That leads to the gold - en street.
 Cal - va - ry's cross to Zi - on's crown, Is on - ly a lit - tle way.
 then comes the rest, the qui - et rest, E - ter - ni - ty's end - less praise.

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No. 363.

Behold, what Love!

"Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God."—1 John 3: 1.

M. S. S.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. Be - hold, what love, what bound - less love, The Fa - ther hath be - stowed
 2. No lon - ger far from Him, but now By "pre - cious blood" made nigh;
 3. What we in glo - ry soon shall be, It doth not yet ap - pear;
 4. With such a bless - ed hope in view, We would more ho - ly be,

On sin - ners lost, that we should be Now called the sons of God!
 Ac - cept - ed in the "Well-be-loved," Near to God's heart we lie.
 But when our pre - cious Lord we see, We shall His im - age bear.
 More like our ris - en, glo - rious Lord, Whose face we soon shall see.

Copyright, 1870, by James McGranahan.

CHORUS.

Be - hold, what man - ner of love! What man - ner of

Behold, what Love!

love the Fa - ther hath bestow'd up - on us, That we, . . . that

we should be call'd, Should be call'd the sons of God.

the sons of God,

No. 364. I hear the Words of Jesus.

"Christ is all, and in all." — Col. 3: 2.

GEO. C. NEEDHAM.

C. C. CASE.

1. I hear the words of Jesus, They speak of peace with God ; I see the Lamb, Christ
2. His word di-vine-ly blessed, It shows me what I am ; His cross it brings sal-
3. Oh ! hear the words of Jesus, The tid-ings are for thee ; Oh ! clasp the cross of

Je - sus, Who bore my heav-y load ; I trust the blood of Je - sus, From
va - tion, The vic-tim was the Lamb ; His blood pro - cur - eth par - don, And
Je - sus, And there for ref - uge flee ; Oh ! trust the blood of Je - sus, Be

sin it sets me free, I love the name of Je - sus, Who gave Himself for me.
jus - ti - fies the soul, His name, how sweet and precious, It makes the sinner whole.
saved this ver - y hour ; Oh ! love the name of Jesus, Blest name of wondrous pow'r.

No. 365.

Jesus is My Saviour.

"—went on his way rejoicing."—Acts 8: 39.

REV. R. LOWRY.

REV. R. LOWRY.

1. My soul is happy all day long—Jesus is my Saviour: And all my life is
 2. My heav-y load of sin is gone—Jesus is my Saviour: At His dear cross I
 3. I heard the voice of mer-cy call—Jesus is my Saviour: I sin- ply trusted,
 4. Now will I tell it all around—Jesus is my Saviour: How sweet a blessing

CHORUS.

full of song—Je sus died for me. Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! To the
 laid it down—Je sus died for me.
 that was all—Je sus died for me.
 I have found—Je sus died for me.

loving Lamb for sinners slain: Halle-lu-jah! Halle-lu-jah! To the Lamb who lives again.

No. 366.

I am Coming.

"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—Matt. 11: 28.

HELEN R. YOUNG.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Sad and wea-ry, lone and dreary, Lord, I would Thy call o-bey;
 2. Thou, the Ho-ly, meek and low-ly, Je-sus, un-to Thee I come;
 3. Here a-bid-ing, in Thee hid-ing, Seeks my wea-ry soul to rest;
 4. Be Thou near me, keep and cheer me, Thro' life's dark and storm-y way;

Thee be-liev-ing, Christ re-ceiv-ing, I would come to Thee to-day.
 Keep me ev-er, let me nev-er From Thy bless-ed keep-ing roam.
 Till the dawning of the morning, When I wake a-mong the blest.
 Turn my sad-ness in-to glad-ness, Turn my dark-ness in-to day.

I am Coming.

CHORUS.

I am coming, I am com-ing, Coming, Sav-iour, to be blessed;
I am coming, I am com-ing, Com-ing, Lord, to Thee for rest.

No. 367. Deliberance will Come.

"We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord said, I will give it you." — Num. 10: 29.

J. B. M.

REV. JNO. B. MATTHIAS, 1836.

1. I saw a way-worn trav-ler In tat-ter'd gar-ments clad,
His back was lad-en heav-y His strength was al-most gone,
2. The sum-mer sun was shin-ing, The sweat was on his brow,
But he kept press-ing on-ward, For he was wend-ing home:
3. The song-sters in the ar-bor, That stood be-side the way,
His watch-word be-ing "On-ward!" He stopped his ears and ran,
And strug-gling up the moun-tain, It seemed that he was sad;
Yet he shout-ed as he jour-neyed, De-liv-er-ance will come.
His gar-ments worn and dust-y, His step seem'd ver-y slow:
Still shout-ing as he jour-neyed, De-liv-er-ance will come.
At-tract-ed his at-ten-tion, In-vit-ing his de-lay:
Still shout-ing as he jour-neyed, De-liv-er-ance will come.

CHORUS.

Then palms of vic-to-ry, crowns of glo-ry, Palms of vic-to-ry I shall bear.

4 I saw him in the evening,
The sun was bending low,
He'd overtopped the mountain,
And reached the vale below:
He saw the golden city,
His everlasting home,
And shouted loud, Hosanna,
Deliverance will come!

5 While gazing on that city,
Just o'er the narrow flood,
A band of holy angels
Came from the throne of God:

They bore him on their pinions
Safe o'er the dashing foam;
And joined him in his triumph, —
Deliverance had come!

6 I heard the song of triumph
They sang upon that shore,
Saying, Jesus has redeemed us
To suffer nevermore:
Then, casting his eyes backward
On the race which he had run,
He shouted loud, Hosanna,
Deliverance has come!

No. 368.

Take me as I am.

"Hear my prayer, O Lord, and let my cry come unto Thee." — Ps. 102:1.

ELIZA H. HAMILTON.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Je - sus, my Lord, to Thee I cry, Un - less Thou help me, I must die;
 2. Help - less I am and full of guilt, But yet for me Thy blood was spilt;
 3. I bow be - fore Thy mercy - seat, Be - hold me, Saviour, at Thy feet;
 4. If Thou hast work for me to do, In - spire my will, my heart re - new;
 5. And when at last the work is done, The bat - tle - fight, the victory won;

CHORUS.
 Oh, bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am. Take me as I
 And Thou canst make me what Thou wilt, And take me as I am.
 Thy work be - gin, Thy work com - plete, And take me as I am.
 And work both in, and by me too, And take me as I am.
 Still, still my cry shall be a - lone, Oh, take me as I am.

am, Take me as I am; Lord, I give my - self to Thee, Oh, take me as I am.

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No. 369.

Doers of the Word.

"Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own
 selves." — James 1:22.

EL. NATHAN.

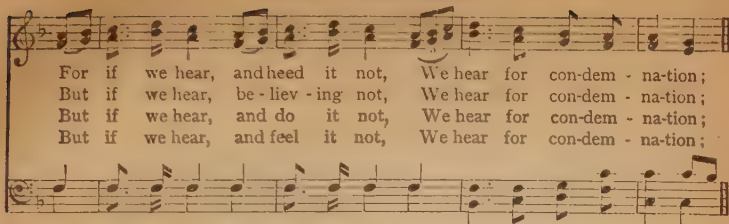
JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. Once more we come, God's word to hear, The word so pure and ho - ly;
 2. The life of God is in the word; And who - so - e'er be - liev - eth
 3. The word of God, by faith re - ceived, Im - parts re - gen - er - a - tion;
 4. So when the word of God we hear, Let us be hum - bly plead - ing

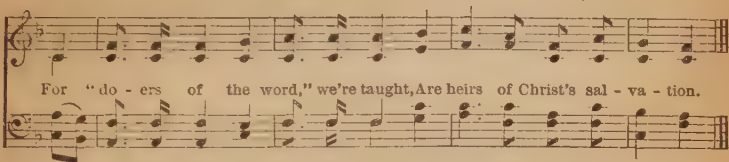
Now grant us, Lord, a list - 'ning ear, A spir - it meek and low - ly;
 The re - cord there of Christ the Lord E - ter - nal life re - ceiv - eth;
 And he who hath in Christ be - lieved Lives out a new cre - a - tion;
 The Ho - ly Ghost to give us light, As we the word are heed - ing;

Copyright, 1880, by James McGranahan.

Doors of the Word.



For if we hear, and heed it not, We hear for con-dem - na-tion;
 But if we hear, be-liev-ing not, We hear for con-dem - na-tion;
 But if we hear, and do it not, We hear for con-dem - na-tion;
 But if we hear, and feel it not, We hear for con-dem - na-tion;



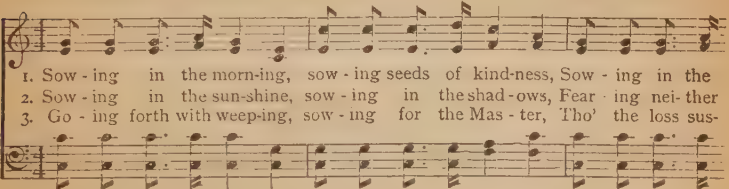
For "do - ers of the word," we're taught, Are heirs of Christ's sal - va - tion.

No. 370. Bringing in the Sheaves.

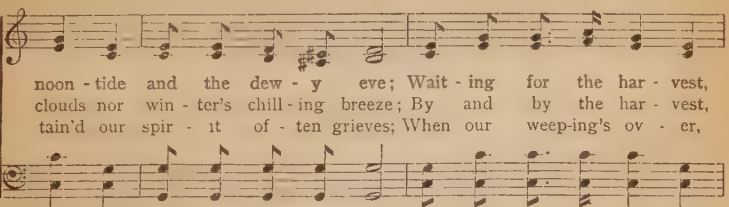
"The harvest is the end of the world." — Matt. 13: 39.

KNOWLES SHAW.

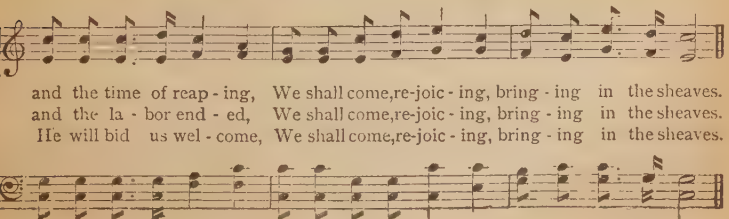
GEORGE A. MINOR.



1. Sow - ing in the morn - ing, sow - ing seeds of kind - ness, Sow - ing in the
 2. Sow - ing in the sun - shine, sow - ing in the shad - ows, Fear - ing nei - ther
 3. Go - ing forth with weep - ing, sow - ing for the Mas - ter, Tho' the loss sus -



noon - tide and the dew - y eve; Wait - ing for the har - vest,
 clouds nor win - ter's chill - ing breeze; By and by the har - vest,
 tain'd our spir - it of - ten grieves; When our weep - ing's ov - er,

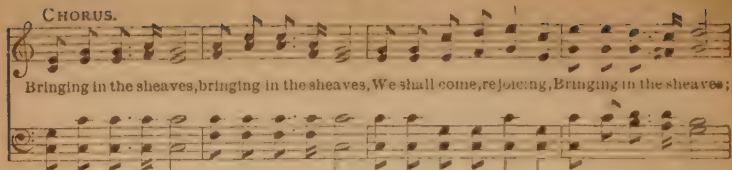


and the time of reap - ing, We shall come, re-joic - ing, bring - ing in the sheaves.
 and the la - bor end - ed, We shall come, re-joic - ing, bring - ing in the sheaves.
 He will bid us wel - come, We shall come, re-joic - ing, bring - ing in the sheaves.

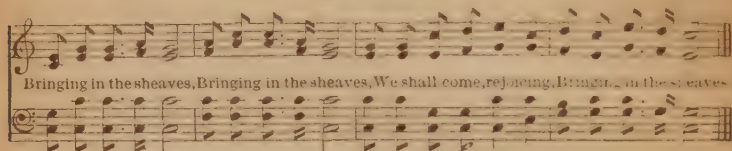
From "Gospel Echoes," by per.

Bringing in the Sheaves.

CHORUS.



Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves, We shall come, rejoicing, Bringing in the sheaves;



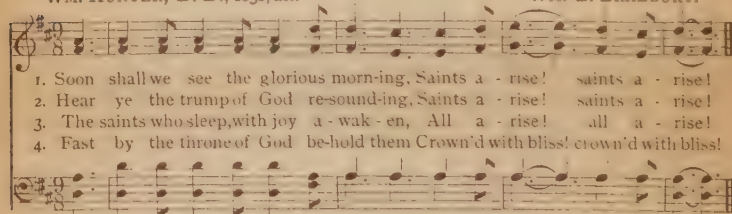
Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves, We shall come, rejoicing, Bringing in the sheaves

No. 371. The Glorious Morning.

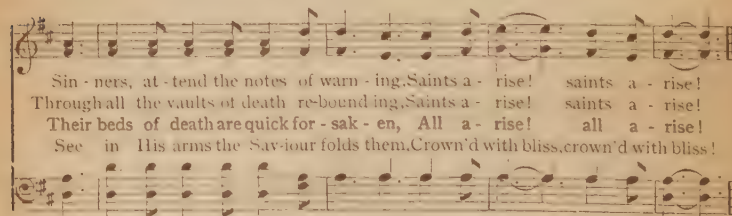
"And God hath raised up the Lord, and will also raise us up by his own power." — 1 Cor. 6: 14.

WM. HUNTER, D. D., 1838, alt.

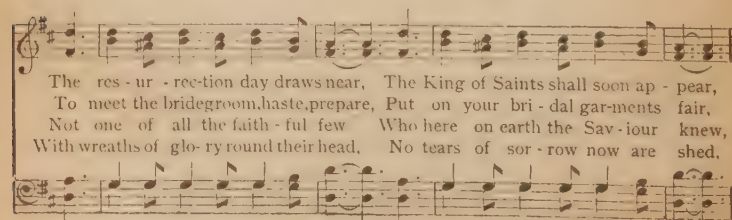
WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. Soon shall we see the glorious morn-ing, Saints a - rise! saints a - rise!
2. Hear ye the trump of God re-sound-ing, Saints a - rise! saints a - rise!
3. The saints who sleep, with joy a - wak - en, All a - rise! all a - rise!
4. Fast by the throne of God be-hold them Crown'd with bliss! crown'd with bliss!



Sin - ners, at - tend the notes of warn - ing, Saints a - rise! saints a - rise!
Through all the vaults of death re-bound-ing, Saints a - rise! saints a - rise!
Their beds of death are quick for - sak - en, All a - rise! all a - rise!
See in His arms the Sav-iour folds them, Crown'd with bliss, crown'd with bliss!



The res - ur - rec-tion day draws near, The King of Saints shall soon ap - pear,
To meet the bridegroom, haste, prepare, Put on your bri - dal gar - ments fair,
Not one of all the faith - ful few Who here on earth the Sav - iour knew,
With wreaths of glo - ry round their head, No tears of sor - row now are shed,

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The Glorious Morning.

And high his roy - al standard rear, Saints a - rise! saints a - rise!
 And hail your Sav - iour in the air, Saints a - rise! saints a - rise!
 But starts with bliss his Lord to view, All a - rise! all a - rise!
 To joy's full foun - tain all are led, Crown'd at last! crown'd at last!

No. 372. We Praise Thee and Bless Thee.

"Oh ye servants of the Lord, praise the name of the Lord." — Ps. 113:1.

EL. NATHAN.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. We praise Thee and bless Thee, Our Fa - ther in heaven, For the joy of sal -
 2. We praise Thee and bless Thee: Once sinful and sad, By the word thou hast
 3. We praise Thee and bless Thee: The Spir - it hath come To dwell with, and

CHORUS.

va - tion Thy gos - pel hath given. Hal - le - lu - jah! we praise Thee Thro'
 giv - en, To Christ we were led.
 teach us, And guide us safe home.

Je - sus, our Lord; Hal - le - lu - jah! we bless Thee For the gift of Thy word!

4 We praise Thee, and bless Thee,
 For food by the way;
 The manna from heaven
 Provided each day.

5 We praise Thee and bless Thee:
 Thy word hath gone forth,
 That Christ shall be King and
 Reign over the earth.

6 We praise Thee and bless Thee,
 And wait His return
 To fulfil every promise
 He made to His own.

7 We praise Thee and bless Thee:
 We'll reign with Him then,
 To praise Thee and bless Thee
 For ever. Amen.

No. 373.

Thy Will be Done!

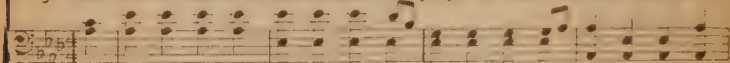
"Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven." — Matt. 6:10.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

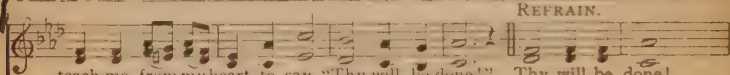
JAMES McGRANAHAN.



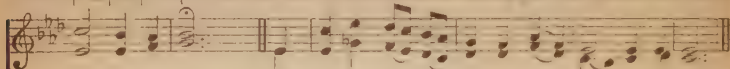
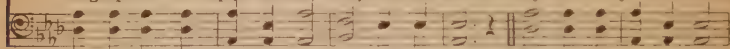
1. My God and Father, while I stray Far from my home, on life's rough way, Oh,
2. What tho' in lone-ly grief I sigh For friends be-loved no lon-ger nigh, Sub-
3. Let but my fainting heart be blest With Thy sweet spir-it for its guest, My
4. Re-new my will from day to day: Blend it with Thine, and take a way All
5. Then when on earth I breathe no more The prayer oft mixed with tears before, I'll



REFRAIN.



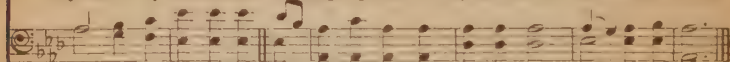
teach me from my heart to say, "Thy will be done!" Thy will be done!
 mis-sive still would I re-ply, "Thy will be done!"
 God, to Thee I leave the rest, "Thy will be done!"
 now that makes it hard to say, "Thy will be done!"
 sing up-on a hap-pier shore, "Thy will be done!" Thy will—Thy will be done!



Thy will be done!

Oh, teach me from my heart to say, "Thy will be done!"
 Sub-mis-sive still would I re-ply, "Thy will be done!"
 My God, to Thee I leave the rest, "Thy will be done!"
 All now that makes it hard to say, "Thy will be done!"

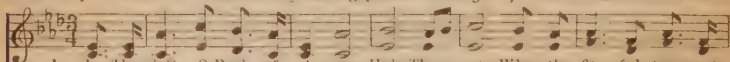
Thy will—Thy will be done! I'll sing up-on a hap-pier shore, "Thy will be done!"



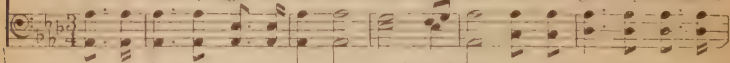
No. 374.

Hide Thou Me.

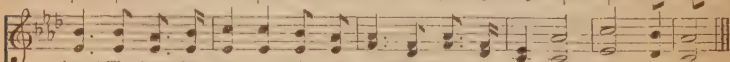
FANNY J. CROSBY. "Thou art my hiding place." — Ps. 32:7. REV. ROBERT LOWRY.



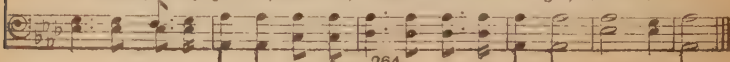
1. In Thy cleft, O Rock of A-ges, Hide Thou me: When the fit-ful tem-pest
2. From the snare of sin-ful pleas-ure, Hide Thou me: 'Thou, my soul's e-ter-nal
3. In the lone-ly night of sor-row, Hide Thou me: Till in glo-ry dawn's the



ra-ges, Hide Thou me: Where no mor-tal arm can sev-er From my
 treas-ure, Hide Thou me: When the world its power is wield-ing, And my
 mor-row, Hide Thou me: In the sight of Jor-dan's bil-low, Let Thy



heart Thy love for-ev-er, Hide me, O Thou Rock of A-ges, Safe in Thee.
 heart is al-most yield-ing, Hide me, O Thou Rock of A-ges, Safe in Thee.
 bo-som be my pil-low; Hide me, O Thou Rock of A-ges, Safe in Thee.



No. 375.

Only Waiting.

"The Lord direct your hearts into . . . the patient waiting for Christ." — 2 Thess. 3:5.

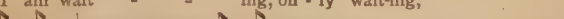
W. G. IRVIN.

J. H. FILLMORE, by per.


1. I am wait-ing for the morn-ing Of the bless-ed day to dawn,
2. I am wait-ing worn and wea-ry With the bat-tle and the strife,
3. Wait-ing, hop-ing; trust-ing ev-er, For a home of boundless love;
4. Hop-ing soon to meet the loved ones Where the "man-y mansions" be;

When the sor-row and the sad-ness Of this change-ful life are gone.
 Hop-ing when the war-fare's o-ver To re-ceive a crown of life.
 Like a pil-grim, look-ing for-ward To the land of bliss a-bove.
 List-n'ing for the hap-py wel-come Of my Sav-iour call-ing me.

CHORUS. I am wait - - ing, on - ly wait-ing, Till this




I am wait-ing, wait-ing, wait-ing, on - ly wait-ing, on - ly wait-ing, Till this




wea - - - ry life is o'er. On - ly wait -

wea-ry, wea-ry, wea-ry—Till this wea-ry life is o'er; On - ly waiting, waiting,

ing for my wel-come,



waiting for my welcome, for my welcome, From my Saviour on the oth - er shore.



No. 376. Oh, Revive Us by Thy Word.

"I will cause the shower to come down in his season. There shall be showers of blessing." — Ezek. 34: 26.

EL. NATHAN.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. Heav'n-ly Fa-ther, we Thy chil-dren, Gather'd round our ris-en Lord,
 2. Gra-cious gales of heav'n-ly bless-ing In Thy love to us af-ford;
 3. Weak and wea-ry in the con-flict, "Wrestling not with flesh and blood,"
 4. With Thy strength, O Mas-ter, gird us; Be our Guide and be our Guard:

Lift our hearts in ear-nest plead-ing: Oh, re-vive us by Thy word!
 Let us feel Thy Spir-it's pres-ence, Oh, re-vive us by Thy word!
 Help us, Lord, as faint we fal-ter; Oh, re-vive us by Thy word!
 Fill us with Thy ho-ly Spir-it, Oh, re-vive us by Thy word!

CHORUS.

Send re-fresh-ing, send re-fresh-ing From Thy pres-ence, gra-cious, Lord!

Send re-fresh-ing, send re-fresh-ing, And re-vive us by Thy word!

No. 377. I Never Knew You.

"I never knew you: depart from Me." — Matt. 7: 23.

MRS. G. C. NEEDHAM.

C. C. CASE.

1. When the King in His beauty shall come to His throne, And a-round Him are gather'd His
 2. They had known whence He came, and the grace which He bro't; In their presence He heal'd, in their
 3. Now the righteous are reigning with Abraham there; But for these is appointed an
 4. O sin-ner, give heed to this story of gloom, For the hour is fast nearing that

A Never Knew You.

lov'd ones, His own, There be some who will knock at His fair pal - ace door, To be streets He had taught; They had mention'd His name and their friendship profess'd; But they end - less de - spair; It is vain that they call: He once knock'd at their gate; But they fix - es your doom: Will you still re - ject mer - cy? still har - den your heart? Oh, then,

CHORUS.

answered within, "There is mer - cy no more." "I have nev - er known you," "I have nev - er believed, for of them He confess'd; welcom'd Him not; so now this is their fate: what will you do as the King cries?—"Depart!"

nev - er known you," "I have nev - er, I have nev - er, I have nev - er known you."

No. 378. Beyond the Smiling and the Weeping.

"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain."—Rev. 21: 4.

HORATIUS BONAR, D. D.

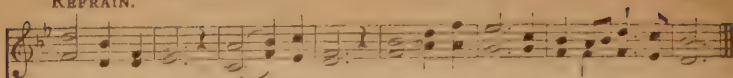
GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Beyond the smiling and the weeping, I shall be soon, I shall be soon: Beyond the
 2. Beyond the blooming and the fading, I shall be soon, I shall be soon: Beyond the
 3. Beyond the parting and the meeting, I shall be soon, I shall be soon: Beyond the
 4. Beyond the frost-chain and the fe-ver, I shall be soon, I shall be soon: Beyond the

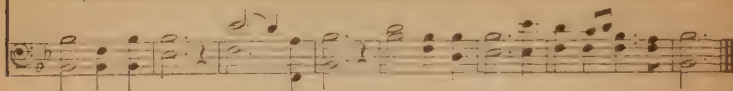
waking and the sleeping, Beyond the sowing and the reaping, I shall be soon, I shall be soon.
 shining and the shading, Beyond the hoping and the dreading, I shall be soon, I shall be soon.
 farewell and the greeting, Beyond the pulse's fever beat-ing, I shall be soon, I shall be soon.
 rock-waste and the river, Beyond the ever and the nev - er, I shall be soon, I shall be soon.

Beyond the Smiling and the Weeping.

REFRAIN.



Love, rest, and home! Sweet, sweet home! Lord, tar-ry not, Lord, tarry not, but come.



No. 379.

Jesus is Coming.

"The Lord himself shall descend from heaven." — 1 Thess. 4: 16.

EL. NATHAN.

JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



1. Je - sus is com - ing! sing the glad word! Coming for those He redeem'd by His blood,
2. Je - sus is com - ing! the dead shall a - rise, Lov'd ones shall meet in a joy - ful sur - prise,
3. Je - sus is com - ing! His saints to re - lease, Coming to give to the warring earth peace:
4. Je - sus is com - ing! the promise is true; Who are the chosen, the faithful, the few,



Coming to reign as the glo - ri - fied Lord!	Je - sus is com - ing a - gain!
Caught up to - geth - er to Him in the skies.	Je - sus is com - ing a - gain!
Sin - ning, and sighing, and sorrow, shall cease.	Je - sus is com - ing a - gain!
Wait - ing and watch - ing, pre - pared for re - view?	Je - sus is com - ing a - gain!



CHORUS.



Je - sus is com - ing, is coming a - gain! Je - sus is coming a - gain!

Yes, Je - sus is coming! Oh,



Shout the glad tidings o'er mountain and plain! Je - sus is com - ing a - gain!



No. 380: Singing as we Journey.

"Then was our mouth filled with singing. — Ps. 126: 2.

LUCY J. RIDER.

LUCY J. RIDER.

1. We are children of a King, Heav'nly King, Heav'nly King, We are children of a King,
2. We are trav'ling to our home, Blessed Home, Blessed Home, We are trav'ling to our home,
3. Full of joy we onward go, Heav'nward go, Homeward go, Full of joy we onward go,

Copyright, 1878, by F. H. Ravich.

Sing - ing as we journey; Je - sus Christ, our Guard and Guide, Bids us, nothing
Sing - ing as we journey; Tow'rd a cit - y out of sight, Where will fall no
Sing - ing as we journey; Singing all the journey thro'—Singing hearts are

ter - ri - fied, Fol - low close - ly at His side, Sing - ing as we jour - ney.
shade of night, For our Saviour is its light, Sing - ing as we jour - ney.
brave and true—Singing till our home we view, Sing - ing as we jour - ney.

No. 381. Who is on the Lord's Side?

"Thine are we, David, and on thy side, thou son of Jesse." — 1 Chron. 12: 18.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

IRA D. SANKEY.

Spirited.

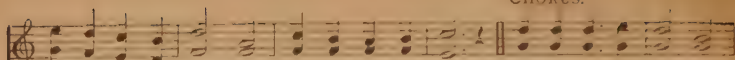
1. Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be His help - ers,
2. Not for weight of glo - ry, Not for crown and palm, En - ter we the ar - my,
3. Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Not with gold or gem, But with Thine own life - blood,
4. Fierce may be the con - flict, Strong may be the foe, But the King's own ar - my,

Copyright, 1881, by Ira. D. Sankey.

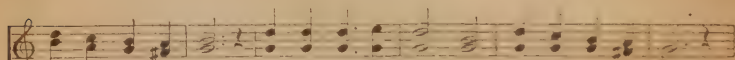
Oth - er lives to bring? Who will leave the world's side? Who will face the foe?
Raise the warrior - psalm: But for love that claim - eth Lives for whom He died,
For Thy di - a - dem; With Thy blessing fill - ing All who come to Thee,
None can o - ver - throw; Round His standard rang - ing, Vic - t'ry is se - cure,

Who is on the Lord's Side?

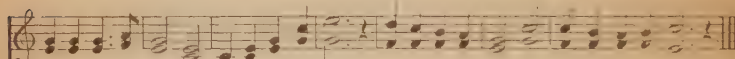
CHORUS.



Who is on the Lord's side? Who for Him will go? Who is on the Lord's side?
 He whom Je-sus nam - eth Must be on His side.
 Thou hast made us will - ing, Thou hast made us free.
 For His truth unchang - ing Makes the triumph sure.



Who will serve the King? Who will be His help - ers, Oth - er lives to bring -




By Thy grand redemption, By Thy grace divine, We are on the Lord's side; Saviour, we are Thine.

No. 382.


Lead me on.

"For Thy name's sake lead me and guide me." — Ps. 31: 3.

C. C. CONVERSE, by per.



1. Trav'ling to the bet - ter land, O'er the des - ert's scorching sand,
2. When at Ma - rah, parched with heat, I the sparkling fountain greet,
3. When the wil - der - ness is drear, Show me E - lim's palm-groves near,



Fa - ther! let me grasp Thy hand; Lead me on, lead me on!
 Make the bit - ter wa - ters sweet; Lead me on, lead me on!
 And her wells as crys - tal clear; Lead me on, lead me on!

Lead me on.

4 Through the water, through the fire,
Never let me fall or tire,
Every step brings Canaan nigher :
Lead me on !

6 When I stand on Jordan's brink,
Never let me fear or shrink ;
Hold me, Father, lest I sink ;
Lead me on !

5 Bid me stand on Nebo's height,
Gaze upon the land of light,
Then transported with the sight,
Lead me on !

7 When the victory is won,
And eternal life begun,
Up to glory lead me on !
Lead me on, lead me on !

No. 383.

I've Passed the Cross.

"Passed from death unto life." — John 5: 24.

P. P. BLISS.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. Look un - to me and be ye saved, I heard the Just Ones say ; And as by faith on
2. By His atonement re-conciled, My Father's face I see ; The empty tomb now
3. Oh, glorious height of vantage ground ! Oh, blest victorious hour ! In Him to trust and

CHORUS.

cres.

Him I gazed, My bur - den rolled a - way. I've passed the cross at
in - tervenies Between the world and me.
ful - ly know His res - ur - rec - tion pow'r.

Cal - va - ry, I'm on the Heaven side ; The world is cru - ci - fied to me, Since

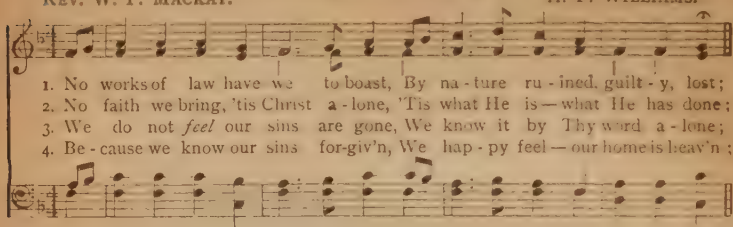
Christ my ransom died ; The world is cru - ci - fied to me, Since Christ my ransom died.

No. 384. We Take the Guilty Sinner's Name.

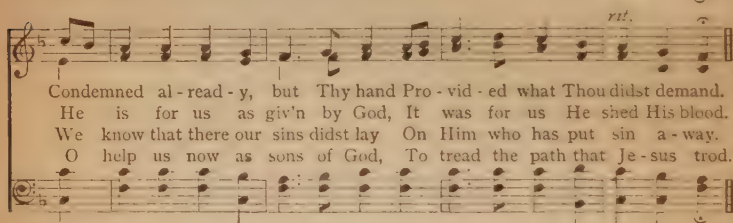
"These things have I written unto you that ye may know that ye have eternal life."—1 John 5: 13.

REV. W. P. MACKAY.

H. F. WILLIAMS.

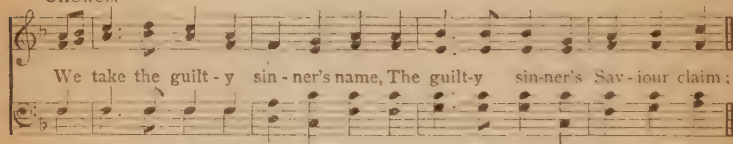


1. No works of law have we to boast, By na-ture ru-ined, guilt-y, lost;
 2. No faith we bring, 'tis Christ a-lone, 'Tis what He is—what He has done;
 3. We do not *feel* our sins are gone, We know it by Thy word a-lone;
 4. Be-cause we know our sins for-giv'n, We hap-py feel—our home is heav'n;

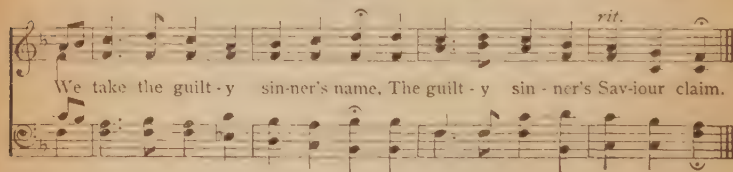


Condemned al-read-y, but Thy hand Pro-vid-ed what Thou didst demand.
 He is for us as giv'n by God, It was for us He shed His blood.
 We know that there our sins didst lay On Him who has put sin a-way.
 O help us now as sons of God, To tread the path that Je-sus trod.

CHORUS.



We take the guilt-y sin-ner's name, The guilt-y sin-ner's Sav-iour claim;



We take the guilt-y sin-ner's name, The guilt-y sin-ner's Sav-iour claim.

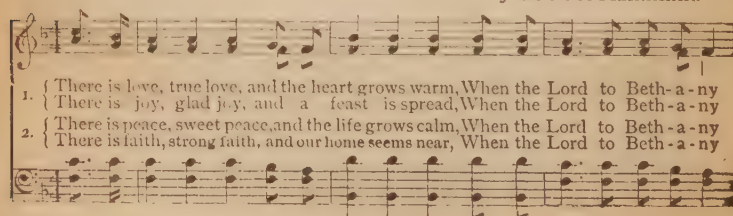
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No. 385. We Came to Bethany.

"Then Jesus came to Bethany."—John 12: 1.

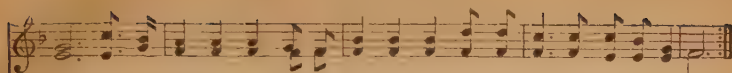
P. P. BLISS.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.



1. { There is love, true love, and the heart grows warm, When the Lord to Beth-a-ny
 { There is joy, glad joy, and a feast is spread, When the Lord to Beth-a-ny
 2. { There is peace, sweet peace, and the life grows calm, When the Lord to Beth-a-ny
 { There is faith, strong faith, and our home seems near, When the Lord to Beth-a-ny

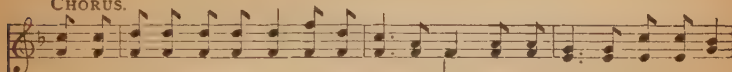
We Came to Bethany.



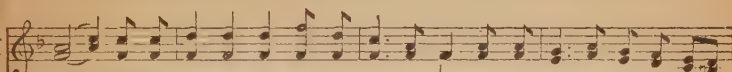
comes; And the word of life has a wondrous charm, When the Lord to Beth-a - ny comes.
comes; For His heav'nly voice brings to life the dead, When the Lord to Beth-a - ny comes.
comes; And the trusting soul sings a sweet, soft psalm, When the Lord to Beth-a - ny comes.
comes; And the crown more bright, and the cross more dear, When the Lord to Bethany comes.



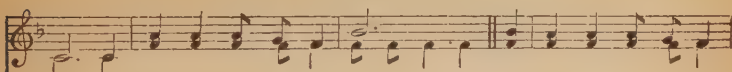
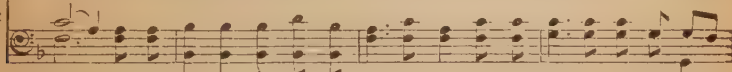
CHORUS.



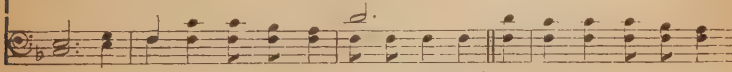
'Twas a hap - py, hap-py day in the old-en time, When the Lord to Beth - a - ny



came, O - pen wide the door, let Him en - ter now! For His love is ev - er the



is ev - er the same! is
same! His love is ev - er the same! His love is ev - er the



is ev - er the same! is



ev-er the same!
same! Open wide the door, let Him enter now! For His love is ev-er the same!



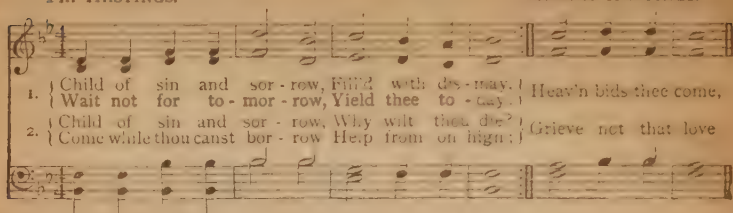
ev-er the same!

No. 386. Child of Sin and Sorrow.

"Come, for all things are now ready." — Luke 14: 17.

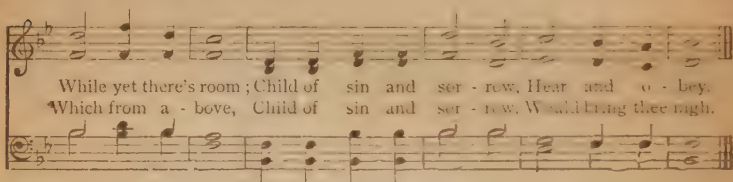
TH. HASTINGS.

THOMAS HASTINGS.



1. { Child of sin and sor - row, Filled with dis - may, } Heav'n bids thee come,
 { Wait not for to - mor - row, Yield thee to - day, }

2. { Child of sin and sor - row, Why wilt thou die? } Grieve not that love
 { Come while thou canst bor - row Help from on high, }



While yet there's room; Child of sin and sor - row, Hear and o - bey.
 Which from a - bove, Child of sin and sor - row, Would bring thee nigh.

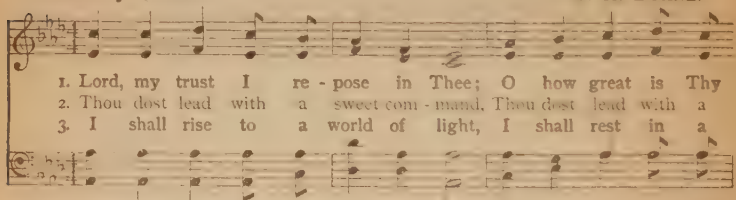
No. 387.

This I Know.

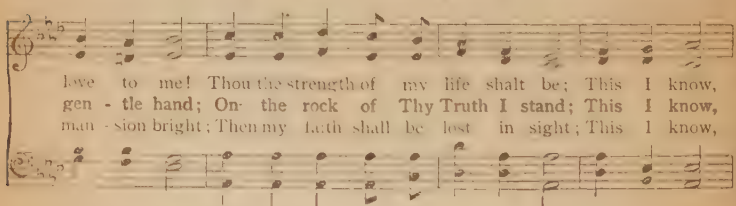
"I know whom I have believed." — 2 Tim. 1: 12.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

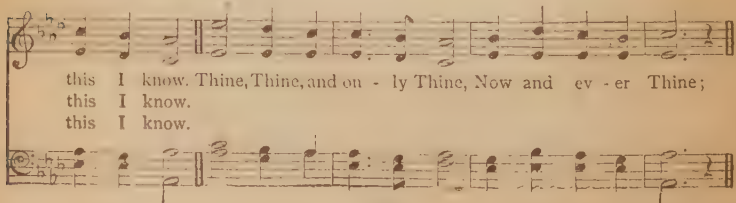


1. Lord, my trust I re - pose in Thee; O how great is Thy
 2. Thou dost lead with a sweet com - mand, Thou dost lead with a
 3. I shall rise to a world of light, I shall rest in a



love to me! Thou the strength of my life shalt be; This I know,
 gen - tle hand; On the rock of Thy Truth I stand; This I know,
 man - sion bright; Then my faith shall be lost in sight; This I know,

REFRAIN.



this I know. Thine, Thine, and on - ly Thine, Now and ev - er Thine;
 this I know.
 this I know.

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Thou dost love me, Sav - iour mine; This I know, this I know.

No. 388. Not what these Hands have Done.

"Having made peace through the blood of His cross." — Col. 1: 20.

HORATIUS BONAR, D. D.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. Not what these hands have done, Can save this guil - ty soul;
 2. Not what I feel or do, Can give me peace with God;
 3. Thy love to me, O God, Not mine, O Lord, to Thee,
 4. No oth - er work save Thine, No mean - er blood, will do;
 5. I praise the God of grace, I trust His love and might;

Not what this toil - ing flesh has borne, Can make my spir - it whole.
 Not all my pray'rs, or sighs, or tears, Can ease my aw - ful load.
 Can rid me of this dark un - rest, And set my spir - it free.
 No strength, save that which is di - vine, Can bear me safe - ly through.
 He calls me His, I call Him mine; My God, my joy, my light!

REFRAIN.

Thy work a - lone, my Sav - iour, Can ease this weight of sin;

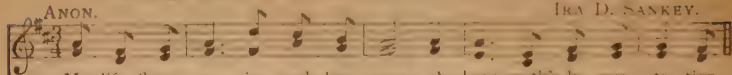
Thy blood a - lone, O Lamb of God, Can give me peace with - in.

No. 389. How can I Keep from Singing?

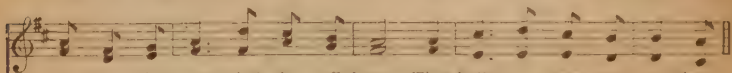
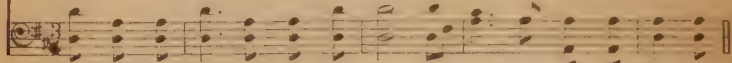
"I will sing praises unto my God while I have my being."—Ps. 146: 2

ANON.

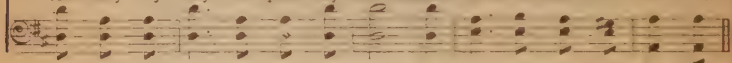
IRA D. SANKEY.



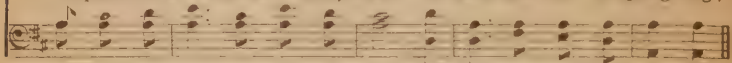
1. My life flows on in end-less song; A - bove earth's la - men - ta - tion,
2. What tho' my joys and com-forts die? The Lord my Sav - iour liv - eth;
3. I lift my eyes; the cloud grows thin; I see the blue a - bove it;



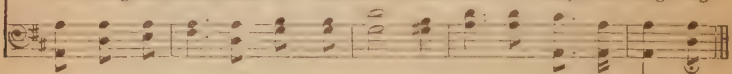
I hear the sweet tho' far-off hymn That hails a new cre - a - tion;
What tho' the dark-ness gath-er round? Songs in the night He giv-eth;
And day by day this path-way smooths. Since first I learned to love it;



Thro' all the tu - mult and the strife I bear the mu - sic ring - ing;
No storm can shake my in-most calm While to that ref - uge cling - ing;
The peace of Christ makes fresh my heart, A foun-tain ev - er spring - ing;



It finds an ech - o in my soul—How can I keep from sing - ing?
Since Christ is Lord of heav'n and earth, How can I keep from sing - ing?
All things are mine since I am His—How can I keep from sing - ing?



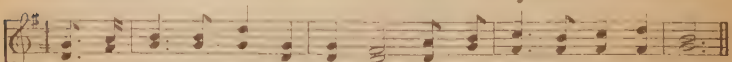
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No. 390. Come Believing!

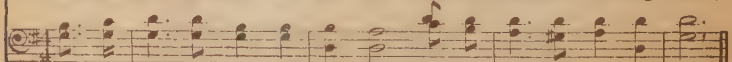
"Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out."—John 6: 37.

EL. NATHAN.

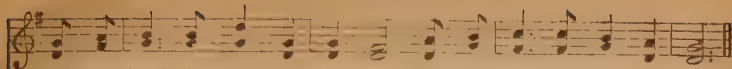
JAS. McGRANAHAN.



1. Once a - gain the Gos - pel mes - sage From the Sav - iour you have heard;
2. Man - y sum-mers you have wast - ed, Rip-ened har - vests you have seen;
3. Je - sus for your choice is wait - ing; Tar - ry not: at once de - cidel
4. Cease of fit - ness to be think - ing; Do not lon - ger try to feel;
5. Let your will to God be giv - en, Trust in Christ's a - ton - ing blood;



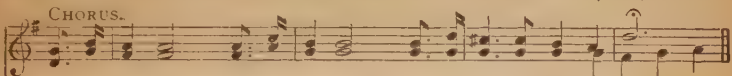
Come Believing!



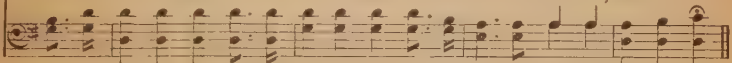
Will you heed the in - vi - ta - tion? Will you turn and seek the Lord?
Win - ter snows by Spring have melt - ed, Yet you lin - ger in your sin.
While the Spir - it now is striv - ing, Yield, and seek the Sav - iour's side.
It is *trust - ing*, and not *feel - ing*, That will give the Spir - it's seal.
Look to Je - sus, now in heav - en, Rest on His unchang - ing word.



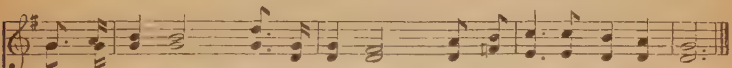
CHORUS.



Come be-liev - ing! come be - liev- ing! Come to Je - sus! look and live!
 come! come! look! Oh, look and live!



look ! Oh, look and live !



Come be-liev-ing! come be-liev-ing! Come to Je-sus! look and live!
come! come!



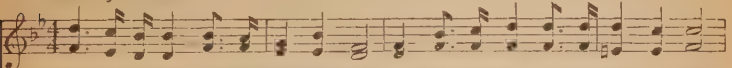
No. 391.

Sound the Alarm!

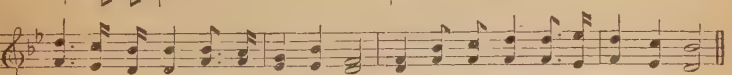
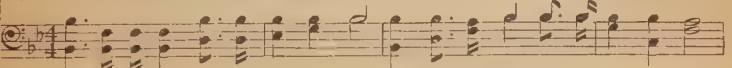
"*Sound an alarm!*"—Joel 2: 1.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.



1. Sound the a-larm! let the watchman cry!—"Up for the day of the Lord is nigh ;
2. Sound the a-larm! let the cry go forth, Swift as the wind, o'er the realms of earth ;
3. Sound the a-larm! on the mountain's brow! Plead with the lost by the way-side now ;
4. Sound the a-larm! in the youth-ful ear, Sound it a - loud that the old may hear ;



Who will escape from the wrath to come? Who have a place in the soul's bright home?" "Flee to the Rock where the soul may hide! Flee to the Rock! in its cleft a-bide." Warn them to come and the truth embrace; Urge them to come and be saved by grace. Blow ye the trump while the day-beams last! Blow ye the trump till the light is past!



Sound the Alarm!

REFRAIN.

Sound the a-larm, watchman, Sound the a-larm! For the Lord will come with a

conq'ring arm; And the hosts of sin, as their ranks advance, Shall wither and fall at His glance.

No. 392.

Beautiful Morning.

"He is not here but is risen." — Luke 24: 6.

ANON.

LUCY J. RIDER.

1. Beau - ti - ful morn-ing! Day of hope, Dawn of a bet - ter life;
 2. Beau - ti - ful morn-ing! All the week Wait - eth thy wel - come light;
 3. Beau - ti - ful morn-ing! Grief and pain, Weep - ing be - fore the tomb;

Now in thy peace - ful hours we rest, Far from earth's noise and strife.
 Since thy first dawn - ing, calm and clear, Out of the dark - est night.
 Fly at thy dawn - ing, Je - sus rose, Je - sus dis - pelled the gloom.

CHORUS.

Morn-ing of res - ur - rec - tion joy, Day when the Sav - iour rose,

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Beautiful Morning.

Sing-ing shall greet thy open-ing hour, Sing-ing shall mark thy close.

No. 393.

'Twill not be Long.

"We are journeying unto a place of which the Lord said I will give it you."—Num. 10: 29.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. 'Twill not be long our jour - ney here, Each bro - ken sigh and
2. 'Twill not be long the yearn - ing heart May feel its ev - 'ry
3. Though sad we mark the clos - ing eye, Of those we lov'd in
4. These checkered wilds, with thorns o'erspread, Thro' which our way so

fall - ing tear Will soon be gone, and all will be A
hope de - part, And grief be min - gled with its song; We'll
days gone by, Yet sweet in death their lat - est song— We'll
oft is led— This march of time, with truth so strong, Will

rit. REFRAIN
cloud-less sky, a wave-less sea. Roll on, dark stream, We
meet a - gain, 'twill not be long.
meet a - gain, 'twill not be long.
end in bliss, 'twill not be long.

Roll on, roll on, dark stream, roll on, We
rit.
dread not thy foam; The Pil - grin is long - ing For home, sweet home.

No. 394. Tell me more about Jesus.

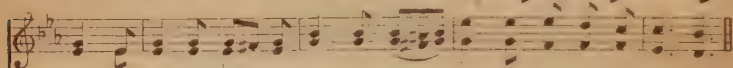
"That I may know Him." — Phil. 3: 10.

P. P. BLISS.

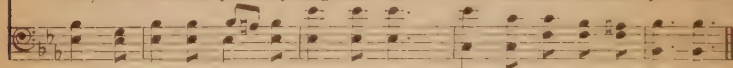
JAMES McGRANAHAN.



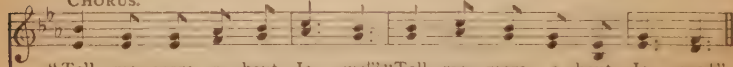
1. 'Tis known on earth, in heav - en too, 'Tis sweet to me be - cause 'tis
2. Earth's fair - est flowers will droop and die, Dark clouds o'erspread yon a - zure
3. When o - ver - whelmed with un - be - lief, When burdened with a blind - ing
4. And when the Glo - ry - land I see, And take the "place pre - pared" for



true; The "old, old story" is ev - er new; Tell me more a - bout Je - sus.
 sky; Life's dearest joys flit fleet - est by; Tell me more a - bout Je - sus.
 grief, Come kindly then to my re - lief; Tell me more a - bout Je - sus.
 me, Thro' endless years my song shall be— "Tell me more a - bout Je - sus."



CHORUS.



"Tell me more a - bout Je - sus!" "Tell me more a - bout Je - sus!"



Him would I know who loved me so; "Tell me more a - bout Je - sus!"

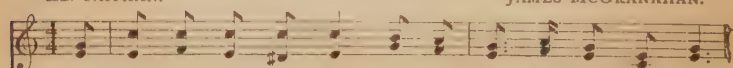


No. 395. We'll gather there in Glory by and by.

"When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with Him in glory." — Col. 3: 4.

EL. NATHAN.

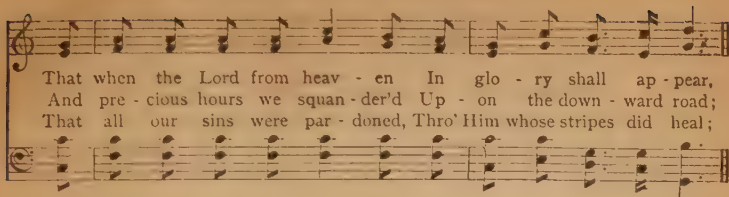
JAMES McGRANAHAN.



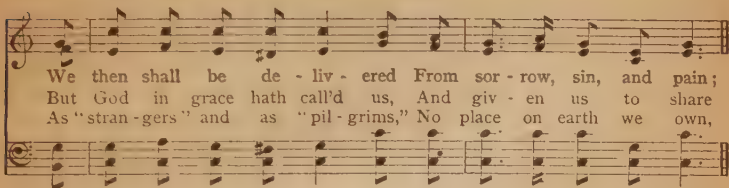
1. The word of God is giv - en To all who serve Him here,
2. Once in our sin we wan - der'd Far, far a - way from God,
3. Now with this hope to cheer us, And with the Spir - it's seal,



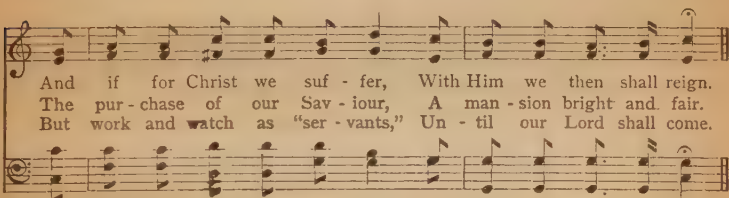
We'll gather there in Glory by and by.



That when the Lord from heav - en In glo - ry shall ap - pear,
And pre - cious hours we squan - der'd Up - on the down - ward road;
That all our sins were par - doned, Thro' Him whose stripes did heal;

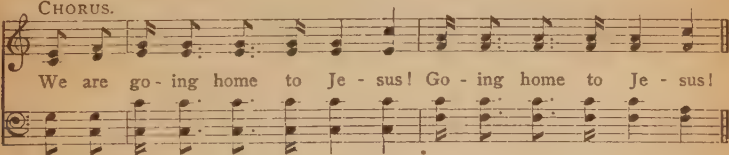


We then shall be de - liv - ered From sor - row, sin, and pain;
But God in grace hath call'd us, And giv - en us to share
As "stran - gers" and as "pil - grims," No place on earth we own,

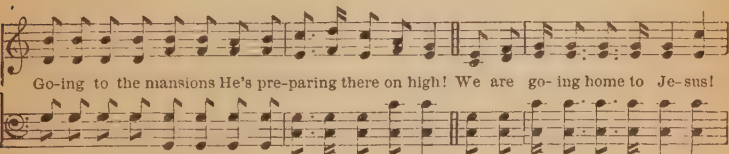


And if for Christ we suf - fer, With Him we then shall reign.
The pur - chase of our Sav - iour, A man - sion bright and fair.
But work and watch as "ser - vants," Un - til our Lord shall come.

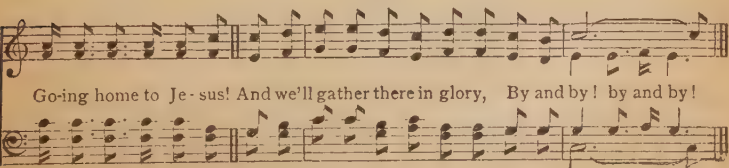
CHORUS.



We are go - ing home to Je - sus! Go - ing home to Je - sus!



Go - ing to the mansions He's pre - paring there on high! We are go - ing home to Je - sus!



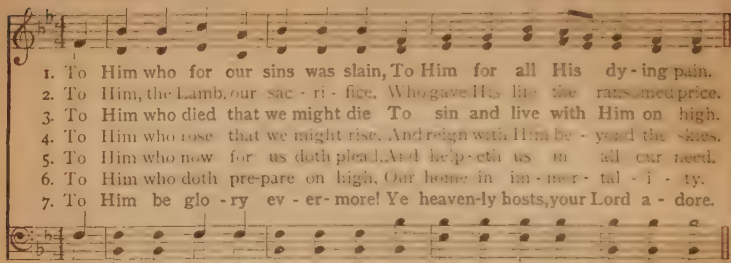
Go - ing home to Je - sus! And we'll gather there in glory, By and by! by and by!

No. 396. To Him be Glory evermore.

"Thou hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood." — Rev. 5: 9.

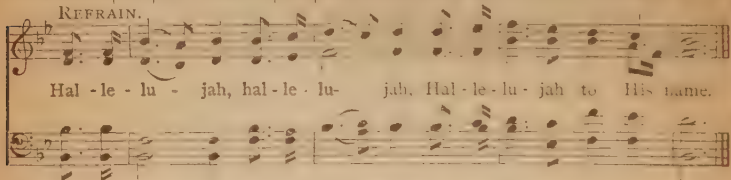
EL. NATHAN.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.



1. To Him who for our sins was slain, To Him for all His dy-ing pain.
 2. To Him, the Lamb, our sac - ri - fice, Who gave His life the ransomed price.
 3. To Him who died that we might die To sin and live with Him on high.
 4. To Him who rose that we might rise, And reign with Him be - yond the skies.
 5. To Him who now for us doth plead, And help-eth us in all our need.
 6. To Him who doth pre-pare on high, Our home in im-mor-tal-i-ty.
 7. To Him be glo-ry ev-er-more! Ye heavenly hosts, your Lord a - dore.

REFRAIN.



Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah to His name.

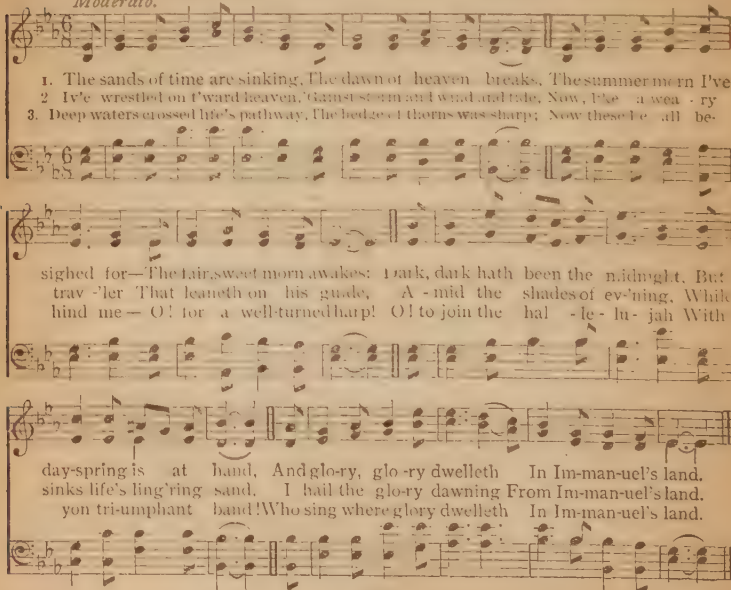
No. 397. The Sands of Time.

"Thine eyes shall behold the land that is very far off." — Isa. 33: 17.

MRS. A. R. COUSIN.

IRA D. SANKEY.

Moderato.



1. The sands of time are sinking, The dawn of heaven breaks, The summer morn I've
 2. I've wrestled on t'ward heaven, 'Gainst storm and wind and tide, Now, like a wea-ry
 3. Deep waters crossed life's pathway, The hedge of thorns was sharp; Now these be all be-

sighed for—The fair, sweet morn awakes: Dark, dark hath been the midnight, But
 trav-ler That leaneth on his gude, A - mid the shades of ev'-ning, While
 hind me—O! for a well-turned harp! O! to join the hal - le - lu - jah With


day-spring is at hand, And glo-ry, glo-ry dwelleth In Im-man-uel's land.
 sinks life's ling'ring sand, I hail the glo-ry dawning From Im-man-uel's land.
 you tri-umphant band! Who sing where glory dwelleth In Im-man-uel's land.

No. 398. I know that my Redeemer Lives.

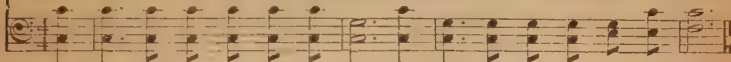

"I know that my Redeemer lives." — Job 19: 25.

REV. SAM. MEDLEY.


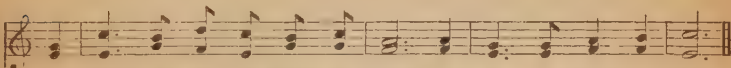
JAMES McGRANAHAN.




1. I know that my Re-deem - er lives! What com-fort this sweet message gives!
 2. He lives, to bless me with His love; He lives, to plead for me a - bove,
 3. He lives, tri - umphant from the grave; He lives, e - ter - nal - ly to save;
 4. He lives, my mansions to pre - pare; He lives to bring me safe - ly there;


He lives, who once was dead; He lives, all glo - rious in the sky;
 My hun - gry soul to feed; He lives, to grant me rich sup - ply;
 And while He lives I'll sing: He lives, my ev - er faith - ful Friend;
 My Je - sus still the same: What joy this blest as - sur - ance gives!—

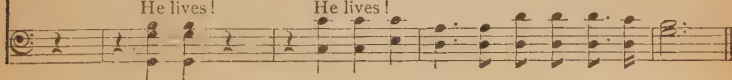
He lives, ex - alt - ed there on high, My ev - er - last - ing Head.
 He lives, to guide me with His eye, To help in time of need.
 He lives, and loves me to the end, My Proph - et, Priest, and King!
 "I know that my Re-deem - er lives:" All glo - ry to His name!




CHORUS.



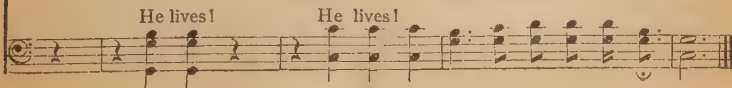
He lives! He lives! I know that my Re-deem - er lives!



He lives! He lives!



He lives! He lives! I know that my Re-deem - er lives!

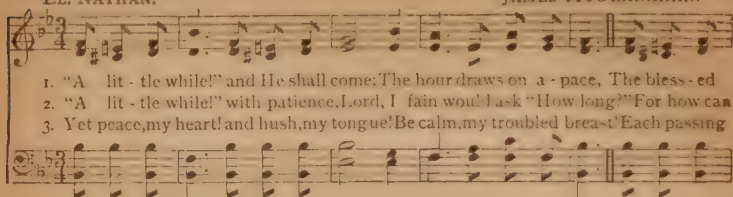


He lives! He lives!

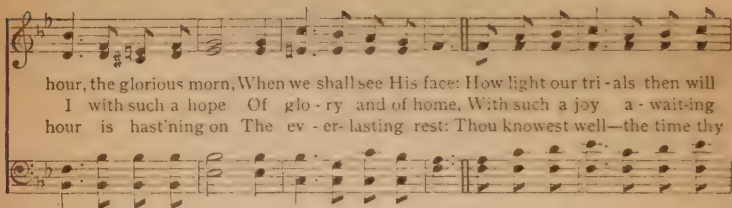
"Yet a little while; and He that shall come will come, and will not tarry."—Heb. 10: 37.

EL. NATHAN.

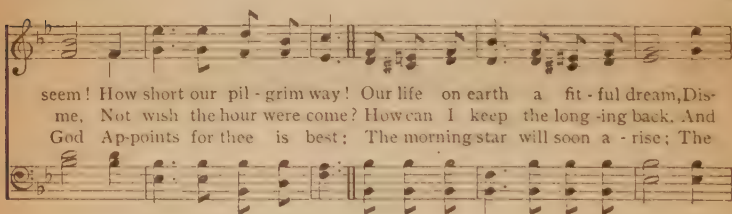
JAMES McGRANAHAN.



1. "A lit - tle while!" and He shall come; The hour draws on a - pace, The bless - ed
 2. "A lit - tle while!" with patience, Lord, I fain would ask "How long?" For how can
 3. Yet peace, my heart! and hush, my tongue! Be calm, my troubled breast! Each passing

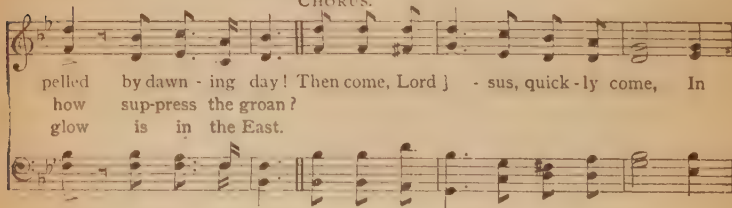


hour, the glorious morn, When we shall see His face: How light our tri - als then will
 I with such a hope Of glo - ry and of home, With such a joy a - waiting
 hour is hast'ning on The ev - er - lasting rest: Thou knowest well—the time thy

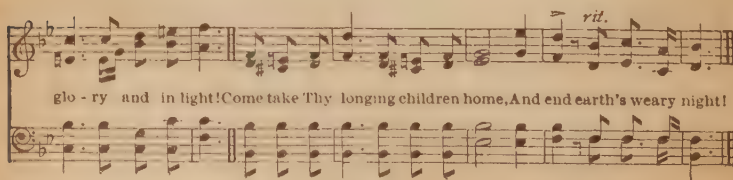


seem! How short our pil - grim way! Our life on earth a fit - ful dream, Dis -
 me, Not wish the hour were come? How can I keep the long - ing back. And
 God Ap - points for thee is best: The morning star will soon a - rise; The

CHORUS.



pelled by dawn - ing day! Then come, Lord } - sus, quick - ly come, In
 how sup - press the groan?
 glow is in the East.



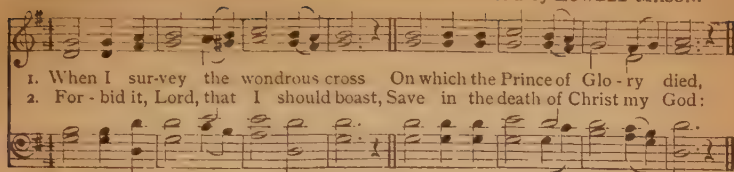
glo - ry and in light! Come take Thy long - ing children home, And end earth's weary night!

No. 400.

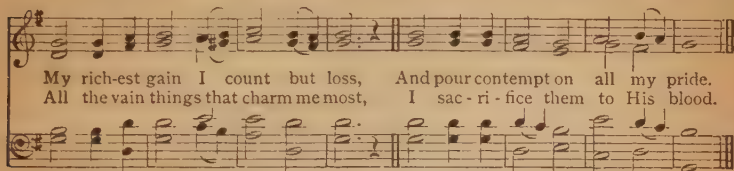
ISAAC WATTS.

Hamburg.

Ad. by LOWELL MASON.



1. When I sur-vey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of Glo-ry died,
2. For-bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ my God:



My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
All the vain things that charm me most, I sac-ri-fice them to His blood.

- 3 See! from His head. His hands, His feet, 2 Oh, loving attitude! He stands
Sorrow and love flow mingled down! With melting heart and laden hands:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet. Oh, matchless kindness! and He shows
Or thorns compose so rich a crown? This matchless kindness to His foes.
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine, 3 But will He prove a friend indeed?
That were an offering far too small: He will, the very friend you need—
Love so amazing, so divine, The Friend of sinners: yes, 'tis He,
Demands my soul, my life, my all. With garments dyed on Calvary.

No. 401.

- 1 Behold a Stranger at the door:
He gently knocks, has knocked before;
Has waited long, is waiting still:
You treat no other friend so ill.

- 4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
Turn out His enemy and thine;
That soul-destroying monster, sin;
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

J. GRICE.

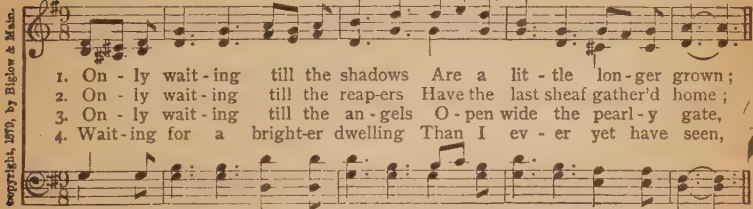
No. 402.

Waiting.

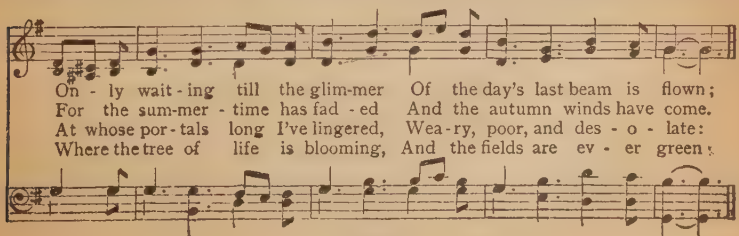
"Waiting for the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ."—1 Cor. I: 7.

MRS. FRANCES L. MACE, 1854.

IRA D. SANKEY.



1. On - ly wait - ing till the shadows Are a lit - tle lon - ger grown;
2. On - ly wait - ing till the reap - ers Have the last sheaf gather'd home;
3. On - ly wait - ing till the an - gels O - pen wide the pearl - y gate,
4. Wait - ing for a bright - er dwelling Than I ev - er yet have seen,



On - ly wait - ing till the glim - mer Of the day's last beam is flown;
For the sum - mer - time has fad - ed And the autumn winds have come.
At whose por - tals long I've lingered, Wea - ry, poor, and des - o - late:
Where the tree of life is blooming, And the fields are ev - er green;

Copyright, 1870, by Biglow & Main.

Waiting.



Till the night of death has faded From the heart once full of day;
Quickly, reapers! gather quickly, All the ripe hours of my heart;
Even now I hear their footsteps, And their voices far away;
Waiting for my full redemption, When my Saviour shall restore



Till the stars of heav'n are breaking Thro' the twilight soft and gray.
For the bloom of life is withered, And I hasten to depart.
If they call me, -I am waiting, Only waiting to obey.
All that sin has caused to wither; Age and sorrow come no more.



No. 403. *Is your Lamp Burning?*

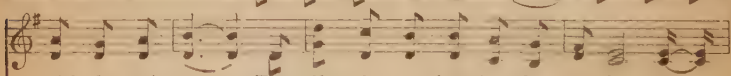
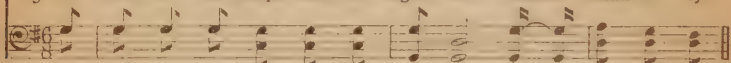
"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven." — Matt. 5: 16.

MRS. E. M. H. GATES.

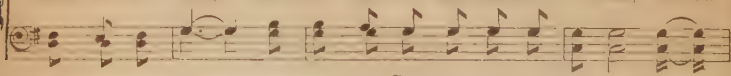
C. C. WILLIAMS.



1. Say, is your lamp burning, my brother? I pray you look
2. Up - on the dark mountains they stumble, They are bruised on the
3. If once all the lamps that are light-ed Should steadily



quickly and see; For if it were burning, then surely, Some
rocks and they lie With white pleading faces turn'd upward, To the
blaze in a line, Wide over the land and the ocean, What a



beam would fall brightly on me. There are many and many a-
clouds and the pitiful sky. There is many a lamp that is
girdle of glory would shine! How all the dark places would

D. S. — Say, *is your lamp burning, my*



Copyright, 1890, by James McGraw-Hill.

Is your Lamp Burning?

round you, Who fol - low wher - ev - er you go, If you
light - ed We be - hold them a - near and a - far; But not
bright - en! How the mists would roll up and a - way! How the
broth - er? I pray you look quick - ly and see; For

D. S. for Chorus.

thought that they walk'd in the shad-ow, Your lamp would burn brighter, I know.
man - y among them, my broth-er, Shine stead - i - ly on like a star.
earth would laugh out in her gladness, To hail the mil - len - ni - al day!
if it were burning, then sure-ly, Some beam would fall brightly on me!

No. 404.

The Palace o' the King.

"In thy presence is fullness of joy." — Ps. 16: 11.

WILLIAM MITCHELL.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. It's a bon - nie, bon - nie war - p' that we're liv - in' in the noo',
2. Then a - gain, I've juist been think - in' that when a' - thing here's sae bricht,
3. Oh! its hon - or heaped on hon - or that His court - iers should be ta'en
4. Then let us trust Him bet - ter than we've ev - er dune a - fore,
5. Nae nicht shall be in Heav - en, an' nae des - o - la - tin' sea,

An' sun - ny is the lan' that noo we aft - en traiv - 'll throo;
The sun in a' its grandeur, an' the mune wi' quiv - erin' light,
Frae the wand'rin' anes He died for i' this warl' o' sin an' pain,
For the King will feed His servants frae His ev - er bounteous store:
And nae ty - rant hoofs shall tram - ple i' the cit - y o' the free;

But in vain we look for some-thing here to which oor hearts may cling,
The o - cean i' the sim - mer; or the wood - land i' the spring,
An' its fu' - est love an' ser - vice that the Christians aye should bring,
Lat us keep a clos - er grip o' Him, for time is on the wing,
There's an ev - er - last - in' day - light, an' a nev - er - fad - in' spring,

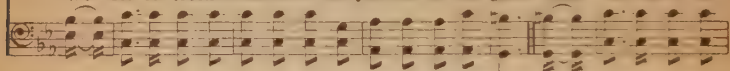
The Palace o' the King.



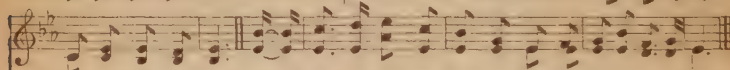
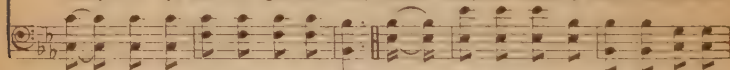
For its beau - ty is as nae-thing tae the pal - ace o' the King
 What maun it be up yon-ner i' the pal - ace o' the King.
 To the feet o' Him wha reign-eth i' the pal - ace o' the King.
 An' sune He'll come an' tak' us tae the pal - ace o' the King.
 Where the Lamb is a' the glo - ry i' the pal - ace o' the King.



We like the gild-ed sim-mer, wi' its mer - ry, mer-ry tread, An' we sigh when hoary
 It's here we hae oor tri - als, an' it's here that He prepares His chosen for the
 The time for saw-in' seed, it is a wear-in', wear-in' dune; An' the time for winnin'
 Its iv - 'ry halls are boume upon which the rainbows shine, An' its E-den bow'rs are
 We see oor freen's await us o - wer yon-ner at His gate; Then lat us a' be



winter lays its beau-ties wi' the dead; For tho' bon - nie are the snaw-flakes, an' the
 raiment which the ransomed sin-nor wears, An' its here that He wad hear us mid' oor
 souls will be o - wer ver-ra sune. Then lat us a' be ac - tive, if a
 trellised wi' a nev - er fad-in' Vine; An' the pearl-y gates o' heav - en do a
 ready, for ye ken it's get-tin' late; Let oor lamps be bright-ly burn - in'; let us



doon on Win-ter's wing, It's fine to ken it daur-na touch the palace o' the King.
 trib - u - la - tions sing, We'll trust oor God wha reigneth i' the palace o' the King.
 fruit - fu' sheaf we'd bring For a - dorn the Roy - al ta - ble i' the palace o' the King.
 glorious radance thing, On the star-ry floor that shimmers i' the palace o' the King.
 raise oor voice and sing, For sune we'll meet, to part nae mair, a' the palace o' the King.



No. 405.

Redeemed.

"Let the redeemed of the Lord say so." — Ps. 107: 2.

EL. NATHAN.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

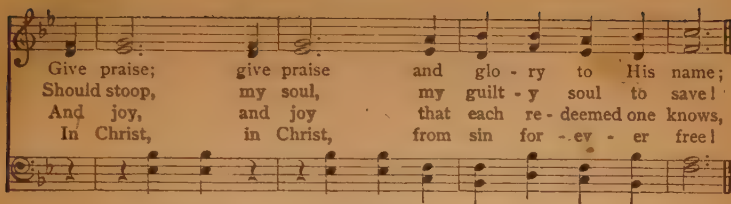


1. "Redeemed!" "redeemed!" Oh, sing the joy - ful strain!
 2. What grace! what grace! That He who calmed the wave,
 3. "Redeemed!" "redeemed!" The word has brought re - pose,
 4. "Redeemed!" "redeemed!" O joy, that I should be



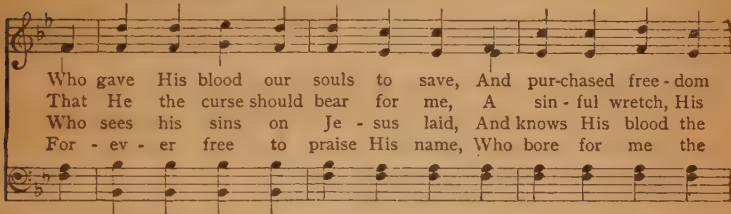
"Redeemed" "redeemed!"
 What grace! what grace!

Redeemed.

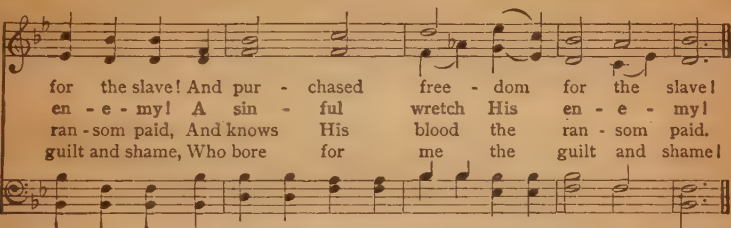


Give praise; give praise and glo - ry to His name;
Should stoop, my soul, my guilt - y soul to save!
And joy, and joy that each re - deemed one knows,
In Christ, in Christ, from sin for - ev - er free!

Give praise!
Should stoop,
give praise!
my soul,



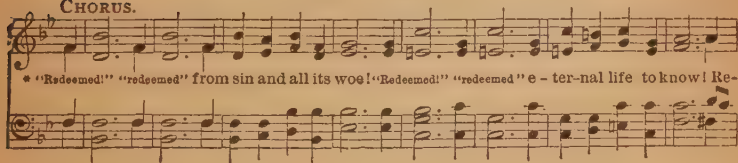
Who gave His blood our souls to save, And pur-chased free-dom
That He the curse should bear for me, A sin - ful wretch, His
Who sees his sins on Je - sus laid, And knows His blood the
For - ev - er free to praise His name, Who bore for me the



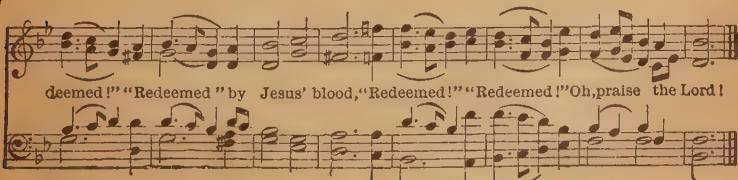
for the slave! And pur - chased free - dom for the slave!
en - e - my! A sin - ful wretch His en - e - my!
ran - som paid, And knows His blood the ran - som paid.
guilt and shame, Who bore for me the guilt and shame!

And purchased free-dom, purchased freedom for the slave!
A sin - ful wretch, His en - e - my, His en - e - my!
And knows His blood the ran - som paid, the ran - som paid.
Who bore for me the guilt and shame, the guilt and shame!

CHORUS.



* "Redeemed!" "redeemed" from sin and all its woe! "Redeemed!" "redeemed" e - ter - nal life to know! Re-



deemed!" "Redeemed" by Jesus' blood, "Redeemed!" "Redeemed!" Oh, praise the Lord!

* The CHORUS may be omitted if desired.

No. 406.

Grace before Meals.

"The eyes of all wait upon Thee, and Thou givest them their meat in due season." — Ps. 145: 15.

P. P. BLISS.

God is great, and God is good, And we thank Him for this food;

By His hand must all be fed, Give us, Lord, our dai - ly bread.

Rev. John Church & Co.

No. 407.

Peace! Be Still!

"Jesus rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace! be still!" — Mark 4: 39.

MISS M. A. BAKER.

H. R. PALMER.

1. Mas-ter, the tem-pest is rag-ing! The bil-lows are toss-ing high!

2. Mas-ter, with an-guish of spir-it I bow in my grief to-day;

3. Mas-ter, the ter-ror is o-ver, The el-e-ments sweet-ly rest;

The sky is o'ershadowed with blackness, No shel-ter or help is nigh;

The depths of my sad heart are troubled; Oh, wak-en and save, I pray!

Earth's sun in the calm lake is mirrored, And heaven's with-in my breast;

“Car-est Thou not that we per-ish?”—How canst Thou lie a-sleep,

Tor-rents of sin and of an-guish Sweep o'er my sink-ing soul;

Lin-ger, O bless-ed Re-deem-er; Leave me a-lone, no more;

Copyright, 1874, by John Church & Co.

Peace! Be Still!



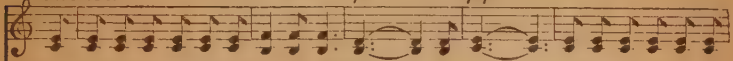
When each moment so mad - ly is threat'ning A grave in the an - gry deep?
And I per - ish! I per - ish! dear Mas - ter; Oh, has - ten, and take con - trol.
And with joy I shall make the blest har - bor, And rest on the bliss - ful shore.



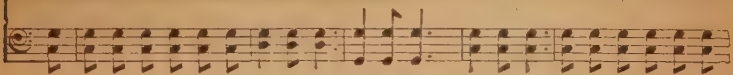
CHORUS.

p

pp



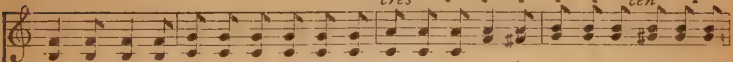
"The winds and the waves shall obey My will, Peace, . . be still! . . Whether the wrath of the



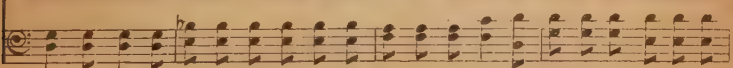
Peace, be still! peace, be still!

cres

cen



storm-tossed sea, Or de - mons, or men, or what - ev - er it be, No wa - ter can swallow the



do.

ff



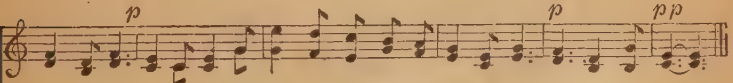
ship where lies The Master of ocean and earth and skies; They all shall sweetly obey My will;



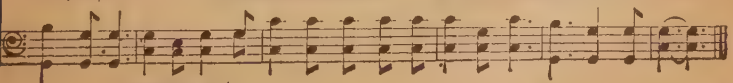
p

p

pp



Peace, be still They all shall sweetly o - bey My will; Peace, peace, be still!"




Peace, be still!

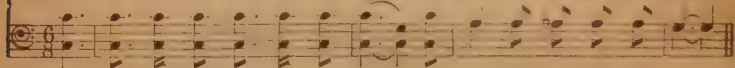
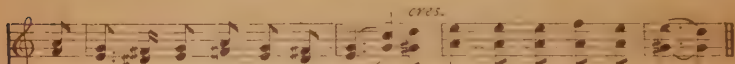
"I am the door: by Me if any man enter in he shall be saved."—John 10: 9

EL. NATHAN.



JAMES McGRANAHAN.

Moderato.


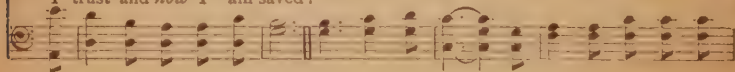
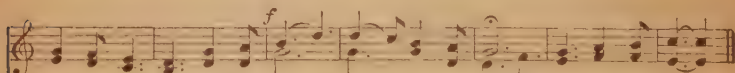
1. O what shall I do to be saved? The gathering storm I be - hold,
 2. O what shall I do to be saved? No light, no hope can I see,
 3. O what shall I do to be saved? So vile, so burlened with sin,
 4. I en - ter the wide o - pen door, In Christ I *now* have be - lieved;



CRCS.
 Ex - posed to the wrath of my God; Is there no shel - ter - ing fold,
 No help in my - self can I find; Is there no mer - cy for me,
 O how to the fold may I come, How may I en - ter there - in,
 I'm cleans'd from my sins by His blood; I trust and *now* I am saved,

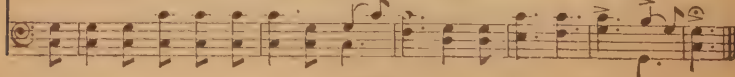
CHORUS.
 Is there no shel - ter - ing fold? I am the door, by Me if an - y man
 Is there no mer - cy for me?
 How may I en - ter there - in?
 I trust and *now* I am saved!

f
 en - ter in, he shall be saved, he shall be saved, I am the door.

ff ad lib.
 by Me if a - ny man en - ter in, He shall be sav'd, he shall be sav'd.



No. 409.

Rathbun.

REV. JOHN NEWTON.

ITHAMAR CONKEY.

1. Sav-iour! vis - it Thy plan - ta - tion; Grant us, Lord! a gra - cious rain:
2. Keep no lon - ger at a distance;—Shine up - on us from on high,

All will come to des - o - la - tion, Un - less Thou re - turn a - gain.
Lest for want of Thine as - sistance, Ev - 'ry plant should droop and die.

- 3 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayers;
Let each one, esteemed Thy servant,
Shun the world's enticing snares.
4 Break the tempter's fatal power;
Turn the stony heart to flesh;
And begin from this good hour,
To revive Thy work afresh.

- 2 There for sinners Thou art pleading,
There Thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.
3 Worship, honor, power and blessing
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.

No. 410.

- 1 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side.

- 4 Help, ye bright angelic spirits!
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to bring our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

REV. JOHN BAKEWELL.

No. 411.

Along the River of Time.*

"Remember how short time is."—Ps. 89: 47.

GEO. F. ROOT.

GEO. F. ROOT.

1. A-long the Riv-er of Time we glide, Along the River, a - long the Riv-er, The
2. A-long the Riv-er of Time we glide, Along the River, a - long the Riv-er, A
3. A-long the Riv-er of Time we glide, Along the River, a - long the Riv-er, Our

swift-ly flow-ing, re - sist - less tide, The swiftly flowing, the swiftly flowing, And
thousand dangers its currents hide, A thousand dangers, a thousand dangers, And
Sav-iour on - ly our bark can guide, Our Saviour on - ly, our Saviour on - ly, But

* If a single voice sings this, let it change from the Tenor lines to the Soprano.

Along the River of Time.

soon, ah, soon, the end we'll see, Yes, soon 'twill come and we will be
 near our course the rocks we see, Oh, dread-ful thought! a wreck to be,
 with Him we se-cure may be. No fear, no doubt, but joy to be.

p Float-ing, Float-ing, Out on the sea of e-ter-ni-ty!

pp Float-ing, Float-ing, Out on the sea of e-ter-ni-ty! *rit.*

No. 412.

Belmont.

REV. SAMUEL STENNETT.

From MOZART.

1. Ma-jes-tic sweetness sits enthroned Up-on the Sav-iour's brow;
 2. No mor-tal can with Him com-pare, A-mong the sons of men;
 3. He saw me plung'd in deep dis-tress, And flew to my re-lief;
 4. To heav'n, the place of His a-bode, He brings my wea-ry feet;
 5. Since from Thy bounty I re-ceive Such proofs of love di-vine,

His head with ra-diant glo-ries crown'd, His lips with grace o'er-flow.
 Fair-er is He than all the fair Who fill the heav'n-ly train.
 For me He bore the shame-ful cross, And car-ried all my grief.
 Shows me the glo-ries of my God, And makes my joys com-plete.
 Had I a thousand hearts to give, Lord! they should all be Thine.

No. 413. Tune-BRADBURY TRIO, p. 194.

Key E♭.

- 1 Jesus loves me! this I know,
 For the Bible tells me so:
 Little ones to Him belong;
 They are weak, but He is strong.
- CHO.—Yes, Jesus loves me! Yes, Jesus
 loves me!
 Yes, Jesus loves me! The Bible
 tells me so!
- 2 Jesus from His throne on high,
 Came into this world to die;

That I might from sin be free,
 Bled and died upon the tree.


- 3 Jesus loves me!—He who died
 Heaven's gate to open wide!
 He will wash away my sin,
 Let His little child come in.
- 4 Jesus, take this heart of mine;
 Make it pure and wholly Thine:
 Thou hast bled and died for me,
 I will henceforth live for Thee.

ANNA B. WARNER, 1862



"In Thy presence is fulness of joy." — Ps. 16: 11.

MISS FLORENCE C. ARMSTRONG.


GEO. C. STEBBINS.



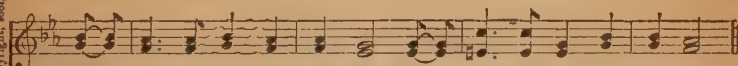
1. Oh, to be o-ver yon-der! In that land of won-der,
 2. Oh, to be o-ver yon-der! My yearn-ing heart grows fond-er
 3. Oh, to be o-ver yon-der! A-las! I sigh and won-der
 4. Oh, when shall I be dwell-ing Where an-gel voic-es swell-ing
 5. Oh, I shall soon be yon-der, Tho' lone-ly here I wan-der,

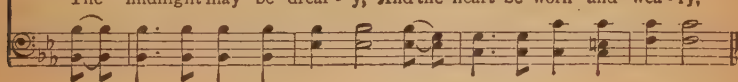

Where the an-gel voic-es min-gle, and the an-gel harp-ers ring;
 Of look-ing to the east, to see the bless-ed day-star bring;
 Why clings my poor, weak, sin-ful heart to an-y earth-ly thing?
 In tri-umph-ant hal-le-lu-jahs, make the vault-ed heav-ens ring?
 Yearn-ing for the wel-come sum-mer—long-ing for the bird's fleet wing;



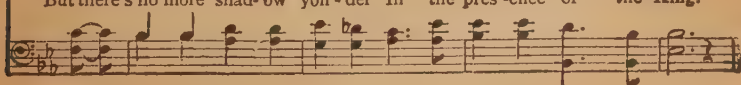
Copyright, 1881, by Geo. C. Stebbins.



To be free from pain and sor-row, And the anxious, dread to-mor-row,
 Some tid-ings of the wak-ing, And cloud-less, pure day breaking;
 Each tie of earth must sev-er, And pass a-way for-ev-er;
 Where the pearl-y gates are gleam-ing, And the morn-ing star is beaming?
 The midnight may be drear-y, And the heart be worn and wea-ry,

To rest in light and sun-shine In the pres-ence of the King
 My heart is yearn-ing—yearning For the com-ing of the King.
 But there's no more sep-a-ra-tion In the pres-ence of the King.
 Oh, when shall I be yon-der In the pres-ence of the King.
 But there's no more shad-ow yon-der In the pres-ence of the King.



Oh! to be o'er Yonder.

CHORUS.

Oh! . . . to be o-ver-yon - der, In . . . that land of won - der,
 Oh! to be o - ver yonder, yonder, In that land, that land of wonder,
 There . . . to be for - ev - er In the pres-ence of the King.
 There to be for . . ev - er

No. 415.

Come, thou Weary.

"I will give you rest." — Matt. 11: 28.

Rev. S. C. MORGAN.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Come, thou wea - ry, Je - sus calls thee To His wound - ed side;
 2. Seek - ing Je - sus? Je - sus seeks thee—Wants thee as thou art;
 3. If thou let Him, He will save thee—Make thee all His own;
 4. Wilt thou still re - fuse His of - fer? Wilt thou say Him nay?
 5. Dost thou feel thy life is wea - ry? Is thy soul dis - tressed?
 "Come to Me," saith He, "and ev - er Safe a - bide."
 He is knock - ing, ev - er knock - ing At thy heart.
 Guide thee, keep thee, take thee, dy - ing, To His throne.
 Wilt thou let Him, grieved, re - ject - ed, Go a - way?
 Take His of - fer, wait no long - er; Be at rest!

Copyright, 1881, by Ira D. Sankey.

No. 416.

The Crowning Day.

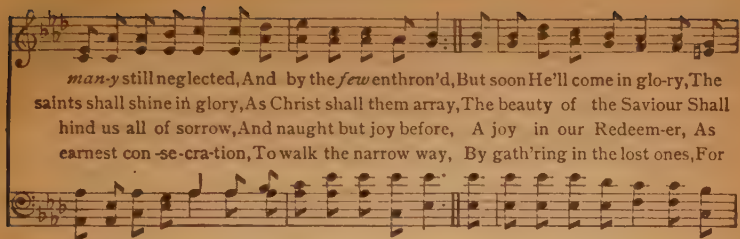
"They shall see the Son of man coming in the clouds of heaven, with power and great glory." — Matt. 24: 30.

EL. NATHAN.

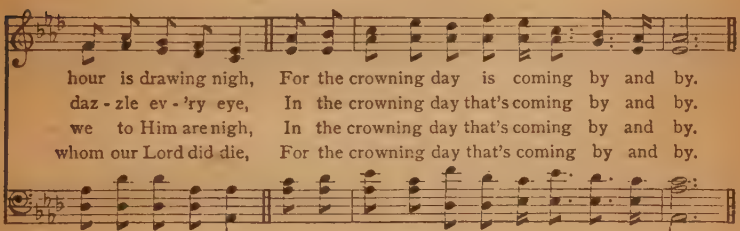
JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. Our Lord is now re - ject - ed, And by the world disowned, By the
 2. The heav'ns shall glow with splendor, But bright - er far than they The
 3. Our pain shall then be o - ver, We'll sin and sigh no more, Be -
 4. Let all that look for, has - ten The com - ing joy - ful day, By

The Crowning Day.

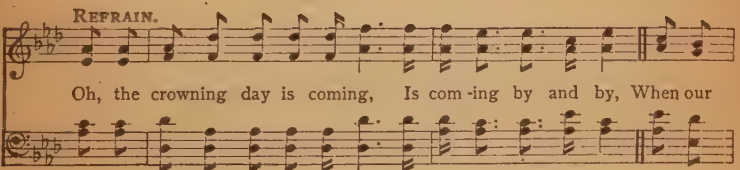


man-y still neglected, And by the few enthron'd, But soon He'll come in glo-ry, The saints shall shine in glory, As Christ shall them array, The beauty of the Saviour Shall hind us all of sorrow, And naught but joy before, A joy in our Redeem-er, As earnest con-se-cra-tion, To walk the narrow way, By gath'ring in the lost ones, For

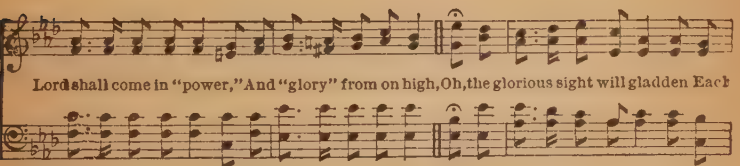


hour is drawing nigh, For the crowning day is coming by and by.
daz - zle ev - 'ry eye, In the crowning day that's coming by and by.
we to Him are nigh, In the crowning day that's coming by and by.
whom our Lord did die, For the crowning day that's coming by and by.

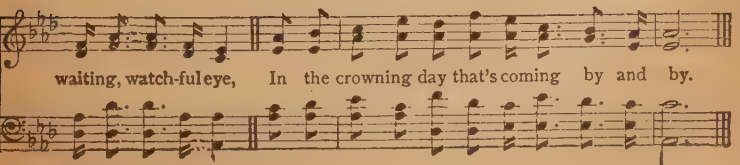
REFRAIN.



Oh, the crowning day is coming, Is com-ing by and by, When our



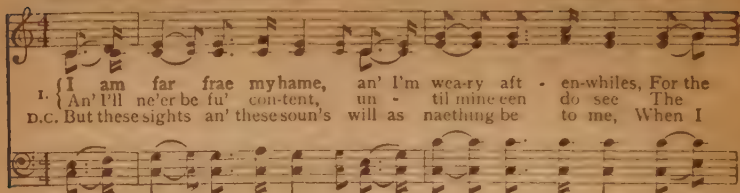
Lord shall come in "power," And "glory" from on high, Oh, the glorious sight will gladden Each




waiting, watch-ful eye, In the crowning day that's coming by and by.

MRS. MARY LEE DEMAREST, 1861 — 1881.

Scotch Song. Arr.

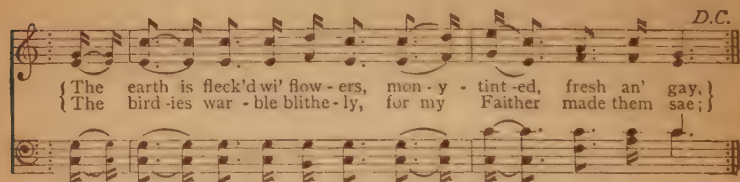


1. { I am far frae my hame, an' I'm wea-ry aft - en-whiles, For the
An' I'll ne'er be fu' con-tent, un - til mine een do see The
D.C. But these sights an' these soun's will as naething be to me, When I



1st time. 2d time. FINE.

langed-for hame-bringin', an' my Faither's welcome smiles; }
gow - den gates o' heav'n an' my } OMIT } ain coun - trie.
hear the an-gels singin' in my } OMIT } ain coun - trie.



D.C.

{ The earth is fleck'd wi' flow - ers, mon - y - tint - ed, fresh an' gay, }
{ The bird - ies war - ble blithe - ly, for my Faither made them sae; }

- I've His gude word o' promise that some gladsome day, the King
To His ain royal palace His banished hame will bring;
Wi' een an' wi' hert rinnin' ower, we shall see
The King in His beauty, in oor ain countrie.
My sins hae been mony, an' my sorrows hae been sair,
But there they'll never vex me, nor be remembered mair
For His bluid has made me white, and His han' shall dry my e'e,
When He brings me hame at last, to my ain countrie.

- 3 Sae little noo I ken, o' yon blesséd, bonnie place,
I only ken it's Hame, whaur we shall see His face;
It wad surely be eneuch for ever mair to be
In the glory o' His presence in oor ain countrie.
Like a bairn to his mither, a wee birdie to its nest,
I wad tain be gangin' noo, unto my Saviour's breast,
For He gathers in His bosom witless, worthless lambs like me,
An' carries them Himsel', to His ain countrie.

- 4 He is faithfu' that hath promised, an' He'll surely come again,
He'll keep His tryst wi' me, at what hour I dinna ken;
But He bids me still to wait, an' ready aye to be,
To gang at ony moment to my ain countrie.
Sae I'm watching aye, and singin' o' my hame, as I wait
For the soun'ing o' His footfa' this side the gowden gate:
God gie His grace to ilka ane wha' listens noo to me,
That we a' may gang in gladness to oor ain countrie.

No. 418.

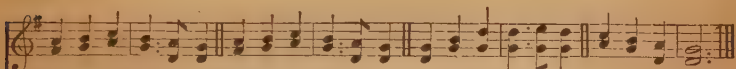
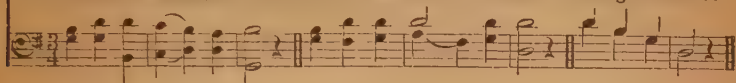
Italian Hymn.

REV. JAMES ALLEN.

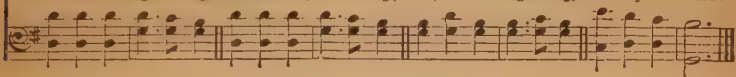
F. GIARDINI, 1769.



1. Glo-ry to God on high! Let heav'n and earth re - ply, "Praise ye His name!"
2. While they around the throne Cheerful - ly join in one, Prais-ing His name,—
3. Join, all ye ransomed race, Our Lord and God to bless: Praise ye His name!
4. Soon must we change our place, Yet will we nev - er cease Prais-ing His name!



His love and grace adore, Who all our sorrows bore; Sing loud forevermore, "Worthy the Lamb!"
Ye who have felt His blood Sealing your peace with God, Sound His dear name abroad, "Worthy the Lamb!"
In Him we will rejoice, And make a joyful noise, Shouting with heart and voice, "Worthy the Lamb!"
To Him our songs we bring, Hail Him our gracious King; And, thro' all agesing, "Worthy the Lamb!"



No. 419.

- 1 Come, Thou almighty King,
Help us Thy name to sing,
Help us to praise:
Father! all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of Days!

- 2 Come, Thou incarnate, Word,
Gird on Thy mighty sword;
Our prayer attend;
Come, and Thy people bless,
And give Thy word success:
Spirit of holiness!
On us descend.

- 3 Come, holy Comforter!
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour:
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power!

- 4 To the great One in Three,
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore!
His sovereign majesty,
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

CHARLES WESLEY.

No. 420.

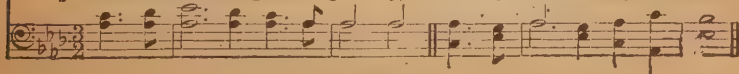
Autumn.

HENRY F. LYTE.

Spanish.

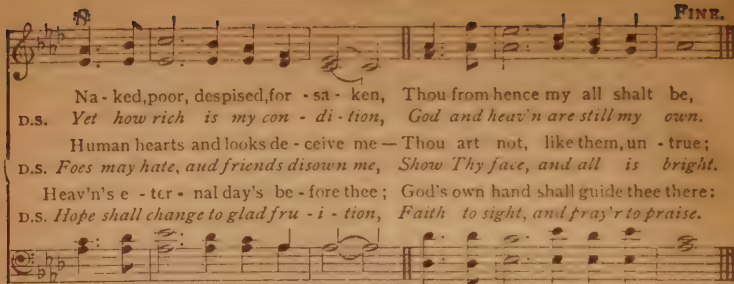


1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave and fol - low Thee,
2. Let the world des - pise and leave me, They have left my Sav-iour, too;
3. Hasten thee on from grace to glo - ry, Armed by faith, and wing'd by pray'r!



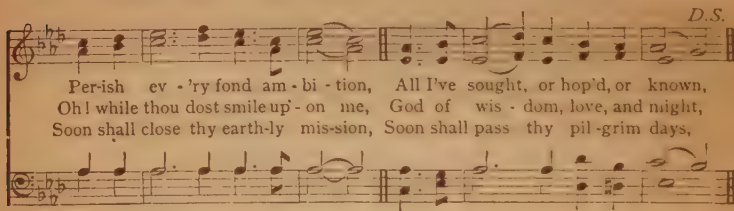
Autumn.

FINE.



Na - ked, poor, despised, for - sa - ken, Thou from hence my all shalt be,
D.S. Yet how rich is my con - di - tion, God and heav'n are still my own.
Human hearts and looks de - ceive me — Thou art not, like them, un - true;
D.S. Foes may hate, and friends disown me, Show Thy face, and all is bright.
Heav'n's e - ter - nal day's be - fore thee; God's own hand shall guide thee there:
D.S. Hope shall change to glad fru - i - tion, Faith to sight, and pray'r to praise.

D.S.



Per-ish ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hop'd, or known,
Oh! while thou dost smile up - on me, God of wis - dom, love, and night,
Soon shall close thy earth - ly mis - sion, Soon shall pass thy pil - grim days,

No. 421.

1 Jesus wept! those tears are over,
But His heart is still the same,
Kinsman, Friend, and Elder Brother,
Is His everlasting name.
||: Saviour, who can love like Thee,
Gracious One of Bethany. :||

2 When the pangs of trial seize us,
When the waves of sorrow roll,
I will lay my head on Jesus,
Pillow of the troubled soul.
||: Surely, none can feel like Thee,
Weeping One of Bethany. :||

3 Jesus wept! and still in glory,
He can mark each mourner's tears;
Living to retrace the story
Of the hearts He solaced here.
||: Lord, when I am called to die,
Let me think of Bethany. :||

4 Jesus wept! those tears of sorrow
Are a legacy of love;
Yesterday, to-day, to-morrow,
He the same doth ever prove,
||: Thou art all in all to me,
Living One of Bethany! :||

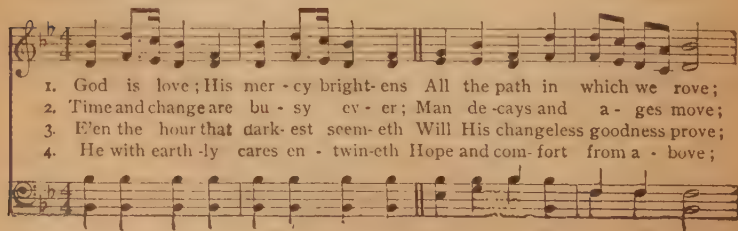
J. R. MACDUFF.

No. 422.

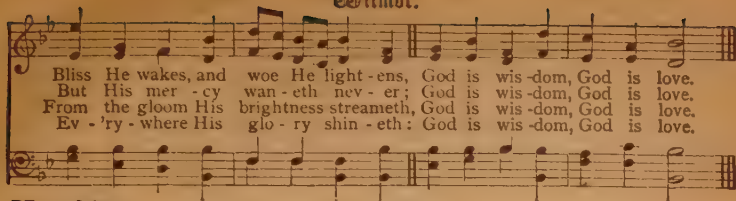
Wilmot.

SIR JOHN BOWRING.

C. M. VON WEBER.



1. God is love; His mer - cy bright - ens All the path in which we rove;
2. Time and change are bu - sy ev - er; Man de - cays and a - ges move;
3. E'en the hour that dark - est seem - eth Will His changeless goodness prove;
4. He with earth - ly cares en - twin - eth Hope and com - fort from a - bove;



Bliss He wakes, and woe He light-ens, God is wis-dom, God is love.
But His mer-cy wan-eth nev-er; God is wis-dom, God is love.
From the gloom His brightness streameth, God is wis-dom, God is love.
Ev-ry-where His glo-ry shin-eth: God is wis-dom, God is love.

No. 423.

- 1 Jesus only, when the morning
Beams upon the path I tread;
Jesus only when the darkness
Gathers round my weary head.
- 2 Jesus only, when the billows
Cold and sullen o'er me roll;
Jesus only, when the trumpet
Rends the tomb and wakes the soul.
- 3 Jesus only, when in judgment
Boding fears my heart appall:
Jesus only, when the wretched
On the rocks and mountains call.
- 4 Jesus only, when, adoring,
Saints their crowns before Him bring;
Jesus only, I will, joyous,
Through eternal ages sing.

Rev. ELIAS NASON.

No. 424.

- 1 Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,

Jesus ready stands to save you
Full of pity, love, and power.

- 2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth,
Is to feel your need of Him.
- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.
- 5 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Maker prostrate lies!
On the bloody tree behold Him—
Hear Him cry before He dies.

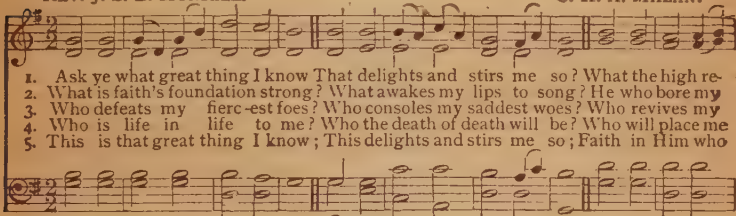
Rev. JOSEPH HART.

No. 425.

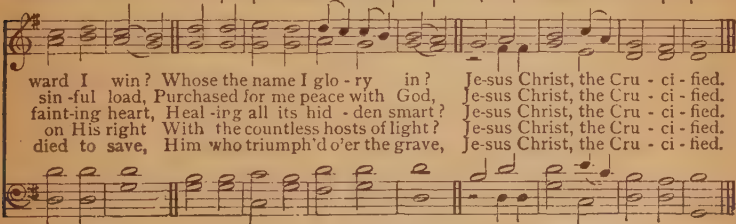
Bendon.

Rev. J. S. B. MONSELL.

C. H. A. MALAN.



1. Ask ye what great thing I know That delights and stirs me so? What the high re-
2. What is faith's foundation strong? What awakes my lips to song? He who bore my
3. Who defeats my fiercest foes? Who consoles my saddest woes? Who revives my
4. Who is life in life to me? Who the death of death will be? Who will place me
5. This is that great thing I know; This delights and stirs me so; Faith in Him who



ward I win? Whose the name I glo-ry in? Je-sus Christ, the Cru-ci-fied.
sin-ful load, Purchased for me peace with God, Je-sus Christ, the Cru-ci-fied.
faint-ing heart, Heal-ing all its hid-den smart? Je-sus Christ, the Cru-ci-fied.
on His right With the countless hosts of light? Je-sus Christ, the Cru-ci-fied.
died to save, Him who triumph'd o'er the grave, Je-sus Christ, the Cru-ci-fied.

No. 426.

- 1 Wait, my soul, upon the Lord,
To His gracious promise flee,
Laying hold upon His word:
||: "As thy days thy strength shall be." ||
- 2 If the sorrows of thy case,
Seem peculiar still to thee,
God hath promised needful grace:
||: "As thy days thy strength shall be." ||

- 3 Days of trial, days of grief
In succession thou may'st see,
This is still thy sweet relief:
||: "As thy days thy strength shall be." ||
- 4 Rock of Ages, I'm secure,
With Thy promise full and free,
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||: "As thy days thy strength shall be." ||

Wm. F. LLOYD.

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